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# MY BOOK.

MY BÓOK is tó mysélf so like,  
Ánd there 's so féw mysélf who like,  
I féar there 's féw my Bóok will like.  
Íf I had cáred to páint less like  
Únádorned Náture, ánd more like  
Dáubings of Bóz, Phiz, ánd such like  
Cáricatúrists, móre would like  
Mé and my Bóok, fewer dislike.

MY BÓOK is a bazáar  
In which my poems áre  
Each óne a separate shóp;  
If in this one you don't find  
What 's exáctly to your mind,  
Intó the next one póp.

JAMES HENRY.

W. SENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN,  
Fúll of 1853.

Minérva, Márs, and cáliph Ómar.

At fourteen, sént to grópe for knówledge

Amóng the mónks of Trínity Cóllege,

I léarned each hád an íncome cléar

Of twice five húndred póunds a yéar;

For which he tóok an óath to préach

Staunch órthodóxy, ánd to téach

Saint Pátrick's rising génerátion

To knów, by cértain cálculation,

How mány times four póps make éight,

And why a cúrved line is not stráight.

Fiftéen and hálf yéars óld, one dáy —

'Twas in this flówery mónth of Máy —

A páir of blúe eyes béamed on me

So sóftly, swéetly, ténderly,

I áll at ónce forgót books, knówledge,

And órthodóxy ánd my cóllege;

All váníshed, like dissólving views,

Fróm my young bráin, or, if ye chóose,

Fróm my poor héart, and in their pláce

Came áirs angélic, fórms of gráce,

Vísions of cónstancy and trúth,

Dréams of unchánging lóve and yóuth.

I gázed, I wished, I hóped, I síghed;

She smiled, looked sád, and dróoped and died;

Ánd I had wépt, ere quáite sixtéén,

Upón the chùrchyard híllock gréen,

That ánswered cöldly tó my síghs:—

For éver clósed those bríght, blúe éyes;

Corrúption, clóds and wórms dwell hére;

Áwáy, young mán, dry úp that téar.

Ígnorant, árdent, ánd seventéen,

Médecine 's a glórious thíng, I wéen:



How néar a Gód is hé who cán  
Assuáge the pángs of bróther mán,  
Smóoth the sick píllow, ánd, with bálm  
Pótent the thróbbing púlse to cálm,  
Wóo to the áching líds coy Sléep,  
And plúnge the sénse in Léthe déep.  
Five yéars, long yéars, I visitéd  
Éarly and láte the póor mán's béd,  
Lived midst contágion, filth and gróans,  
Póred over déad mén's móuldering bónes,  
Or with the anátomiser's knife  
And mícroscópe tracked súbtle Lífe  
Fróm her outwórks through nérve and véin  
Ínto her dónjon in the bráin,  
And thénce to hér outwórks agáin,  
Báckwards and fórwards, róund and róund,  
O'er áll th' enchanted cástle's gróund —  
In váin! in váin! — I béat the áir —  
She hás been hére, she hás been thére;  
Her fóotprints théy are évery whére;  
Bút the fay's sélf — put úp thy knife —  
Thou séek'st thysélf, thysélf art Lífe.

A Dóctor léarnéd at twénty twó,  
Gréat is my wónder Í 've so féw  
Sick cálls; what cán the réason bé  
Scárcé ónce a mónth drops in a fée?  
There 's Dóctor Láncet — cúnning féllow! —  
Pósting bý in his cárriage yéllow;  
I dóubt if hé could diagnóse  
'Twixt Scárlatina ánd the Róse,  
Yét his door knócker 's idle néver,  
Ánd abóut he 's gálloping éver,  
Paying mínute visits tó the sick,

And writing récipés so quick  
His pills and pówders, draughts and dróps,  
Jóstle in the chémists' shóps.  
I know five times as mûch as hé,  
Yet rárely cómes a cáse to mé;  
What is — what càn the réason bé?  
I 'll ásk himsél' — who knóws so wél?  
Knóws, to be sùre — but will he téll?  
I 'll try. Betide the wórst that will,  
Small wáy is máde by sítting stíll.  
Knock knock, knock knock:— "Doctor at hómé?"  
"Yés sir, step ín." "Doctor, I 'm cóme  
To bég you 'll téll me, if you pléase,  
How 'tis you gét so mány fées,  
So kéep in ápple-pie condition,  
While Í, no léss a góod physician,  
Pérish, almóst, of inanítion."  
The Dóctor smíled, and shóok his héad:—  
"I think I knów your cáse," he sáid;  
"Yóu study síckness ánd deséase;  
Théy have no móney, páy no fées.  
Í study mén, and mén to pléase;  
Mén have the móney, páy the fées."  
"But if the pátient chánce to díe?" —  
"Why, thén *God* kílled him, ánd not Í;  
Déath is *God's* will — must bé endúred —  
Áll that recóver Í have cúred."  
I bówed and thánked him, ánd saw cléar  
Two thóusand stérling póunds a yéar,  
Fame, líveries and yéllow cóach,  
Ón the left hánd, make théir appróach;  
And wéeping Hónor ón the right  
With óutspread wings ready for flíght:—  
"Stáy, Honor, stáy, we 'll nót part só;

Together through the world we 'll go:  
Fold up thy wings —" and, ás I spóke,  
Vánished into thin áir, like smóke,  
Coach, liveries, and income cléar  
Two thóusand stérling póunds a yéar.

Till twénty éight my déstiný  
Képt her best gift in stóre for mé —  
A sécond sélf, than sélf more déar —  
My páper 's blótted — 'tis a téar:  
Four yéars two mónths agó this dáy  
In Sóuth Tiról a córpse she láy.  
Wreathed róund with lily ánd with róse  
In yónder márble vása repóse  
The rélics óf her fúneral pýre,  
The cinders thát survived the fire.  
Still twénty yéars the lótt be míne,  
Fresh róses róund that úrn to twíne  
Ánd on the gárland dróp a téar,  
Ás I renéw it yéar by yéar;  
Then cóme, my child — my Kátharine, cóme —  
That úrn is mý long-chósen hóme;  
There láy my cinders, ánd each yéar  
Hónor thy párents with a téar  
Ánd a fresh wréath; and, whén at lást  
Thou too through life's long déath hast pást,  
Rejóin thy párents in their úrn,  
And thére with thém to dúst return,  
Háppy if sóme kind héart a téar  
Dróp on that úrn the fólloving yéar,  
Or háng fresh wréath of rósemarý,  
And sígh, and sáy:— "I knéw the thrée."

WAISENHAUS - STRASSE, DRESDEN, May 5. 1853.

POET AND MUSE.

Now, wáyward Múse,  
You 'll nó't refúse  
    To síng a sóng,  
A vérsé or twó  
Of sómething néw,  
    And nó't too lóng,

Síng it yoursélf,  
Poétic élf,  
    It 's yóu 're inspíred;  
You 've drágged me thróugh  
Both óld and néw,  
    Till Í am tíred,

WAISENHAUS - STRASSE, DRESDEN, May 14. 1853.



## EDWARD AND ROSALIE.

There 's a knóck at the dóor, there 's a pull at the béll,  
There 's a stép on the stáir, and she knóws the step wéll;  
The work dróps from her hánd, and she bóunds cross the flóor,  
And the sáme arms enclásp her, that clásped her of yóre —  
That clásped her at pártíng, when ó'er the wide séa  
To the wárs Edward wént, from his fáir Rosalíe:—  
“Now, Édward, my Édward, thou lóok'st thin and pále;  
What 's befállen thee, my lóved one? What cán Edward áil?  
Hast been síck, or a prísoner? or trávelled too fár  
And too fást home agáin from the lóng Turkish wár?”  
“I háve not been prísoner, I háve not been síck;  
And whó to his bríde home e'er trávelled too quíck?  
No, Rósalie, Rósalie — Bút I 'll not spéak  
The fátal word óut — rather lét my heart bréak.”  
“Speak it óut, renegáde — for the Créscent I sée  
Glittering hére on thy bréast, where the Cróss used to bé —  
Speak it óut, renegáde — then for éver farewéll —  
From this hóur I 'm the cloíster's — thou héarest the béll.”  
“One móment, one móment, my Rósalie, stáy —  
I 'm no lónger poor Édward; I 'm rich Osman Báy;  
The stéed 's at the dóor, and not fár off the séa  
Where the shíp rocking lís that shall this níght with mé  
Far áway from the Chrístian's land béar Rosalíe.”

“I know thee not, recreant — ah, black, dismal day! —  
Poor Edward my truth has, not rich Osman Bèy.  
Away o’er the waters without Rosalie —  
I give thee thy truth back — away — thou art free.”  
He ’s gone down to the ship, he ’s away o’er the sea,  
And the cloister gate ’s closed upon fair Rosalie;  
True lover ’s for ever from true lover parted,  
He in sorrow to live, she to die broken hearted.

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, May 29. 1853.

#### DING DONG.

“Ding dong, Ding dong,  
Posting along  
Through the morning air,  
Stop there, stop there.”  
“What would’st thou say?  
Be brief I pray,  
The minutes fly,  
Short time have I  
In chat to spend;  
Make haste, good friend.”  
“Few words will do;  
Just tell me true,  
When I am dead  
And on my head  
By sexton’s spade  
The greensward ’s laid,  
Under the shade

Of yón grey bírch  
Behind the chùrch,  
What wilt thou sáy  
Upón that dáy?"  
"Ding dóng, Ding dóng,  
Dong dǐng, Ding dóng."

"One móment móre —  
And íf, befóre  
The séxton's spáde  
The swárd has láid  
Upón my héad,  
I chánce to wéd,  
And léad a bríde  
In beauty's príde  
Úp the church áisle,  
Méeting the smíle  
Of friends, and shówers  
Of bright spring flówers,  
What wilt thou sáy  
Upón that dáy?"  
"Ding dóng, Ding dóng,  
Dong dǐng, Ding dóng."

"And whén my bríde  
Lies bý my síde  
Únder the swárd  
Of thát churchyárd,  
And séxton's spáde  
Has éven máde  
Her sód with míne,  
And children twíne  
Sweet églantine  
And jéssamine

Round that grey birch  
Behind the church,  
Or sit and weep  
By the new raised heap,  
Oft wondering why  
Up to the sky  
Mother should go  
That loved them so —  
Upon that day  
What wilt thou say?"  
"Ding dong, Ding dong,  
Dong ding, Ding dong."

"Begone, Ding dong;  
Thou 'st staid too long.  
Through the morning air  
Whitherso'er,  
Or quick or slow,  
Thou lik'st to go,  
Begone, Ding dong,  
And sing thy song.  
Whether thou guide  
To th' altars side  
Bridegroom and bride,  
Or to the tomb  
Bride and bridegroom,  
I care not, so  
From hence thou go,  
Sad voice of woe.



## GOOD NIGHT.

Swéet, good night;  
Till mórning light  
In slumber lie,  
Then cóme and stáy  
By mé all dáy  
And Í 'll not sigh.

Swéet, good night;  
Till mórning light  
Dréam but of mé,  
Who dréam alwáy  
Both níght and dáy  
Ónly of thée.

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, May 13. 1853.

## GOOD MORROW.

Good mórrow, Swéet;  
Pléasant to méet  
Thée and the light;  
Dárk without thée  
Were dáy to mé,  
Dárk as midnight.

Good mórrow, Swéet;  
Pléasant to méet  
Thée and the light;  
Stáy but with mé,  
And Í 'll not sée  
Dárkness in níght.

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, May 14. 1853.

## Liebchen, gut' Nacht.

Aus dem Englischen des Dr. J. Henry.

Liebchen, gut' Nacht!  
Bis der Morgen lacht  
Ruh' in Schlummer gewiegt.  
Dann komm, bleib hier  
Den Tag bei mir,  
So seufz' ich nicht.

Liebchen, gut' Nacht!  
Bis der Morgen lacht  
Träum' nur von mir,  
Der schlafend und wach  
Bei Nacht und Tag  
Träumt nur von dir.

Dresden, 15. Mai 1853.

M. Lindemann.

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“Prétty máid, tell mé the réason  
Whý you blúsh when Í come néar you?  
Whý you trémble, cást your eýes down,  
Ánd so fúmble with your knitting?”

“Ráther téll me, sílly yóung man,  
Whý you 're éver hóvering néar me?  
Whý I néver cán alóne be,  
Súnday, wéekday, mórn or évening?”

“Prétty máid, it is so pléasant  
Tó be álwáys lóoking át you;  
Í wóuld líke to bé your bróther,  
Ór your síster, tó be néar you.”

“Sílly yóung man, Í ’m no pícture  
Tó be idly stáred and gázed at;  
Gó, get sómething tó emplóy you;  
Húnt or físh — or knít as Í do.”

“Cóme with mé and wé ’ll go húnting,  
Ór with mé come tó the ríver,  
Ór I ’ll sít down hére beside you,  
Ánd assíst you with your knítting.”

“Ídle yóung man, Í ’ll emplóy you.  
Hére ’s a létter fór my Trúelove;  
Gó and fínd him, gíve it tó him,  
Ánd bring báck the ánsWER quíckly.”

“Whére shall Í look fór your Trúelove?  
Ín the city, ór the cóuntry?  
Whát ’s his náme? there ’s nó ádréss here,  
Nót one wórd of súpérscriptíon.”

“Gíve ’t me báck — I ’m só forgétful —  
Lét me sée — what is ’t they cáll him? —  
Thére — write yóu the súpérscriptíon;  
Í ’m too búsy wíth my knítting.”

“Prétty máid, I ’ve fóund your Trúelove;  
Ánd he séndS you báck this ánsWER.  
Ón your fínger éver wéar it.  
Dróp your knítting; cóme with mé, Love.”

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, June 6. 1853.

## POET AND FRIEND.

### POET.

Through the wide world go where I will,  
Two shadowy forms go with me still:  
One tall and handsome, fresh and bright,  
And gaily clad, keeps on my right;  
To look on him from morn till night,  
And night till morn, is my delight.  
A stunted dwarf in shabby clothes  
The other on my left hand goes,  
Odious to look on or be near.  
Who these forms are I 'd like to hear,  
Or why with me for ever so  
Round and round the world they go.

### FRIEND.

Though you 're no Sphinx, no Oédipus Í,  
To read your riddle Í will try.  
Those forms are shadows of yourself;  
He on the left — that stunted elf —  
Your very image, all declare,  
Sir poet's likeness to a hair.  
The right hand figure, Í confess,  
Is far less like you, yet, I guess,  
Is still your silhouette; painted bright,  
As you appear in your own sight.  
By two such shapes, one on each side,  
Each traveller 's accompanied  
Along life's road. I 'll lay my head  
Against a pin, your riddle 's read.



## HUMBUG'S SECRET.

It happened, ór by chance or fate,  
One évening próménáding láte  
Upón the máll, Humbug and Í  
Fell into each óther's cómpany:—  
“Cóme, knowing Húmbug, téll me whý  
So mány yéars in váin I trý  
Úp in this wórld one stép to rise;  
Though riches, hónors, dignities  
Róund me descénd in héaven-sent shówers,  
Gláddening this thirsty éarth of óurs,  
They néver on mé their déw let fáll,  
I néver come in for a dróp at áll.  
There 's nóne can téll so wéll as yóu  
If hálf men sáy of yóu be true.”  
Húmbug looked gráve, and shóok his héad,  
And thús in sólemn áccents sáid:—  
“There 's sóme good cáuse; let 's féel your skúll:  
Here 's Cúnníng smáll, and Hónor fúll —  
A fátal cómbinátió that —  
And Wórldly-míndednéss quite flát;  
And this bump, like an órange, hére  
Upón your fórehead, hów I féar  
It 's Póetry, not Cálculátió;  
Ánd thén I fínd no Ádulátió,  
And nó a gráin of Vénerátió,  
But húge Philósophý instéad —  
I néver félt a wórse shaped héad.”

I dréw a déep and héartfelt sigh:—  
“Shów me but hów, I ’ll gládly try  
To exchángé my héad, Húmbúg,” said Í,  
“For óne of á more módern cút —”  
“You táke me quite too sérious; tút!  
I was ónly jóking, héads are bút  
Of sécondáry cónséquénce,  
Unléss they ’re quite weighéd dówn with sénse.”  
“Then whát ’s the máin throw, Húmbúg, práy?  
The chief point óf impórtance, sáy?  
The fírst great thíng which Í must dó  
To gét on in the wórld like yóu?”  
“Accórding tó their várious víews,  
Sóme men the hát praise, sóme the shóes,  
Sóme say kidglóves are thé main thíng,  
Óthers that yóu must léarn to síng  
Not fírst, but sécond; sóme insist,  
A mítre hás been gót by whíst:  
You múst believe in héaven and héll  
So lóng as yóu in Éngland dwéll;  
But, gó to Gérmaný, they ’ll stáre  
And flý perháps into your háir,  
Íf you but hínt it póssible  
A góod God éver máde a héll —”  
“Stop thére,” I ánswered shórt and grúff;  
“Your rigmaróle is lóng enóugh;  
I ásked you hów best tó succéed  
In éarthly thíngs, not fór a créed.”  
“And só, young mán, you thínk you ’re wíser  
Than hé you ’ve chósen for yóur advíser?  
Gó, rise to hónors and digníties  
Whatéver shórtér wáy you pléase;  
I ’ve dóne with yóu.” “Stay, Húmbúg, stáy —  
Forgíve me — léave me nótt this wáy;

Command me, bid me, Í obéy."  
 "I 'll take your wórd," Humbúg replied,  
 And cáme up kindly bý my side,  
 And tóok my árm, and in my éár  
 Close whíspered, thát none élse might héar:—  
 "The sécret lies neithér in hát,  
 Créed, nor kidglóves, but in a cát."  
 "A cát?" said Í, cockíng my éár;  
 "A cát? or díd I rightly héar?"  
 "A cát," said hé, close whíspering báck,  
 "Whéther gray, tórtoiseshéll, or bláck,  
 Or whíte, you 've ónly tó take cáre  
 To stróke her cánny with the háir:  
 She 'll rúb hersélf agáinst your cháir,  
 And fóllow you úp and dówn the stáir,  
 Púrríng her féline grátítúde;  
 But shóuld you chánce with áction rúde  
 To rúb her ónce agáinst the háir,  
 Bewáre her fángs. The wórld 's a cát —"  
 "Enóugh!" said Í, and thríce my hát  
 Pitched into the áir, "I háve it pát:  
 Stróke with the háir the húman cát,  
 Íf you 'd not fáre worse thán a rát.  
 The húman cát stroke with the háir,  
 She 'll rúb hersélf agáinst your cháir,  
 And fóllow you úp and dówn the stáir.  
 Ah, Húmbúg, búť true wísdom 's ráre!  
 And nów, you rógue, I 've stróked you ríght,  
 And gót your sécret — só, good níght."

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, May 18. 1853.

## EDWARD AND MARY.

EDWARD.

Máry, I swéar —

By this light and áir —

By héaven abóve —

Thou árt my Lóve —

For thee I sigh —

For thee I die —

Stáy, Mary, stáy —

Ah, dismal dáy!

And cánst thou gó?

And léave me só?

Then fáre thee wéll!

How hándsome 's Néll!

Her eýes how bright!

Her skín how white!

What rúby lips!

How light she trips —

MARY.

I dón't believe.

You bút decéive.

It is not true.

I lóve not yóu.

In váin, in váin.

'Twill cúre your páin.

Good býe, good býe.

How háppy Í!

Gone, góne for éver.

To cóme back néver.

What did you sáy?

Who 's Néll, I práy?

You dó but jést.

You plágue, you pést!

Édward, I sáy —

I 'll stáy, I 'll stáy.

How like a fawn —

Across the lawn!

When Nell is nigh —

I néver sigh.

Her silver voice —

Makes my héart rejoice.

And thén her mind —

As sóft as kind!

There lives but óne —

One, ónly óne —

Whom Í prefér —

To Nell prefér —

And thóu art shé —

Máry, thou 'rt shé —

Máry, thou 'rt míne —

And Í am thine —

Then góod bye, Nell —

Máry and Í —

I 'm yóurs alóne.

I 'm Édward's ówn.

I 'm in despáir.

I 'll téar her háir.

Discórdant screám!

Do I wáke or dréam?

I 'll frét her yét.

The pért Grisétte!

How rásh was Í!

I díe, I díe.

Stay, lét me héar —

I féar, I féar —

What díd you sáy?

Blest dáy, blest dáy!

Yes, Édward, yés.

O háppínéss!

And góod bye, sórrow —

Are óne tomórrow.

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, May 20. 1853.



## TODAY AND TOMORROW.

Promenáding as usual along the same street  
Today and Tomorrow once happened to meet:—  
“Now, good cousin Tomorrow,” thus said sad Today,  
“How comes it you ’re always so merry and gay?  
Not a cloud shades your brow, not a tear dims your eye,  
All sunshine and roses and bright, sapphire sky.”  
“Don’t mock me, dear Yesterday,” answered Tomorrow;  
“I am heavy and sad, my heart breaking with sorrow.  
It ’s *you* have the sunshine and bright, sapphire sky,  
A brow ever cloudless, a tear undimmed eye.  
From morning till night *I* do nothing but sigh —  
Sigh for Yesterday’s happiness, Yesterday’s joys;  
It ’s Yesterday only no trouble annoys.”  
“Alás! dear Tomorrow, and do you say so?  
And that smile on your face only hides your heart’s woe?  
I could never have thought you wore such a false show.”  
“Your unfortunate cousin you ’d not so upbraid,  
If you knew with what griefs to the ground he is weighed.”  
“Forgive me, dear Cóz; from the depth of my heart  
I pity your case. Could I comfort impart —”  
“Nay, nay, that ’s impossible — Cousin, good bye;  
Enjoy your good fortune, and leave me to sigh.”  
So said, he went on, and no word added more,  
And Today slowly followed, more sad than before.

## RECOVERY.

Húsh, ye rúde ones, stir not, bréathe not —  
Slúmber 's fálling ón his eýelids;  
Fróm the féver's héat and tóssing  
Thé tired fráme at lást is résting.

Sóftly dráw the window cúrtains —  
Shút out thé intrúsive dáylight —  
Stáy; stay: lét one little ráy in,  
Júst to shów how cálm he 's sléeping.

Pále and súnk althóugh his chéek is,  
Yét it 's sóft, and cóol, and plácid;  
Ánd he dráws his bréathing éven;  
Ánd there 's déw upón his fórehead.

Richly nów how yé 're réwárded,  
Áll my nights and dáys of wáatching!  
Móre than páyment this one móment  
Fór a húndred yéars of sórrow.

Dówn my chéeks the téars are stéaling,  
Ón his blánched hand nóiseless drópping;  
Bléssed, bléssed Sléep, I thánk thee —  
Théy 're a wífe's téars, nó't a wídow's.

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, June 7. 1853.

M A R Y.

Máry, plúck me yónder rósebud;  
Fróm thine hánd I 'm fáin to háve it.  
Íf thou wilt not, lét it háng there —  
Whát care Í abóut the rósebud?

Máry, sing me thé new bállad;  
Fróm thy lips I lóng to héar it.  
Íf thou wilt not, little cáre I  
Íf I néver héar the bállad.

Máry, cóme, and lét us sáunter  
Hálf an hóur abóut the méadow.  
Íf thou wilt not, Í will stáy here —  
Lét who will, stroll in the méadow.

Máry, sit down hére beside me,  
Till we chát a while togéther.  
Íf thou wilt not, Í 'll be silent —  
Í care bút to chát with Máry.

Máry, cánst thou gó and léave me  
Hére alóne to píne in sórrow? —  
Áh, she 's góne! and little cáre I  
Íf I néver sée tomórrrow.

BESSIE, 'TIS A SUNNY MORNING.

Béssie, 'tis a súunny mórning,  
Ánd the lárks are sínging gáily;  
Gét your bónnet, láy your bóok down —  
Théy are át the háy alréady.

Táke your fórk, toss óut the láp-cocks —  
With the déw they 're wét and héavy —  
Spréad them tó the sún and áir well,  
Thére 's a mórning sóon will drý them.

Sháke them, tóss them, túrn them óver,  
Lét no twó stalks lie togéther,  
Till the whóle field wé have cóvered  
With a líght, soft, springy cárpet.

Whát a pléasure tó be wórking —  
Máking fód for hónest Pieball —  
Ín the bríght, sunshíny mórning,  
With the lárks abóut us sínging!

Bút it 's néither hónest Pieball,  
Nór the lárks abóut me sínging,  
Nór the frésh, sunshíny-mórning  
Thát makes mé work with such pléasure;

För were yóu not with me, Béssie,  
Hélping mé to tóss the háy out,  
Í 'd scarce knów the lárks were singing,  
Ór sun shining ón the háyfield.

Tóss it, túrn it, spréad it wéll out  
Tó the hót sun ánd the dry air;  
Ín the évening wé will cóck it:  
Yóu 're a bráve haymáker, Béssie.

WAISENHAUS - STRASSE, DRESDEN, June 11. 1853.

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Ónce it háppened ón a Friday —  
Fridays álwáys wére unlúcky —  
Ín the dóubtful mónth of Ápril,  
Í walked óut withóut umbrélla.

Í had ón thin shóes and stóckings,  
Ánd a cóat more fit for Júly  
Thán the tréacherous mónth of Ápril,  
Ánd my trówsers wére of nánkeen.

Í was thinking óf my Trúelove,  
Ánd my wáy lay tóward her dwélling  
Twó miles distant ás the bírd flíes —  
Shé expécted mé that évening.

Óf the wáy I 'd máde a quárter,  
Éver thinking óf my Trúelove,  
Whén the ráin begán to pátter.  
Ánd to spót my nánkeen trówsers.



Túsh! said Í, it is no mátter —  
Ápril shówers were néver lásting,  
Nánkeens wón't be lóng a-dryíng —  
Í 'll not disappóint my Trúelove.

Pátter, pátter, still the ráin went,  
Ánd the dróps grew éver lárger,  
Ánd befóre long mý nankéens stuck  
Tó my skín like wét brown páper.

Pátter, pátter, still the ráin went,  
Ánd the dróps fell thícK and thícKer,  
Ánd the róad grew déep and spláshy,  
Ánd my shóes let in the wáter;

Ánd the stréam that fróm my hát ran  
Dówn behind upón my shóuldérs,  
Wóuld have túrned a líttle míll-wheel  
Hád there béen one át my cóat tail.

Néver wétter wás Leánder  
Tó his Héro níghtly swímíng,  
Néver wétter wás a drówned rat,  
Nóah's árk was néver wétter.

Súre I ám, she 's thínkíng óf me,  
Lóókíng óut upón the wéather;  
Wéll she knóws the ráin won't stóp me,  
Wéll she knóws there ís no shéltér.

Pátter, pátter, still the ráin went,  
Ánd the róad grew éver déeper;  
Wéll! said Í, it is smáll mátter —  
Cóme what wíll, I 'll tó my Trúelove.

Ás I spóke, a súdden gúst came;  
Ín a twinkling óff my hát flew;  
Pútting úp my hánd to sáve it,  
Dówn into the dích my fóot slipped.

Ín the strúggles I fell óver;  
'Twas the friendly brámbles sáved me,  
Else I 'd spráined my wrist or ángle,  
Ór perháps put óut my shóulder.

'Twas the friendly brámbles sáved me —  
Cáught me bý the nánkeen trówsers —  
Bróke my fáll — but áh! my nánkeens —  
Whát a rént! — What sháll I nów dó?

Récreant, cánst thou túrn and léave her  
Wáiting, wáatching át the window? .  
“Whát is 't kéeps my Lóve from cóming?  
Trúelove néver mínded wéather.”

Thére 's the hóuse in víew alréady;  
Ánd the hóur, I héar it chíming —  
Spíte of trówsers, spíte of wétting,  
Í 'll-be with thee, Lóve, this évening.

Fórtune éver smíles on cóurage:  
Ín my sléeve behóld a stróng pin —  
Táilored ín a tríce my trówsers,  
Júst enóugh to kéep my shírt ín.

Pócket hándkerchief, tied néatly  
Twíce round héad and éars and témples,  
With extémporáneos túrban  
Lóss of béaver hát replíces.

Brávo! Brávo! Í have cónquered;  
Hére 's th' appróach up tó the hóuse leads;  
Ráin, wind, fáll, lost hát, torn trówsers,  
Í despise you — thére 's my Trúelove.

Thére she 's át the window stánding;  
Tó the dóor she flíes to méet me —  
Néver in sunshíny wéather  
Hád we hálf so pléasant méeting.

Fírst she láughed, and thén she máde me  
Tén times óver téll my stóry,  
Ás she héaped the fire with bíllets,  
Ánd set dówn tea, wíne, and swéetmeats.

Ánd she lóoked so kíndly ón me,  
Ánd so cálléd me hér Leándér,  
Ás she chíd me fór persísting  
Tó come ón despíte the wéather,

Thát as Í sat thére besíde her,  
Drýing mý wet clóthes, and sípping  
Thé hot téa that hér ówn déar self  
Máde, poured óut, and hánded tó me,

Í could nót but práy in sécret  
Í might álways gét a drénching,  
Lóse my hát, and téar my trówsers,  
Ón my wáy to sée my Trúelove.

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, June 9. 1853.

## WILLIAM AND LUCY.

WILLIAM.

Like a summer morning éarly  
Frésh, and swéet, and mild is Lúcy.

LUCY.

Like a summer nóonday 's William,  
Rádiant, bright, and stróng, and hándsome.

WILLIAM.

Ténder, pénsive, mélanchóly  
Lúcy 's líke a summer évening.

LUCY.

William, whén he 's sád, is líke a  
Summer's night when stárs are twinkling.

WILLIAM.

Lúcy 's líke a gólden willow  
Bénding ó'er a gárden fóuntain.

LUCY.

William 's líke a státely cédar  
Whén it 's in full léaf in Júly.

WILLIAM.

Lúcy 's líke the áutumn móonlight  
Ón the yéllow córnshéaves sléeping.

LUCY.

William 's líke the crímson súnbeams  
Ón the néw-ploughed úpland fállow.

WILLIAM.

Lúcy 's líke the glássy, cléar lake  
Whén no bréath its bósom wrinkles.

LUCY.

William 's líke the déep, full river  
Ónward rólling tóward the ócean.

WILLIAM.

Lúcy 's líke Acánthus vólute  
By the hánd of Phídias chiseled.

LUCY.

William 's líke the pórfhyry píllar  
Thé entáblatúre sustáining.

WILLIAM.

Lúcy 's líke the nún's chant stéaling  
Thróugh the cloíster bárs at vésper's.

LUCY.

William 's líke the ánthem péaling  
Thróugh the áisles of thé cathédral.

WILLIAM.

Lúcy 's líke the tímíd ríngdove  
Cóoing in the fórest's cóvert.

LUCY.

William 's líke the gállant góshawk  
Sóaring thróugh the ský at mídday.

WILLIAM.

Lúcy 's líke the máid I dréamt once  
Stóod beside me át the áltar.

LUCY.

William 's líke the yóuth I twice dreamt  
Pút the ríng upón my fínger.

WILLIAM.

Lúcy 's líke — aye, bý this ríng, Love —  
Lúcy 's líke the bríde of William.

LUCY.

William 's líke — by this same ríng and  
Héaven I swéar it — Lúcy's brídegroom.

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, June 12. 1853.



Ín the fields or ón the róadsíde  
Néar a líttle cóuntry víllage,  
Múttéríng tó hímsélf and líltíng,  
Áll day lóng a yóúng man sáunters.

Múttéríng, líltíng, ás he sáunters,  
Chíldrén póínt the fínger át híim,  
Ánd wíse párents cáll híim ídle,  
Crázy, góód for nóthíng póét.

Thát yóúng mán sees nótt the víllage;  
Gréat thóughts ín híis sóúl are bármíng —  
Héroes, Césars, fáme ímmórtal —  
Thát yóúng mán ís Públius Máro.

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, June 10. 1853.

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Where wás I ére there wás ány Whére?  
Ére there wás ány Whát, wát wás I?  
When wás I ére there wás ány Whén?  
And hów or whý made Í míysélf  
Ére there wás ány Í or Hów,  
Or ány Whén, Where, Whát or Whý?

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, June 12. 1853.



## S U P R E M E L Y   B L E S T.

“Six little góslings in one nést,  
Áll in yéllow vélvet dréssed,  
Áll benéath one sóft warm bréast,  
Áll by óne kind bill caréssed,  
Áre ye nó supré mely blést?”

“Six little góslings in one nést,  
Áll in yéllow vélvet dréssed,  
Wé are nó supré mely bléssed.  
Wé will léave the sóft warm bréast,  
Wé will léave the párent nést,  
And gó of nóvelty in quést,  
And thén we’ll bé supré mely blést.”

Written while travelling from SLIGO to DROMORE WEST. CO. SLIGO  
May 10. 1852.

## L I T T L E   F L Y.

Síp on fréely, little fly;  
Í’ll not hárm thee; nó, not í.  
Sóme are gréat and sóme are smáll,  
But Gód is fáther óf us áll;  
And in the párent’s équal éye,  
Mán ’s the bróther óf the fly.

Síp on fréely, little flý;  
Í'll not hárm thee; nó, not Í.  
Fórmed like mé for jóy and páin,  
Wárméd by súnshine, wét by ráin,  
Bórn like mé, like mé to die,  
Thóu art déar to Gód as Í;  
Síp on fréely, little flý,  
Í'll not hárm thee; nó, not Í.

Written while travelling from DROMORE - WEST to WESTPORT.  
May. 11. 1852.

#### CHATTERING MEG.

Bláck and white  
Páinted bríght,  
Stóut of límb,  
Of bódy líght,  
Fierce in báttle,  
Swift in flíght,  
Cálled by birds  
The róbber knight.

Kéen of sight,  
It 's my' delight  
From the áiry héight  
Of áspen bóugh,  
Or rócky brów,  
To spý aróund  
Where ón the gróund  
For cháttering pye  
Fit próg may lie  
Of crúst or bóne,

There cáreless thrówn  
By fárm-yard Jóan;  
Or jóyful márk  
Where éggs of lárk  
In méadow gréen,  
Half híd, half séen,  
Or eállow thrúsh  
In háwthorn búsh,  
Meg's áppetite  
Daintý invíte.  
But Még, not rásh  
To máke a dásh  
Like háwk or kíte,  
Stays áppetite,  
And hóps abóut,  
And mákes no róut;  
And wáatching slý  
With pérking eýe,  
Steals tó the búsh  
And dines on thrúsh;  
Then súcks lark's égg,  
Hardhéarted Még!  
And óff to nést  
Flies with the bést  
Old crust or bóne  
Of thriftless Jóan.

Such life lead Í,  
Blithe cháattering pye,  
Oft wóndering whý  
Man só should sigh,  
And kéep such cóil,  
And cárk and móil  
Till swéat, and tóil,

And cáire to sáve  
Dig déep his gráve.

I énvý nóit  
Pálace or cóit;  
The lífe I léad  
On híll and méad  
Is lífe indéed;  
Ánd, while I ránge  
Round field and gráinge,  
I wóuld not chángé  
For mán's high stáite  
Meg's háppier fáite.

Written while travelling from WESTPORT to CLIFDEN, May 12. 1852.

#### F A L S E H E A R T E D J O A N .

In móuntain déll,  
Besíde a wéll  
And móssy stóne,  
Únder a thórn  
I sát forlórn,  
And máde my móan: —  
“This wórld and Í  
Cannót agrée,  
No chárm hath nów  
This wórld for mé.  
She has bróke her tróth,  
Falsehéarted Jóan,  
And léft me hére  
To díe alóne.



Hére in this wild,  
Untródden déll,  
Únder this thórn,  
Beside this wéll,  
I'll strétch me ón  
This móss-grown stóne,  
And wéep, and crý: —  
'Falsehéarted Jóan.'

'Falsehéarted Jóan',  
I'll wéep and crý  
'I lived for thée,  
For thée I'll die';  
Write on my tómb: —  
'He died alóne,  
Forsáken bý  
Falsehéarted Jóan.  
Ye fáithful swáins,  
His déath deplóre,  
And néver trúst  
To wóman móre'.

As thús I láy,  
And máde my móan,  
Strétched on that gréy  
And móss-grown stóne,  
I héard a líght,  
Small fóotstep néar;  
A kindly vóice  
Fell ón my éar,  
That swéetly said: —  
"Why dóst thou móan,  
And whó is thís  
Falsehéarted Jóan?"

'Twas Jóan hersélf —  
 My téars were stáyed;  
 I thréw my árms  
 Abóut the máid:  
 I cánnót téll  
 What wórds we sáid;  
 But thére in thát  
 Untródden déll,  
 Únder that thórn,  
 Besíde that wéll,  
 As Í wept ón  
 That móss-grown stóne,  
 I fóund my ówn  
 Truehéarted Jóan.

Written while travelling on Bianconi's car from CLIFDEN to GALWAY. May 13. 1852.

#### B E T H A N K F U L.

"Be thánkful"; — tó a sílly lám  
 I ónce heard sáy its bléating dám —  
 "Be thánkful thou art clád so wárm,  
 And in this párk kept sáfe from hárm,  
 And évery dáy supplíed with fóod  
 So swéet, and pléntiful, and góod."

"Sáfe in this párk" — thus tó its dám  
 I héard replý that sílly lám —  
 "Sáfe in this párk I'm képt from hárm;  
 To yíeld man fóod, and máke him wárm.  
 Todáy I léad an éasy lífe,  
 Tomórrów cóme the shéars and knífe."

Written in Railway Carriage while travelling from GALWAY to DUBLIN — May 14. 1852.

## TRUE LOVE.

As árm in árm upón the shóre  
We listened tó the breákers' róar,  
She pícked and pút into my hánd  
The fairest pébbles from the stránd.

As thróugh the méadow gréen we wálked,  
Ánd of our háppy fúture tálked,  
She cúlled the flówers I lóved the bést,  
And pláced the nósegay in my bréast.

A lóck she gáve me of her háir,  
Set róund with péarl and rúby rare,  
Ánd a cornélian sígnet stóne,  
Engráved with hér name ánd my ówn.

For mé she léft fathér and móther,  
For mé she léft sistér and bróther,  
Hóuse, home, and friends she léft for mé,  
With mé to live and míne to bé:  
She léft them áll to bé míne ówn,  
And éver live with mé alóne.

She hád no jóy when Í was sád,  
No gríef had shé when Í was glád;  
To máke me glád was hér delíght,  
Her thought by dáy, her dréam by níght;  
When Í was glád her éye grew bríght.

To chárm my spírít's glóom awáy,  
She 'd sing me sóng or róundeláy,  
As strétched on thé greenswárd I láy,  
Or téll me táles the lívelong dáy.

She 'd téll me of the róbber-chief,  
Ánd of the téarless máiden's grief,  
Ánd of the ópal-háfted knife  
With which she tóok the róbber's life.

She 'd téll me of the díamond tówer,  
Ánd of the wóndrous wórd of pówer  
To ópen wide its gáte of bráss,  
And lét the white-robed figure páss.

Stóries she 'd téll me of the Éást,  
Of vizier, pácha, dérvish, priest,  
Of mósque, kíósk, and músselman,  
Of Ál-Raschíd and Kúblí Khán;  
But stíll her lást and swéetest tále  
Wás of the róse and níghtingále.

Ánd when she sáw me pleásed and gáy  
She 'd dáce as ón her brídál dáy,  
Or wréathe her fíngers ín my háir,  
And líft to hér guitár this áir: —

“Let míserers ín their hóards take pleásure,  
Séek not thóu the yéllow tréasure,  
Gréed of góld is bút a mádness,  
Néver énding cáre and sádness:  
Ín true lóve 's the ónly gládness.”

She sáng, she síckened, and she díed;  
Ánd with her lást farewéll she cried: —  
“Wríte on my tómb no wórd of sádness,  
Ín true lóve 's the ónly gládness.”

## T O M S H O E B L A C K .

Your shóes, good Sir; your shóes to cléan;  
Such dírtý shóes were néver séen.  
With dírtý shóes upón his féet  
What géntlemán would wálk the stréet,  
Whén he might háve them bríght and cléan  
For just two hálf-pence óf the Quéen?  
A pénny, Sir, you'll nótt refúse;  
One pénny, Sir, for cléan bríght shóes.

Here, Sir; sit dówn: I prómise yóu,  
You sóon shall háve a cléan bríght shóe;  
The ríght foot first; yes, thát will dó;  
A lóvely thíng 's a cléan bríght shóe,  
As smóoth as gláss, as bláck as jét:  
Stay, Sir; this fóot 's not hálf done yét;  
A cléan bríght shoe 's a lóvely thíng;  
A cléan bríght shóe sets óff a kíng.

There, Sir, it 's dóne; this shóe is cléan:  
A bríghter shóe was néver séen,  
Glóssy and smóoth as ráven's wíng;  
A wéll-blacked shóe 's a lóvely thíng;  
A wéll-blacked shóe sets óff a kíng.

The léft foot, Sir; fie, whát a shóe!  
One scárce can sée the léather thróugh  
This míry, slímý, múddy glúe.  
Now dó your wórk, my brístles trúé,  
And lét us háve a shíning shóe;  
A shíning shóe 's a lóvely thíng;  
A shíning shóe sets óff a kíng.

These bristles, Síir -- a bétter sèt  
Néver in one bláck-box mét --  
Are néither quíte worn-óut, nor néw;  
And évery háir 's a brístle trúe;  
You sóon shall háve a shíning shóe;  
See thére 's the pólish cóming thróugh.  
A shíning shóe 's a lóvely thíng;  
A shíning shóe sets óff a kíng.

My "Dáy and Mártin" 's frésh and néw,  
As bláck as ínk, as bríght as déw,  
Fit pólish fór a gémman's shóe.  
Rúb rub-a-rúb, my brístles trúe,  
And lét us háve a shíning shóe;  
A shíning shóe 's a lóvely thíng;  
A shíning shóe sets óff a kíng.

Rúb rub-a-rúb, my wórk is dóne:  
My pénny fée is fáirly wón:  
No bríghter shóe thén sún shínes ón.  
Let wíser fólk say whát they wíll,  
Í'm of the óne ópíníon stíll,  
Bárefoot or shód, a mán 's a mán,  
But blácking mákes the géntlemán.  
I méan no slúr to smárt cravát,  
Or jémmy whíte, or glóssy hát,  
Or smáll-clothes smóoth; but áll won't dó,  
Unléss you háve a wéll-blácked shóe.  
A wéll-blácked shóe 's a lóvely thíng;  
A wéll-blácked shóe sets óff a kíng.

And nów I 've képt my prómise trúe,  
Each fóot has gót its cléan bríght shóe,  
And póor Tom Shóebláck bíds adíeu:



Adieu, kind Sir, and don't complain,  
If dirty footways, dust, and rain  
Soon bring you to poor Tom again:  
It's an ill wind blows no one good,  
And dust and rain are poor Tom's food.

EPHING FOREST; near LONDON. May 30. 1852.

### THE CHRYSALIS.

In long loose drawers, and stockings without feet.  
Wide flannel vest, grey shirt, and nightcap neat.  
Wearied mine eyes of sights, of sounds mine ears,  
Mine anxious fluttering heart of hopes and fears.  
The light put out, and locked my chamber door,  
I laid me down upon my bed once more,  
To rest, to sleep, to dream, perhaps to snore;  
My left cheek heavy on the pillow pressed,  
My right arm crossed obliquely on my breast,  
Blanket and counterpane tucked tightly in  
Round by the shoulder quite to the ear and chin.  
If you had seen me in the park that day  
Or at the levee or subscription play,  
All bright with diamonds, all alert and gay,  
And then been shown that shapeless heap of clothes  
With scarce an air hole left for mouth and nose,  
And told it was essentially the same,  
The same in spirit, substance, even in name,  
How you'd have stared, and rubbed your eyes, and vowed  
That freakish nature had at last allowed  
To man the privilege of the butterfly,  
To cast his figure off, and yet not die,  
To flaunt a gaudy insect all the day,

And dróne, a sénseless grúb, the níght áwáy!  
Whére, even in wóndrous Óvid, is there chángé  
One hálf so trúe, miráculóus and stránge?

Written in bed. ANTWERP. June 9. 1852.

## MODEL PROPOSAL OF MARRIAGE.

Dear lóvely Dóris, Í admire thee móre  
Than éver mán admired a máid befóre;  
Thy smíles, thy dímples, and thy virtues ráre,  
Thy chárms, thy gráces, and thine áuburn háir,  
Each párt, no lés than thé harmónious whóle,  
Has máde a prísoner óf thine Édward's sóul.  
In cháins and sórrow Í conféss, thou árt  
Gréater than Wéllington or Buónapárt;  
Théy conquered bódies ónly, thóu the héart.  
Dear lóvely Dóris, hów can wórd's exprés  
One hálf the amóunt of Édward's ténderness!  
Hów from the shádes of éven till dáwning líght  
He dréams of thée alóne the livelong níght!  
Hów the whole dáy of thée alóne he thínks,  
Whéther he stánds, or wálks, or éats, or drínks!  
Hów he cries still! — "Ah! wére but Dóris míne  
In whát true cómfort Í might súp or díne;  
Nót as I nów do, in the dísmal glóom  
Of city cóffee-house or díning-róom,  
Midst stífing smélls and déafening Lóndon cries,  
Bút in the álcove of some paradíse!"  
Hów from the dáwn of líght till shádes of éven  
Thou ónly árt his thóught, his hópe, his héaven!  
Dear lóvely Dóris, héar thine Édward's crý,  
One kindly lóok, or sée thine Édward díe,

Díe of the misery of this bachel'or's life,  
 More slów, but quite as sùre as còrd or knife.  
 Dear lóvely Dóris, míne 's no ídle móan;  
 Nó sentimentál sórrow makes mé gróan;  
 Réal and substántial are the wóes Í féel  
 At hóme, abróad, at mórn or évening méal.  
 At hóme, I sít in dúsky, díngy róom,  
 Where néver wóman's smíle dispéls the glóom,  
 And wátech the children pláying in the láne,  
 Or cóunt the flíes, that créep along the páne;  
 Or cróuch beside the fire and pénsive éye  
 The cúrling wréaths that úp the chimney flý;  
 Or páce impátient úp and dówm the flóor,  
 Betwéen the window and the clóset dóor,  
 Oft stópping, to inscribe my Dóris' náme  
 On cúpboard-dóor, or wáll, or window-fráme,  
 Ór in the thick dust of the táble tráce  
 With fínger-énd the óutline of her fáce;  
 Ór to turn óver a book's léaves begin;  
 Ór from the flóor pick úp a héadless pín;  
 Ánd in the sófa-cóver príck all shápes  
 Of dógs, trees, stéeples, windmills, cócks and ápes;  
 Ór, pleased with nóthing, ríng and ásk Janétte,  
 Whát is 't o'clóck, and if the téa be wét;  
 For mílk give hér one hálfpenny, twó for bréad —  
 Ah Dóris! Dóris! bétter fár be déad,  
 And déep in the churchyárd, than líve to sée  
 One lónely cup and sáucer láid for téa.  
 Dear lóvely Dóris, túrn not thús awáy;  
 Góds themselves lísten whén poor mórtals práy;  
 Pity 's a gráce dívine, even héathens sáy.  
 Let óthers with the póet's wóndrous árt  
 Dréss up a tále, to tóuch the féeling héart;  
 Mý story néeds no glóss; see, Dóris, whére

My new shirt-ruffle 's gót this ugly téar,  
 And unmatched stóckings wédded folk invite  
 To táunt with mány a jóke the unmárried wíght.  
 Last évening, ón the Máll, an úrchin cried: —  
 “He wáiks a sólo!” bút the úrchin lied;  
 That móment, lóst in thóught, I wálked with thée  
 Fár from the Máll, upon the móon-lit léa,  
 And préssed thy hánd, as with a róguish smíle  
 Thou sáid'st: — “Dear Sír, pray hélp me ó'er the stíle.”  
 Yés Dóris, ít 's a bárgain; lét 's agrée:  
 I 'll hélp thee ó'er the stíle, thou 'lt máke my téa;  
 And lóving man and wífe we 'll éver bé,  
 Till gréat-grandchildren tóddele róund our knée.

Written while walking from ANTWERP to LOUVAIN. June  
 12. and 13. 1852.

## THE ELFIN KNIGHT.

My stóry 's óf an élfín kníght,  
 So fúll of vénom and pure spíte,  
 That dóing hárm was his delight,  
 Both mórn and nóon, and dáy and níght.  
 In trúth, he wás a ráncorous wíght,  
 To whóm no thíng on éarth seemed ríght  
 But mildew, rót, decáy, and blíght;  
 He strípped the bráñch of flówer and frúit,  
 And tóre the trúnk up bý the róot,  
 Ínto the íron áte with rúst,  
 And gróund the márble róck to dúst.  
 Still móre he lóved on líving thíng  
 Mísery and pain and déath to bríng:  
 Bird, béast, and físh he láughed to sée

Writhing in mórtal ágony;  
But néver wás his héart so glád,  
As when he máde man sick and sád,  
Wóunded him sóre, or sét him mád,  
Róbbed him of hóuse, and hóme, and friend,  
And bróught him tó a wréched énd,  
To díe in páin and misery  
Not áll at ónce and súddenly  
(For thát were dównright charity)  
Bút by sure stép and slów degré;  
He púlléd his téeth out, óne by óne,  
Plucked óut his háir, and léft him nóne;  
With a thick fláil-staff cúdgelled him,  
Till évery sínew, jóint, and limb  
Was bláck and blúe, and stíf and sóre;  
Ánd, to tormént him móre and móre,  
Séaled up his éars, scooped óut his eýes,  
And cút him dówn to hálf his size;  
Then pitched him, gásping hárd for bréath,  
Ínto the gáping jáws of Déath.

Man súffered sóre, and súffered lóng,  
But sáw no áuthor óf his wróng;  
Félt every blów, but sáw no árm,  
No lífted hánd to dó the hárm.  
Invisible as móuntain wínd,  
The cáitiff cáme his préy behind,  
And kicked and cúffed him hárd and sóre;  
Then cáme, and stóod his préy befóre,  
And kicked and cúffed him móre and móre.  
Poor mán laménted, ánd in váin  
Cúrsed the foul áuthor óf his páin,  
And wátched by dáy, and wátched by night,  
To cách of his fell fóe a síght.

At lást with páin and wáatching wórñ,  
Ánd of his féll foe láughed to scórñ:—  
“A háppy thóught” (’twas thús he sáid)  
“Has cóme at ónce intó my héad;  
Let ’s sée, if Í can ’t máke a béll,  
That sháll my éñemy’s cóming téll.”  
So sáid, so dóne; a smíth by tráde,  
Has sóon a páir of slíppers máde,  
And ón each slípper fástened wéll  
A stróng steel clásp and sílver béll.  
The slíppers láid upón the flóor,  
The smíth ’s to béd and bárred the dóor;—  
“Íf he comes néar the béd,” says hé,  
“The slípper bélls will wáken mé.”  
He sáid, and tó the wáll turned róund,  
And féll asléep, both fást and sóund.  
How lóng he slépt I cánnót téll,  
When tinkle tinkle wént the béll;  
The smíth awóke, and cried:— “What hó!  
A líght, a líght — I ’ve cáught the fée.”  
“Not quíte so fást, good smíth”, quoth hé;  
“You ’ve lóst your slíppers, nót caught mé;  
I ’ll wálk hencefóρθ with slíppers néat  
And sílver bélls upón my féet,  
That fóolish mán may súrely knów,  
Both, whén I cóme, and whén I gó,  
And whéther Í move fást or slów.”  
So sáying he déalt such héavy blów,  
As máde the smíth cry:— “Wóe! more wóe!”  
“More wóe indéed”, the kníght replíed,  
And strúck him ón the óther síde:  
“Thínk’st thou. becáuse thy dóor is bárred,  
My stálwart árm will stríke less hárð?  
What thóugh thy tínkling sílver béll



An énémy's appróach may téll,  
And whéther hé move swift or slów,  
Think'st thou 'twill sérvé to wárd the blów,  
Dealt ón thee bý thine únseen fée?"  
No wórd the élfín knight said móre,  
But, víewless, thróugh the wéll barred dóor  
Passed óut as hé passed ín befóre,  
And dówn the stáir into the stréet,  
The silver bélls upón his féet.

Full mány a yéar and dáy has spéd,  
Sínce the green túrf closed ó'er the héad  
Óf the brave smíth, that máde the bélls  
Of whích my trúthful stóry télls;  
Yet óft by dáy, and óft by night  
I héar the tréad of the élfín knight,  
And trémble át his slíppers' sóund,  
From hóuse to hóuse, as he tákes his róund.  
In váin like thé brave smíth of yóre  
I bólt and bár my chámber dóor,  
The élfín fóot is ón the stáir,  
The élfín knight, víewless as áir,  
Pásses thróugh bárréd and bólted dóor,  
Crósses with méasured stép the flóor,  
And grípes me hárd, and híts me sóre.  
"Tórment me nó't" in váin I crý;  
"Tormént me nó't, but lét me díe."  
He sáys no wórd, but móre and móre  
Pínches and cúffs me thán befóre.  
My tále's truth lét these gáshes spéak,  
These zigzags ón my ónce smooth chéek,  
This sállow skín once sóft and fáir,  
This súnken eyé, these témples báre  
Where ónce so séemly cúrled the háir.

Íf, in the pride of strength and youth,  
 Thou doubttest still my story's truth,  
 And likenést the élfín knight  
 To some unréal and áiry spríte,  
 Engéndered in the bráin at níght,  
 When Sénse lies déad and Réason sléeps,  
 And nó more wáitch o'er Fáncy kéeps;  
 Lísten! "It is the stéeple béli",  
 Lísten! "It is the fúneral knéll",  
 Lísten! what sáys that stéeple béli?  
 Lísten! what sáys that fúneral knéll?  
 "He has tóld his stóry trúie and wéll."

Begun June 14<sup>th</sup>. 1852 when walking from LOUVAIN to  
 TIRLEMONT. Finished at WEMS June 21<sup>st</sup>.

## WHEN I WAS A BOY.

When Í was a bóy, how mérrily  
 I spórted abóut benéath the great trée,  
 That óversháded my fáther's cót!  
 Since thén I 've not séen so cózy a spót.

Oh, hów my heart bóunded, and dánced with jóy!  
 My fáther has bróught me a brán-new tóy,  
 A lóng ashen stíck with a hórse's héad;  
 Milk-white is the máne, and the bridle is réd.

I stráddled my stéed, and with críck crack and shóut,  
 And whoop-whóop and hurráh I cántered abóut,  
 Úpstairs and dównstairs, and índoors and óut;  
 No Quéen's-Own dragóon ever máde such a róut.

But mány a lóng year has cóme and fléd,  
Since the réd bridle bróke, and the hórse lay déad;  
My thín sandy háir has grown thick and brówn,  
And my úpper lip 's híd by a sóft velvet dówn.

“I 'll buý me a réal, living hórse”, I cried,  
“And cánter and gállop the cóuntry wide” —  
I bóught me a réal horse, and gálloped abóut;  
Was néver a Nimrod that máde such a róut.

Abóut as I gálloped the cóuntry wide,  
By the síde of a wéll a young máiden I spíed;  
Her chéeks were like rósés, her skín soft and fáir,  
Light blúe were her eýes, long and fláxen her háir.

“Come with me, sweet máiden” I stópped and cried;  
“Come with me, sweet máiden, and bé my bríde;  
Leave dówn thy pail thére, and get úp beside mé;  
And a kínd, loving húsband I 'll bé to thée.”

She léft down her páil, and sprang úp by my síde; —  
“I 'll go with thee, young mán, and I 'll bé thy bríde;  
A kínd, loving húsband thou 'lt bé to mé,  
And I 'll be for éver a trúe wife to thée.”

“I néver was háppy till nów”, I cried,  
As I kissed the soft chéek of my blóoming bríde;  
And awáy we cántered, and gálloped abóut;  
No new Dárby and Jóan ever máde such a róut.

But mány a lóng year has cóme and fléd,  
Since the trúest of áll true wíves lay déad,  
And a widower lóne I wánder abóut,  
Never móre in this wórld to máke such a róut.

In dárk dismal wéeds I wánder abóut,  
Úpstairs and dównstairs, and indoors and óut;  
No pléasant thought nów ever énters my héad;  
My pléasant thoughts áll with my yóung days are fléd.

When I sée a pair háppy, and smíling, and gáy,  
I túrn away fróm them, and tó myself sáy: —  
“Sport ón, happy insects, while spórt on ye máy;  
Black and dámp falls the night on the súnniest dáy.”

When I héar the great báss and the clárionet sóund,  
And the light tripping fóotsteps’ elástic rebóund,  
I think to mysélf, how these sáme tripping féet  
Will soon lie stiff and stárk in the lóng winding shéet.

Amidst cháplets of róses, by chándelier light,  
When I sée the feast spréad, and the wine circling bríght,  
I think, how soon róund every sightless eyebáll  
The mággot of flésh-fly, and béetle will cráwl.

But mány a lóng year has cóme and fléd,  
Since in bláck weeds I wándered, and wépt o’er the déad;  
Time, that ’s áble the náme on the tómb to effáce,  
Begíns from my héart the loved fórm to eráse.

I can sée a bride smíle, without thinking of *Hér*;  
I can héar a bride sing, yet not féel my heart stír;  
Alóne though I wánder, I néver compláin;  
To all jóy if I ’m déad, I am déad to all páin.

My téars are dried úp, and my sórrows are pást;  
Sweet Oblivion, I sée thee appróaching at lást;  
Come! pillow my héad on thy cáre-soothing bréast,  
And clóse my tired eyélids, and hùll me to rést.

Written when walking from LOUVEIGNEZ in BELGIUM to  
LOSHEIM in PRUSSIA. June 18<sup>th</sup> to June 22<sup>nd</sup> 1852.

## MIGHT AND RIGHT.

“Mighty Sir Wind,  
Pray, bé so kind,  
Pass civilly,  
And hárm not mé,  
Who néver yét  
Did hárm to thée.”

“Sturdy Sir Trée,  
Lécture not mé;  
I fáin would bé  
Civil to thée,  
But in my wáy  
I find thee stíll,  
Stópping my páth  
Acróss this hill.”

“This hill is míne,  
As Í opine;  
For mány a yéar  
My fáthers lived  
Free búrghers hére;  
Í am their héir,  
And will not sháre  
My birthright fáir  
With són of éarth,  
Or són of áir;  
So máke no róut,  
But gó abóut,  
And tóuch not mé,  
An indepéndant  
Fórest trée.”

“Of sòn of éarth  
Or sòn of àir,  
I líttle knów,  
And líttle cáre;  
But thís I knów,  
I ’ll háve my wíll,  
And gó the shórt way  
Cróss the híll.”

“Not só, not só,  
Unrúly Wínd;  
Some óther pássage  
Pléase to fínd;  
Thére on the léft  
The páth stands cléar;  
No búsiness hást thou  
Tó pass hére.  
Stróng though thou árt  
I ’m fáin to expéct  
Thou ’lt shéw the láw  
Its dúe respéct.”

“I wére indéed  
A sílly wíght,  
To wáit upón  
The láw for ríght,  
When in this árm  
I háve the Míght,  
That mákes alóne  
Both Láw and Ríght.”

No móre words pássed;  
Sir Trée stood fást;  
On cáme Sir Blást,



Like páynim knight,  
Fúrious in fight,  
With púsh and crúsh  
And héadlong rúsh;  
Or like the gúsh  
Of flóod let lóose  
Through mílldam slúice.  
Stóut though he bé,  
What cán Sir Trée  
Agáinst a shóck,  
Would máke a róck  
Or cástle wáll  
Tóttér and fáll?

Yíeld he wíll nótt,  
Or fróm the spót  
Retréát one ínch,  
Or báckward flínch;  
Or stép aside,  
The híll though wíde,  
One síngle stríde,  
To lét Sir Blást  
Rúsh hármless pást.

Leónidás  
In Pýlae's páss,  
As stóries téll,  
Fírm agáinst Míght  
Stóod for the Ríght,  
And nóbly féll:  
And só fell hé,  
Stúrdy Sir Trée;  
And só wíll áll  
Those wóρθies fáll,

Whoé'er they bé,  
That fór the Ríght  
Strive against Might  
And týranny.

Written while walking in the EIFEL between LOSHEIM and  
BITBURG, June 23 and 24. 1852.

Four knights there áre far in the East,  
Where wónders háve not yét quite céased,  
All bróthers, and abóut one síze,  
Not óne has éither éars or éyes,  
Or móuth, or nóse, or féet, or hánds,  
Yét to obéy their Lórd's commánds,  
More réady théy than mány a knight  
With pérfect limbs, héaring, and síght.  
Each óne to hélp him háa a bánd  
Of fóur knights móre at his commánd.  
Sixtéén subálterns, léaders fóur,  
The brótherhóod 's in áll a scóre;  
A scóre of súch preux cávaliers  
As rárely, éven in thóse bright yéars,  
When hístory was stíll a fáble,  
Togéther mét aróund one táble.  
In yéllow léather áll are cásed,  
A bél't some wéar abóut the wáist,  
Of góld, studded with súch bright géms  
As shíne in Éastern diadéms.

Nót for base lúcre ánd rewárd  
Atténd these knights upón their Lórd;  
To atténd upón him dáy and níght,  
Itself their jóy is ánd delight.

So s6on as in the m6rning r6d  
His r6yal Highness l6aves his b6d,  
Two chief knights 6nd sub6lterns 6ight  
With cl6thes and br6akfast 6n him w6it;  
His f6ce they w6sh, and c6mb his h6ad,  
F6ed him with b6tter, 6ggs, and br6ad,  
C6rry his t6a-cup t6 his lips,  
And h6ld it st6ady while he sips.  
Two chiefs and 6ight sub6lterns m6re  
Crouch r6und his f6otstool 6n the f66r,  
R6ady his Mightiness to b6ar  
Up6n their sh6oulders 6ny wh6re,  
Índ6ors or 6ut, or h6gh or l6w,  
B6ckward or f6rward, quick or sl6w;  
Like st6am-engines ob6dient still  
T6 the dr6iver's s6vereign will.

If s6ad their L6rd, these knights divide  
Ínto two b6nds, ten 6n each side;  
And while one b6nd a m6rry t6ne  
On fiddle pl6ys or l6ud bass6on,  
The 6ther b6ats time t6 the m6asure,  
Ór, to aff6rd him livelier pl6asure,  
T6kes him, and t6 the m6sic's s6und  
Whirls him the ch6lked f66r r6und and r6und.

N6ver fr6m their S6vereign's side,  
In life or d6ath, these knights divide;  
Through ill, through w6al, with him they g6;  
His j6y 's their j6y, his w6e 's their w6e;  
Ínto the w66ld with him they c6me  
Ón the same d6y, and 6n the s6me  
D6y that he dies have v6wed to d6e,  
And with him in the s6me tomb lie.

Say yé, that wiser are than Í,  
Whére under áll our Wéstern ský,  
On Héathen or on Christian gróund,  
Such twénty knights are tó be fóund?

Written while confined to bed with a sore toe, in BITBURG,  
RHENISH PRUSSIA, June 25 and 26. 1852.

### S W E E T   A I R.

A cripple slów,  
On féstered tóe  
Límping I gó,  
And crý “Woe! wóe!”

The Grécian só,  
As schóolboys knów,  
In Lémnos’ ísle,  
Shóuted erewhile  
To rók and séa  
His misery’.

Like him to thée,  
Kind, géntle Séa,  
For hélp I flý,  
And shóut and crý: —  
“Woe! wóe is mé!  
Ah misery’!  
Woe! wóe is mé!  
Ah misery’!”

Kind, géntle Séa,  
Ah! píty mé;

Quick with thy bálm,  
My páins to cálm.  
Benéath thy wáves,  
In córal cáves,  
Gróws there no wéed,  
Whose pótent séed,  
These pángs may lúll,  
These fires may dúll?  
No ánodýne,  
Of pówer divíne  
The sénse to stéep  
In slúmber déep?

Fierce, ráging Séa,  
Thou héar'st not mé;  
Ah miserý!  
Woe, wóe, is mé!  
Ah miserý!

Soft, ténder Stóne,  
Hear thóu my móan;  
Thy véins explóre  
For sóme fine óre;  
Some Ámmonite's  
Or Crýsolite's  
Benignant spár,  
Glittering afár  
With pówer to cúre  
Spéedy and sùre.  
Ín thy deep mínes,  
Where néver shínes  
Day's chéerful light,  
But bróoding Night  
In ébon célls

For éver dwélls,  
Séarch till thou find  
Some lóadstone kínd,  
Some précious jét  
For ámulét,  
By mýstic láw  
Empówered to dráw  
Pain's viper fangs,  
And éase these pángs.  
From cléar, cold spring,  
Elixir bríng,  
Or ámber dróp,  
Of pówer to stóp  
This thrób, this thróe,  
This búrning glów.

Vain, váin, my móan;  
Ídle, my gróan;  
Thou héar'st me nót,  
Hardhéarted stóne;  
Fíxed to the spót,  
Thou túrn'st deaf éar,  
And hástenest nót  
From déep, cold spring,  
Or míne, to bríng  
Elixir cléar,  
Or ámber dróp,  
Or ámulét  
Of précious jét,  
Pótent to stóp  
This thrób, this thróe,  
This fiery glów;  
Woe! wóe! ah, wóe!



Come, géntle Wind;  
 Be thóu more kind;  
 Blow, sóftly blów,  
 And cóol this glów.  
 Of Prócris' spóuse  
 Thou héard'st the vóws,  
 When át high nóon,  
 Alás, too sóon!  
 (Ye Góds, why hád  
 That mórn a nóon?)  
 Ín the deep sháde  
 Of mýrtles láid,  
 His lónging árms  
 Extéded wide  
 On éither síde,  
 Gásping, he cried:—  
 'Aúra, sweet Aúra,  
 Hither hie,  
 For thée I pánt,  
 For thée I díe!'  
 Thou héard'st his práyer;  
 Hear mine, sweet Air;  
 Hither repáir,  
 And sóftly blów,  
 And cóol this glów,  
 This héat assúage,  
 This fiery ráge.

Ah, nó! ah, nó!  
 Woe! wóe! more wóe!  
 A déeper, rédder,  
 Fiercer glów!  
 Whose bréath is thát  
 Fánning the fire?

Whose hánd heaps fuel  
High and higher?  
Sirócco hót,  
I cálléd thee nót;  
Plágue - spot and déath  
Áre in thy bréath;  
Fróm thy crisp háir  
Red méteors fláre;  
Shrivelled and dry  
Thy blóodshot éye,  
And néver yét  
By kind tear wét.  
Hénce to thine ówn  
Dry sándy zóne,  
Where crócodile  
Infésts the Nile,  
And ráttlesnáke  
Lúrks in the bráke;  
Hénce with thy bréath  
Of plágue and déath;  
And thóu, sweet Áir,  
Híther repáir;  
Air, Air, sweet Air,  
Híther repáir.

Nymph débónnáire,  
And frésh and fáir,  
Elástic, gáy,  
And yóung alwáy,  
Air, Air, sweet Air,  
Híther repáir.

Free móuntain - child,  
Búoyant and wild,

Yet méek and mild,  
Air, Air, sweet Air,  
Hither repáir.

From bréezy hill  
Where, néver still,  
Whirs táll windmill;  
From whispering sháde  
Of cólonnade  
Or fórest gláde;  
From rippling side  
Of river wide,  
From wáving sédge  
On blúe lake's édge,  
Air, Air, sweet Air,  
Hither repáir.

Cóme with perfúme  
Of ápple blóom,  
And mignonétte  
With frésh showers wét,  
And bláckeyed béan,  
Sweet ódours' Quéén,  
And lily white,  
Lóver's delight,  
And háwthorn gáy  
In éarly Máy,  
And háy new-mówn,  
And róse just blówn;  
Come, cóme, sweet Air,  
Hither repáir,  
Sweet Air, sweet Air.

With músic cóme  
Of wild bee's húm,

Or lárk's shrill s'ong.  
Néver too l'ong;  
Or líquid nóte  
From tóad's smóoth thróat,  
Or évening pláint  
Of nightingále,  
Or chúck-chuck fáint  
Of ámorous quáil;  
Or swéeter s'ound  
Of hárp or flúte,  
Or óf thine ówn  
Eólian lúte,  
Or rústling léaves,  
Or wáterfáll;  
Or mán's deep vóice  
Swéetest of áll;  
Come, cóme, sweet Áir;  
Híther repáir,  
Sweet Áir, sweet Áir.

Yés, yés, sweet Áir,  
I féel thee thére,  
An ángel méek,  
Kíssing my chéek,  
And ín my háir  
Wéaving thy déwy  
Fíngers báre.

Yes, yés, bless'd Áir,  
Thou héar'st my práyer,  
And hóverest thére,  
Chármíng my cáre,  
Stílling this thrée,  
Cóoling this glów,

No móre I cry,  
“Woe! woe! ah, woe!”

Pain-sóothing Air,  
All dáy stay thére;  
Stay thére all dáy,  
The lívelong dáy,  
And spórt and pláy,  
Angélic méek,  
Kíss my flushed chéek,  
And ín my háir  
Wéave thy lank fingers  
Cóol and báre;  
And whén at níght  
Thou ták'st thy flíght,  
To móuntain héight,  
Or whispering sháde  
Of cólonnade  
Or fórest gláde,  
Or ríppling síde  
Of river wíde,  
Or wáving sédge  
On blúe lake's édge,  
Léave in thy stéad  
To wáth my héad,  
And guárdian stánd  
Abóut my béd,  
Thy pláymate míld,  
Health's plácid child,  
Delícious Sléep;  
Till át first péep  
Of mórning líght  
Thou cóm'st agáin,  
Blithe-héarted spríte,

And bring'st me fr  sh,  
 New-b  rn delight;  
 An   rn of   dours  
 Sh  k'st ar  und,  
 And st  ep'st mine   ars  
 In th   full s  und  
   f the harm  nious  
 M  tin s  ng,  
 With which all N  ture's  
 Cr  atures thr  ng  
 Bef  re the f  otstool  
   f their Qu  en,  
 Who h  s an  ther  
 S  nrise s  en.

Written while confined to bed by inflammation of the toe.  
 BITBURG, in RHENISH PRUSSIA, June 26. to July 1. 1852.

## THE POET.

A P  et is a spider, and his l  ne,  
 As   ny c  bweb's d  licate and f  ne,  
 Sp  n into st  anzas, in a c  rner l  es,  
 And g  thers d  st and bl  emold, m  ths and f  lies.

A P  et is a m  ker of fine l  ce,  
 Br  ssels, Valenci  nnes, or P  ys de W  aes:  
 Upon the c  shion of his br  in all d  y  
 And h  lf the n  ght, the twirling b  bbins pl  y;  
 From pin to pin in   ndless d  nce they g  ,  
 Cross-h  nds and Qu  ue-de-ch  t, and D  s-a-d  s;



Turn at the sides, and set, and down the middle,  
In as good time as if they heard the fiddle.

A Póet is a pástry-cook, and bákes  
In his brain's óven, píddings, tóurts and cákes;  
Fáncy 's his miller, thóught his bólted flóur,  
Góod nature is his swéet, and ill his sóur;  
Wit his fine sált, húmour his ratafié;  
Fór his short-cáke he must have ironý.  
Plain trúth 's his báttér, which he 's fórced to thin  
With mány a wéll-meant lie — forgive the sin —  
Élse the weak stómach it were sùre to clóy,  
Ánd with fierce cólic páins the bówels annóy.

Your Póet's tárts of épigrams are máde,  
Of élegies his órange mármaláde,  
Sónnets and sóngs his bárnbracks are and búns,  
And pónderous épics are his sállélóns.  
Wide o'er the wórl'd the réputátion flíes  
Of his romántic cúrrant and rhúbarb pies;  
None skilled like him to béat up húman vice  
And húman fólly into páncake nice  
Which he calls sátyr, délicatest tréat  
Where whólesome bitter 's hid in lúscious swéet.  
Taught by expérience dire how wéary slów  
Works bréwer's bárm to ráise a Póet's dóugh,  
When préssed for time he úses ránt instéad,  
And finds it ánsWER wóndrous wéll, 'tis sáid.  
Where vúlgar cóoks throw bits of cássia in,  
Or láurel léaves, or órange-páring thin,  
Or pinch of gráted nutmeg, ór a squéeze  
Of lémon juice, men's várioús tástes to pléase,  
Our Póet úses for the sélfsame énd  
The nóbler gifts the liberal Múses sénd:

Figures of spéech and trópes and similés,  
He knóws, are sùre the léarned táste to pléase;  
But simplér héarts by simplér árts are wón,  
Bróad innuéndo, fáree, and jólly pún.  
So évery time he sêts abóut to báke,  
Whéther it púdding bé or píe or cáke,  
The séasoning is the thíng that first demánds  
The thóughtful héad, and wéll-perfórmíng hánds;  
An érror hére and áll his lábour 's lóst;  
Time, fire and swéat, and the matérials' cóst;  
This lást, some sáy howéver, ís but smáll  
Tó the póetic cóok, or nóne at áll.  
But bé that ás it wíll, one thíng is sùre,  
His púdding, ónce ill-séasoned, 's pást all cùre:  
Not áll the stréams of Hélicon's sácred híll,  
Not áll the déws Parnássus' tóps distil,  
Of Býron's púddings cóuld abáte the sténch,  
Of Býron's píes the sùlphurous ódour quénch:  
Not éven Apólló's sélf with áll his Níne,  
Góds though they bé, and évery háir divíne,  
Cóuld gíve to wishy-washy Wórdsworth's dóugh  
One smáck, by whích the uninfórméd míght knów  
Thát 'twas real píecrust báked in póet's bráin,  
And nót shoemáker's páste from Gólden Láne.  
Ye póets áll and pástry-cóoks atténd  
The pártíng cóunsél óf your cómmon fríend,  
In cóokíng póetry and cóokíng píes,  
The rúle 's the sáme and in smáll cómpass líes;  
Néver on gráins and hálf gráins péddlíng stánd,  
Throw lárge ly ín, God lóves a líberál hánd,  
Let nó bold spírit tó the práise aspíre  
Of mástership of púdding-pan or lýre,  
So lóng as ín his héart's core lúrks one spíce  
Of pársimony's méan and ódíous více.

Cursed be the cóok, that first with frúgal cáre  
 Cut ráisins into sixths, good frúit to spáre,  
 And in his dóugh one sixth here drópped, one thére;  
 Of Milestone Púdding whence the sóubriquét  
 To him and tó his héirs down tó this dáy;  
 And cursed the póet, whó with óne poor thóught  
 Cút into sixths, the first dull Sónnet wróught,  
 Let dróp a sixth in évery sécond line,  
 Then clápped his hánds and cálléd his wórk divíne.

BITBURG, in RHENISH PRUSSIA, July 6. 1852.

## D I R G E

FOR THE XIII. DEC. MDCCCLII.

The túrret's áwful vóice cries — ÓNE.  
 Anóther hóur its wórk has dóne,  
 And flówn áwáy viewless as áir,  
 Whére to be fóund agáin? Ah! whére?  
 Six times nine yéars have rólled áwáy,  
 Since at this hóur, on this same dáy,  
 A hélpless néw-born bábe I láy,  
 Ín a fond móther's árms cáréssed,  
 Lúiled by a móther's vóice to rést,  
 And nóurished át a móther's bréast.

The túrret's áwful vóice cries — Twó.  
 How swift life's sánds an hóur run thróugh!  
 Five times five yéars have ó'er me spéd,  
 Since in my árms my chíld lay déad,  
 Júst at this hóur reléased from páin,  
 My fírstborn chíld, my Máry Jáne;

A páinful bréath fóur mónths she dréw;  
'Twas áll of this sad wórl'd she knéw.

The túrret's áwful vóice cries — THRÉE.  
'Léarn what thou árt,' it sáys, 'from mé:  
A púlse, a sóund, a móment's chime,  
A ripple ón the flóod of time.'

It thrills me tó the bósom's córe  
To héar that áwful vóice cry — FÓUR.  
The sáme its crý when Báilitóre  
Échoed alóng its hillside hóar  
My sécond ínfant's fúneral knéll,  
And sád and slów my téardrops féll  
Ón my dead Ánna Ísabél.

The túrret's áwful vóice cries — FÍVE.  
Ah, héartless són! that cóuldst survive  
The clósing in etérnal night  
Of thóse kind eýes, that póured their light,  
Néver bút with néw delight,  
On thée, a móther's hópe and jóy,  
Her fírstborn child, her bést loved bóy.  
Héavy and slów seven yéars have pássed,  
Sínce I behéld her bréathe her lást;  
Sínce in the róom her fáther díed,  
Her wéeping children át her síde,  
She méekly whíspered: — "Ít is déath" —  
And bléssed us with her pártíng bréath.  
Séventy six yéars had ó'er her rólled,  
Yet whó had cálléd my móther óld?  
So cléar her vóice, so bríght her eýe,  
Her stép so fúll of dígnitý,  
And Óh! her héart as wárm as éver,

And tóward her lóved ones áltered néver.  
 We láid her cásed in píth beside  
 Him, that in yóuth called Káte his bride,  
 The móther óf his children fíve,  
 Queen-bée of óur doméstic hive.  
 Róbert and Káte, six times six yéars,  
 Ye sháred each óther's hópes and féars,  
 Each óther's jóys, each óther's téars.  
 Your hópes, féars, jóys, and téars all pást,  
 Rést, Kate and Róbert, rést at lást,  
 Ín your bléssing children blést,  
 Síde by síde for éver rést.

SÍx — is the túrret's áwful crý,  
 Wárning all mén that áll must díe,  
 Léave the sweet air and life and líght,  
 And líe down in etérnal níght;  
 But mé more thán the rést that crý  
 Wárns that áll who líve must díe,  
 For súch the crý I héard that níght  
 From Árcó tówer, when mý delíght,  
 My Ánn Jane léft me hére to móurn,  
 And wént the róad whence nóne retúrn.  
 Nine dáys and níghts I wátched her béd,  
 Ón the tenth dáy at éve she sáid:—  
 “I díe, dear Jámés, and ám contént;  
 Twénty three yéars with thee I've spént,  
 A háppy bríde, mothér, and wífe,  
 The háppiest óf my yéars of lífe:  
 Líve, and be háppy, ánd sometímes  
 Think, when thóu héar'st the túrret's chímes,  
 Of hér, who with thee héars them nów  
 Fór the last tíme, and Óh! may'st thóu,  
 Whén they ring fórth thine hóur to díe,

Be háppy ánd resigned as Í.”  
She sáid, and páused; then lánguidlý  
Her eýes uplifting, gázed at mé  
A móment’s spáce; then droóped her héad,  
Ánd in a trémulous whísper sáid:—  
“And if thou éver chánce to wéd,  
All bléssings fáll upón the héad  
Óf thy new bríde, and máy’st thou bé  
Háppy with hér as ónce with mé.  
And nów all ’s dóne, but tó resign  
Ínto the hánds that máde it míne  
This ríng, to kéept while thóu hast bréath,  
And gíve, when stríkes thine hóur of déath,  
Tó our dear chíld, our Kátharine,  
Memórial óf thy lóve and míne.”  
Fáltering she sáid, and ón her chéek,  
While she continued yét to spéak,  
While from her hánd the ríng she dréw,  
Séttled death’s pále and áshy húe,  
Ánd her extéded hánd fell cóld,  
The ríng upón the pávement rólled,  
And Ánn Jane is — a tále that ’s tóld.  
Where Álmonds scátter theír perfúme,  
And Péaches shéd their éarly blóom,  
Within the sóund of Sárca’s wáve  
We láid her ín her lónely gráve,  
Till bigotrý should céase to ráve;  
For Árco’s bigots, tó the sháme  
Of áll who béar the Chrístian’s náme,  
Agáinst her clósed their chúrchyard gáte;  
Áh! if thou hádst but héard them práte  
Of fáith, and créed, and héresý,  
And hów no córpse should búried bé  
In fáithful córpses’ cómpány,



That hád not, ére it diéd, conféssed  
 Tó the same crédence ás the rést.  
 Twice thirty dáys we visitéd  
 On Sárca's side her lónely béd,  
 And bý it ón the gréen sward láy,  
 And wépt the móurnful hóurs awáy;  
 But whén the Péach its blóom had shéd,  
 And Ápril's látest dáys were spéd,  
 And pétty Árcó's bigotry'  
 Begán to rámp less fúriously,  
 We cóme with spádes at déad of night,  
 And with the lántern's flickering-light,  
 And córpse and cóffin fróm the cláy  
 Raise silently, and béar awáy  
 To whére on lónely Céole's hill  
 Gáped the tile búrner's blázing kiln.  
 Two hóurs befóre the rising sún,  
 The héat intése its wórk has dóne,  
 Ánd with the rélics ín an úrn,  
 Sáfe to óur lódgings wé retúrn.  
 Spéedy and shórt our lást adieu  
 To Árcó ánd its zéalot créw,  
 Forgíve them héaven; and if their créed  
 The ónly trúe one bé indéed,  
 Téach them the wáy its trúth to próve  
 By déeds, not óf ill will, but lóve.

SÉVEN — is the túrret's áwful cry;  
 Lónely wídwower whý not díe?  
 Why líve where óthers smíle to sígh,  
 And móurn thy dáys of jóy gone bý?  
 A wídwower, bút not lónely, Í,  
 So pléasant is my cómpany:  
 A bróther ánd dear sisters thrée

Péople this wildernéss for mé,  
Ánd my loved child, my Kátharine,  
If é'er to sádnness Í inclíne,  
Bids me fór her déar sake chéer,  
And kísses fróm my líds the téar.

The túrret's áwful vóice cries — ÉIGHT.  
Eárlý lét it cóme or láte,  
Cálm and conténted Í awáit,  
The arríval óf the appóinted dáte,  
Last límit óf my hópes and féars,  
And áll my sád or jóyful yéars.

NÍNE — is the túrret's áwful cry:  
Kátharine, my child, thou tóo must díe;  
And Óh! when Í think ón 't I sígh,  
Perháps withóut one kind hand nigh,  
Thy líps to wét, or clóse thine eýe.  
Éven while thy púlse of life beats high,  
And fár off yét thine hóur to díe,  
Kátharine, my child, let nót thine eýe  
Too fónldy rést on váníty;  
Lóve not too múch this wórl'd of strífe;  
At bést a dóubtful bóon is life:  
And whén at lást thine hóur draws nigh,  
Héir of thy móther's énergý,  
Awáy from life thy clósing eýe  
Turn, and withóut a síngle sígh,  
Díe, as thou sáw'st thy móther díe:  
Remémbering wéll that déath 's the clóse  
Nót of joys ónly, bút of wóes.

The túrret's áwful vóice cries — TÉN.  
Whó would live ó'er his hóurs agáin?

Again the unéqual cóntest wáge  
With páin and sickness, grief and áge;  
See, óne by óne, his pléasures flý,  
See, óne by óne, his lóved ones díe,  
See Více triumphant, Virtue póor,  
The próud man's scóffs and scórns endúre,  
Ánd in the ántechámber wáit,  
Swélling the págeant óf the gréat;  
Writhe under wróngs unmérited,  
Ánd to the týrant bów the héad;  
Ór for sórrows nótt his ówn  
Héave the sýmpathétic gróan,  
Ánd for griefs he cánnott héal  
Únaváiling ánguish féel;  
Whó is hé, so fónnd of páin,  
Thát wóuld live ó'er his hóurs agáin?

ELÉVEN — 's the túrret's áwful crý:  
To cóunt my sórrows lét me trý;  
False friends, vain hópes, declining áge;  
O! láy me in some hérmitáge,  
Fár from the wórl'd's discórdant járs,  
Beyond its énvies, feúds, and wárs;  
Beyond the bigot séctaries' réach,  
Whó, when they óught to práctise, préach.  
Thére on the díal I'll fíx mine éy'e,  
And cóunt the hóurs as théy go bý;  
One, twó, three, fóur, five, six, and séven;  
Fóllowed by éight, nine, tén, éléven;  
The hóurs shall bé my hómilies,  
On évery hóur I'll móralise,  
Ánd to the héart a lésso'n réad  
Far trúer thán the séctary's créed.

TWELVE — is the turret's awful cry:  
The midnight moon is riding high,  
I hear the fitful night-breeze sigh,  
I hear the moping owl cry;  
Visions of the days gone by  
Flit before my half-closed eye;  
With my new-betrothed I rove,  
In the whispering aspen grove,  
And our talk is all of love;  
My right arm 's clasped about her waist,  
Her left arm 's on my shoulder placed;  
But whence that shriek, that sudden start?  
Why that convulsive beat of heart?  
My love, my life, what dost thou fear?  
Come to my bosom, come more near;  
Good God of heaven, what clasp I here?  
A winding sheet wrapped round dry bones;  
And then I stumble on tomb-stones;  
And fall into a new-made grave;  
Chinless skulls its bottom pave;  
Strings of teeth festoon its sides;  
Whose the beck'ning hand that guides  
Through the charnel-house my way?  
"Make haste, my James, why dost thou stay?  
Tomorrow is our wedding day;  
Hear'st not the turret clock strike One?  
Put this ring thy finger on;  
Hast forgot '*Auf ewig dein*,'  
Thine I am and thou art mine;  
Come, my James, and let us sing  
The scroll upon our wedding ring;  
Thine I am, and thou art mine;  
Come let's sing '*Auf ewig dein*.'

Háste, my Jámes, and lét 's awáy,  
 Tomórrrow is our wédding dáy."  
 I wóke, and Í was áll alóne;  
 The móon in át the window shóne;  
 I réad the scróll upón the ring,  
 But nóne was thére the scróll to síng;  
 And ás I sát there áll alóne,  
 The túrret's áwful vóice cried — ONE.

Written while travelling on foot between MILAN and BOTZEN  
 from Sept. 22<sup>nd</sup> to Oct. 1<sup>st</sup> 1852.

## Trauerlied für den 13. December 1852.

Aus dem Englischen des  
 Dr. James Henry  
 in's Deutsche übertragen von  
 G. Carneri.

Mit ernster Stimme ruft's vom Thurme: Eins!  
 Noch eine Stunde hat ihr Werk vollbracht  
 Und ist entflohn, unsichtbar wie die Luft;  
 Wer weiß, ach, wer, wo man sie wieder fände?  
 Sechsmal neun Jahre sind dahin gerollt,  
 Seit ich an diesem Tag, um diese Stunde,  
 Ein hilflos neugebor'nes Knäblein, lag,  
 Von einer Mutter Liebesarm umschlungen,  
 In Ruh' gesullt von einer Mutter Stimme,  
 An einer Mutter Brust genährt.

Des Thurmes ernste Stimme ruft: Zwei!  
Wie schnell verrinnet eine Stund' im Lebenssand!  
Fünffmal fünf Jahr' sind über mich gegangen,  
Seit todt mein Kind in diesen Armen lag;  
Um diese Stunde ward von allem Schmerz,  
Ach, Mary Jane<sup>1</sup>, mein erstes Kind, befreit;  
Vier Monde peinlich athmen, dies war alles,  
Was sie gekannt von dieser düstern Welt.

Vom Thurme ruft's mit ernster Stimme: Drei!  
"Bon mir" — spricht's — "lerne, was du bist: ein Schwingen,  
"Ein Schall, ein flücht'ges Glockenspiel, —  
"Im Zeitenstrom ein Wellenschlag."

Mit ernster Stimme ruft's vom Thurme: Vier!  
Mir rieselt's bis in's Innerste des Herzens!  
Es war derselbe Ruf, als Ballitore  
Das Züngleinchen meines zweiten Kindes  
Die grauen Berg' entlang erschallen ließ,  
Als trüb' und langsam meine Thränen sanken  
Auf meine todt' Anna Isabell.

Des Thurmes ernste Stimme ruft: Fünf!  
Herzloser Sohn, du konntest 's überleben,  
Daß ew'ge Nacht die lieben Augen schloß,  
Die stets mit immer sich erneuerndem  
Entzücken über dich ihr Licht ergossen,  
Ach, über dich, der Mutter Freud' und Hoffnung,  
Das erstgebor'ne Kind, den meistgeliebten Sohn.  
Langsam und schwer hinschwanden sieben Jahre,  
Seit ich geseh'n ihr letztes Athmen,  
Seit im Gemach, wo einst ihr Vater starb,  
Die Kinder weinend ihr zur Seite,  
Sie mild gelispelt: "'s ist der Tod" —



Und uns gesegnet mit dem letzten Athmen.  
 Sieben und siebenzig Jahre waren über  
 Ihr Haupt dahin gerollt: jedoch  
 Wer hätte meine Mutter alt genannt!  
 So klar war ihre Stimm' und hell ihr Blick,  
 So voll von Würde war ihr Gang,  
 Und, ob, ihr Herz so warm als je  
 Und gegen ihre Lieben stets dasselbe!  
 Wir legten sie, mit Harz umgossen, Dem  
 Zur Seite, der in seiner Jugend  
 Kate<sup>2</sup> seine Braut genannt,  
 Die Mutter der fünf Kinder sein,  
 Die Königin in unserm Zinnenhaus.  
 Robert und Kate<sup>2</sup>, sechsmaal sechs Jahr'  
 Habt Einer Ihr des Andern Furcht und Hoffen,  
 Einer des Andern Lust und Schmerz getheilt;  
 Doch Furcht und Hoffen, Lust und Schmerz verschwanden,  
 Ruh't endlich, Kate<sup>2</sup> und Robert, ruhet,  
 Beglückt von Eurer Kinder Segen,  
 Auf ewig Euch zur Seite!

Vom Thurme ruft's mit ernster Stimme: Sechs!  
 Und mahnet All', daß Alle müssen sterben  
 Und lassen von der süßen Lust, vom Licht,  
 Vom Leben, — um sich hinzulegen  
 In ew'ge Nacht. Doch mich mehr als die Andern  
 Mahnt dieser Ruf, daß Alle,  
 Die leben, sterben müssen;  
 Denn diesen Ruf vernahm ich jene Nacht  
 Von Arco's Thurm, als meine Seligkeit,  
 Als meine Ann Jane<sup>1</sup> mich der Trauer überließ,  
 Gingehend, woher Niemand wiederkehrt.  
 Neun Tag' und Nächte hab' ich ihren Pfuhl bewacht;  
 Am zehnten Tag, es war am Abend, sprach sie:

"Ich sterbe, theurer James<sup>3</sup>, und bin's zufrieden;  
 "Hab' drei und zwanzig Jahr' mit Dir verbracht,  
 "Beglückte Braut und Weib und Mutter, —  
 "Die glücklichsten der Jahre meines Lebens.  
 "Leb' und sey glücklich und von Zeit zu Zeit,  
 "Wann Du des Thurmes Glockenspiel vernimmst,  
 "Gedenk' an Die, die nun es mit Dir hört  
 "Zum letzten Mal; oh, mögest Du,  
 "Wann es Dir kündet Deine letzte Stunde,  
 "So glücklich und ergeben seyn, als ich!" —  
 Sprach's und hielt inne; drauf den matten Blick  
 Erhebend, sah sie mich ein Weilchen an;  
 Dann senkte sie das Haupt und lispelte mit Beben:  
 "Und sollt' es jemals wieder Dir begegnen,  
 "Dich zu vermählen, möge jeder Segen  
 "Herniederträufeln auf die neue Braut,  
 "Und mögest Du mit ihr  
 "So glücklich seyn, wie einst mit mir.  
 "Und nun ist's aus; und was mir bleibt,  
 "Ist, diesen Ring in Deine Hand, die einst  
 "Zum meinen ihn gemacht, zurückzustellen,  
 "Auf daß Du ihn bewahrst, dieweil Du athmest,  
 "Und, wann die Stunde Deines Scheidens schlägt,  
 "Du unserm theuern Kinde,  
 "Du unsrer Katharine<sup>4</sup> ihn gebst,  
 "Ein Andenken Dein und meiner Liebe." —  
 Sprach's mit gebroch'ner Stimm', und während sie  
 Noch sprach und sich den Ring vom Finger zog,  
 Festsetzte sich des Todes blasse Farbe  
 Auf ihren Wangen;  
 Erkalte sinkt die ausgestreckte Hand,  
 Der Ring rollt auf den Boden nieder  
 Und Ann Jane<sup>1</sup> ist — ein Sang, der ausgesungen. —

Wo ihren Duft die Mandelbäum' ergießen,  
 Des Lenzes Nah'n die Pfirsichblüte kündet  
 Und wohin noch des Sarca Brausen reicht,  
 Versenkten wir sie in ihr einsam Grab,  
 Bis Frömmerei zu wüthen aufgehört;  
 Denn vor ihr hatten Arco's Frömmeler,  
 Zur Schande Aller, die sich Christen nennen,  
 Des Friedhofs Thore zugeschlagen.  
 Oh, hättet Ihr sie nur gehört  
 Von Kezerei und Glaube faszeln,  
 Und wie man Keinen, der sich nicht vor'm Sterben  
 Zum Glauben all' der Uebrigen bekannt,  
 Begraben dürfe neben gläub'gen Leichen! —  
 Durch zweimal dreißig Tag' besuchten wir  
 An Sarca's Ufer ihr verlass'nes Bett,  
 Und vor dem Grabeshügel,  
 Gelagert auf dem Rasen,  
 Berweinten wir die trauervollen Stunden.  
 Und als die Pfirsichblüte war gefallen,  
 April zu Ende war, die Frömmerei  
 Des winz'gen Arco minder wüthig ras'te,  
 Da kamen wir, bei flackerndem Laternenlicht,  
 Mit Schaufeln, in der Todtenstille  
 Der Nacht, und hoben schweigend aus den Schollen  
 Leichnam und Truhe, brachten sie hinan,  
 Wo von des stillen Geole Hügel  
 Des Ziegelbrenners Ofen lodernd gähnte.  
 Zwei Stunden vor Sonnenaufgang hatte  
 Die Blut ihr Werk vollbracht, in einer Urne  
 Die Ueberreste, langten ungefährdet wir  
 Zu Hause an, und sagten kurz und eilig  
 Arco und seiner Frömmlerschaar Fahrwohl.  
 Vergieb, o Himmel, ihnen; und wenn wirklich  
 Ihr Glaube der alleinig wahre ist,

So lehre sie durch Thaten ihn bewähren,  
Die nicht von Bosheit, doch von Liebe zeugen.

Mit ernster Stimme ruft's vom Thurme: Sieben!  
Einsamer Wittwer, warum stirbst du nicht?  
Was lebst du, wo die Andern lachen,  
Zu seufzen nur und deine Tage  
Entschwund'ner Freude zu betrauern? —  
Wol bin ich Wittwer, aber einsam nicht .  
Im trauten Kreise Derer, die mir bleiben:  
Ein Bruder und drei theure Schwestern  
Bevölkern diese Wildniß mir;  
Und wann ich je zur Trauer neige,  
Dann bittet mein geliebtes Kind,  
Dann bittet meine Katharine,  
Daß, ihr zu Lieb', ich mich erheit're,  
Und küßt von meinem Augenlied die Thräne.

Des Thurmes ernste Stimme ruft: Acht!  
Laß früh sie kommen oder spät, ich harre  
Befriedigt, ruhig, auf die Ankunft  
Der festgesetzten Stunde,  
Der Grenze meiner Hoffnungen und Aengsten,  
All' meiner freudigen und düstern Jahre.

Vom Thurme ruft's mit ernster Stimme: Neun!  
O Katharine<sup>4</sup>, mein Kind, auch Du mußt sterben!  
Muß seufzen, wann ich denke, daß vielleicht  
Dir keine liebe Hand wird nahe seyn,  
Die Deine Lippen neke, Deine Augen schließe!  
Wenngleich noch voll des Lebens Puls Dir schlägt  
Und weit entfernt noch Deine Sterbestunde,  
Laß, Katharine<sup>4</sup>, mein Kind, Dein Auge nicht  
Zu glühend auf dem Citeln ruhen;

Lieh' diese Welt des Streitens nicht zu sehr;  
Im besten Fall ist dieses Leben  
Ein zweifelhaftes Gut.  
Und wann auch Deine Stunde endlich naht,  
Dann, Erbin Du der Stärke Deiner Mutter,  
Wend' ab Dein brechend Aug' vom Leben,  
Und ohne einen einz'gen Seufzer  
Stirb, wie Du Deine Mutter sterken sahst,  
Gedenkend, daß der Tod nicht nur der Freuden,  
Nein, auch der Leiden Abschluß sey.

Mit ernster Stimme ruft's vom Thurne: Behn!  
Wer möchte seine Stunden wieder leben  
Und wieder kämpfen den ungleichen Kampf  
Mit Schmerz und Krankheit, Alter und Verdruß,  
Und seh'n, wie seine Freuden nach einander flieh'n,  
Wie seine Lieben nach einander sterben,  
Und Laster im Triumph  
Und Tugend tief im Elend seh'n;  
Des Stolzen Spott und Hohn von neuem tragen  
Und in der Antichambre harren,  
Der Großen Hofstaat zu vergrößern;  
Sich krümmen unter unverdientem Unrecht,  
Das Haupt vor dem Tyrannen beugen; oder  
Für Schmerzen, die nicht seine eig'nen sind,  
Des Mitleids Flehzen wieder ähzen,  
Für Kummer, den er nicht vermag zu heilen,  
Fruchtlose Todesangst empfinden;  
Wer ist in's Leiden so vernarrt, daß er  
Noch einmal möchte seine Stunden leben?

Des Thurmes ernste Stimme ruft: Eiß!  
Laß mich versuchen, meine Leiden aufzuzählen:  
Treulose Freunde, eitle Hoffnungen,



Sinkendes Alter . . . legt, oh, legt in eine  
Einfiedelei mich, ferne von der Welt  
Missionender Entzweiung, ferne  
Von ihres Reides Fehd' und Krieg,  
Aus dem Bereich der frömmelnden Sektirer,  
Die, wo sie handeln sollten, predigen;  
Dort will auf eine Sonnenuhr  
Mein Aug' ich heften und die Stunden zählen,  
Wie sie vorüber zieh'n:  
Eins, Zwei, Drei, Vier, Fünf, Sechs und Sieben  
Und darauf Acht, Neun, Zehn und Elff,  
Die Stunden werden meine Kanzelreden sehn;  
Will über jede Stund' moralisiren,  
Dem Menschenherzen lesen einen Text,  
Weit wahrer, als der Glaubenszünftler Credo.

Vom Thurme ruft's mit ernster Stimme: Zwölf!  
Hoch fährt der Vollmond durch die Mitternacht;  
Die Nachtlust seufzt und seufzt,  
Der Uhu schreit, der Freund des Dunkels,  
Und Bilder aus vergang'nen Tagen schweben  
An meinem halbgeschloss'nen Aug' vorüber.  
Mit meiner Neuverlohten wandle ich  
Durch einen Hain von Bitterpappeln;  
All' uns're Reden drehen sich um Liebe;  
Um ihre Mitte schlinget sich mein rechter Arm,  
Ihr linker Arm auf meiner Schulter ruht.  
Doch woher dieser Schrei,  
Dies plötzliche Zusammenfahren?  
Was schlägt das Herz so krampfhaft?  
Mein Leben, meine Lieb', was fürchtest Du?  
Komm an mein Herz, komm näher — Großer Gott  
Des Himmels, was umarm' ich hier!



Ein Leichentuch, umhüllend dürre  
Gebeine!

Und über Grabgesteine strauchle ich  
Und stürze in ein frisch gegrab'nes Grab;  
Kinnlose Schädel pflastern seinen Grund  
Und angereichte Zähne kränzen seine Wände.

Wes ist die Hand, die winkend leitet  
Durch dieses Beinhaus meinen Weg?

"Gile, mein James<sup>3</sup>, was zauderst Du?

"'s ist morgen unser Hochzeitstag!

"Horch! Hoch vom Thurne schlägt es Eins.

"An Deinen Finger stecke diesen Ring.

"Hast Du vergessen das 'Auf ewig Dein?' —

"Dein bin ich, Du bist mein!

"Oh komm, mein James<sup>3</sup>, und laß uns singen

"Die Inschrift un'res Eherings;

"Dein bin ich, Du bist mein!

"Komm, singen wir 'Auf ewig Dein!'

"Gile, mein James<sup>3</sup>, und laß uns fort,

"'s ist morgen unser Hochzeitstag." —

Ich wachte auf und war allein,

Zum Fenster sah der Mond herein.

Ich las die Inschrift auf dem Ring;

Doch da war Niemand, sie zu singen,

Und wie ich saß so ganz allein,

Rief's hoch vom Thurm mit ernster Stimme: Eins!

Wien, November 1852.

(1) Jane ist nach englischer Weise einsilbig auszusprechen.

(2) Kate ist nach englischer Weise einsilbig auszusprechen.

(3) James ist nach englischer Weise einsilbig auszusprechen.

(4) Katharine ist nach englischer Weise dreisilbig auszusprechen.

WHAT I SAW MOST CURIOUS IN ALL  
MY TRAVELS.

Í have róamed the wórld abóut,  
Séarching each cúrious óbject óut;  
Whatéver thínks have máde a róut,  
Whéther théy be gréat or smáll,  
Í have hád a péep at áll.

In Éngland Í have séen the Quéen;  
In Íreland Í 've Killárney séen;  
In Scótláand Í 've seen Hólyróod,  
And cút a stíck in Bírnam Wóod,  
And cárríed ít to Dúnsínáne  
Ánd the cástle óf the Tháne  
Whose crúel lády shéd the blóod  
Of Scótláand's kíng, Duncán the góod.

In Bélgium Í 've to Brússels béen,  
Ánd admíred the cíty cléan,  
Strólléd in íts párks and álleys gréen,  
Ánd Vesálius' státue séen;  
And ón the mónument óf the bráve  
Who díed theír fáttherláand to sáve,  
Ánd líe móulderíng ín one gráve,  
The náme of évery héro réad,  
And whére he féll, and hów he bléd.  
Whéther he 's búrgomáster béen,  
Or dúke, or prínce, or bárber méan,  
Éach has éarnéd híis wréath of fáme,  
Ánd stands thére an hónored náme,  
If áll, líke mé, hád tíme to réad,  
And trávelled wíth so líttle spéed.

Óut of Bèlgiùm into Fránce;  
Nót to stáy, but táke a glánce  
Át the éver réstless nàtion,  
Thát lóves to spréad such cónsternàtion  
Ámongst Éurope's lóreds despótic,  
Yét by áll its pránks Quixótic  
Hás but gót a strónger máster,  
And rivetéð its fétters fáster.  
Lóuis Náp, I thóught thee éver,  
Éven when óthers did nót, cléver;  
And thóugh I wish thou hadst béen more lóth  
To bréak the sánction óf an óath,  
I thánk thee fór thy cástigation  
Of pópulár représentátion,  
Thát quintessénce, by súblimátion,  
Óf the worst fóllies óf a nàtion;  
And thát thou hást a-pácking sént  
The jób they cáll a párliamént;  
Thát vást club óf etérnal prátters,  
Thát Pándemónium óf debátters,  
Thát séll their véry sóuls for pláces,  
And chéat like jóckies át the ráces.

In Switzerlánd I 've séen Mont Blánc  
Hiding his héad the clóuds amóng;  
Dined on cóld Mont Ánvert's tóp,  
And púrchased kníck-knacks át the shóp  
Just ópened ón the shivering síde  
Óf the mighty glácier wide  
By trávellers cálléd the Mér de Gláce,  
And thére they gót me ón an áss,  
Thát bróught me, úp the dizzy páss  
Of Cól de Bálme, to thé Valáís,  
Where snúg in Gémni's báths I láy

And stéwed mysélf the lívelong dáy,  
And dined on chéese and dránk goat's whéy;  
Then óver Símplon máde my wáy,  
Like Hállnibál, to Ítalý,  
Ónce the lánd of the bráve and frée.  
And thére I sáw the fámous rópe-  
Dáncers in Génoa, ánd the Pópe,  
Ánd Vesúvius' búrning cráter,  
Ánd the hóuse of thé man-háter  
In Vénice, ánd the Góndolétta  
In which he rówed his Guícciolétta,  
Ánd the tómes whence hé compiled  
Licéntious Júan ánd The Childe.

I 've séen in Flórence thé Bargéllo;  
Ánd, of márble bláck and yéllow,  
Thé Cathédral's Cámpaníle,  
A wónderfúl tall belfry réally;  
And Sánta Cróce's áisle alóng,  
The mighty búried déad amóng,  
Háve with an Énglish swágger wálked,  
Ánd with Énglish ímpudence tálked  
Of Mácchiavél and Mágalótti  
And Míchel Ángelo Búonarótti;  
Wóndered at Giotto's wánt of sháde,  
Ánd why Címabúe máde  
The Vírgin's fáce so róund and flát:  
Is 't trúe she fór the líkeness sát?

Písa, thy Dúomo 's móre than fíne;  
Its véry gáteway hálf dívine;  
But whý its tówer should só inclíne  
Out óf the pérpendícular líne,  
And yét not tópple héadlong óver,

Áfter pains-táking tó discóver,  
And éndless béating óf my bráin  
Some thrée long súnner-dáys in váin,  
I túrned abóut in shéer despáir,  
And, ás I fóund it, léft it thére,  
A cólumn léaning ón the áir,  
To púzzle árchitéctural ságes  
As lóng as stóne-masóns get wáges.

Shóuld I begin to téll of Róme  
I 'd scárce end ére the dáy of dóom:  
Besídes I have gíven to Róme befóre  
Twénty five páges, léss or móre,  
Ín that gáthering óf Windfálls,  
Whích évery grúbbling wít so máuls,  
Scrátches and scrápes and cláws all óver  
With his crów-foot, tó discóver  
Some cráck or fláw to péck and bite at,  
Ánd, to éarn a pénny, wíte at.  
Só if a skétch of Róme contént ye,  
Ín my Windfalls yé 'll find twénty;  
If móre ye wánt, bid Gód keep hóme;  
And óff acróss the Álps to Róme.

Three wéeks I wás in Náples Í  
Scárce tóok my eyés off thé blue ský.  
How sóft, how swéet, how límpid cléar  
The Néapólitán átmosp hére,  
Yé cánnót háve a nótion hére,  
Upón whose héads so héavy lówers,  
Chárged with fóg and místs and shówers,  
This ártic hémisp hére of óurs.  
Thrice lóvely Náples, wén I díe,  
Lét me, benéáth thy víolet ský,

Sómewhere néar the Mántuan líe,  
Ór in the spréading pálm tree's sháde  
Clóse by the fisher hùt be láid,  
Beside the simple fishermáid,  
Whóm the coldhéarted Fránk betráyed.  
Bý no Frénchman's fóot be tród,  
Gráziélla, thý grave-sód;  
But thére let Crócus éarliest péep,  
And bénding Willow ó'er thee wéep,  
And Bája's máidens cúrse a náme  
That Gául takes pride in, tó her sháme.

Had Mílan nóthing bút her Dóme,  
Mílan were sécond scárce to Róme;  
I knów it wéll, each flág and stóne;  
But bést where thróugh the stáined-glass shóne  
The évening súnbeams sóft and méllow  
Tínging the clústered cólumn's yéllow,  
That cróss the lóng aisle's cólonnáde  
Flíng their déep and sólemn sháde,  
And stréaming, with soft lústre méek,  
On mány a brúnette's lóvely chéek,  
Lówly amóng the knéeling crówd  
Befóre the féstooned áltar bówed.

In Gérmany, as áll agrée,  
'Are mány cúrious thíngs to sée:  
Lét us óur beginning máke  
At dirty Hámbug, fór the sáke  
Of éase and pérspicüítý,  
For thére my ill fate lánded mé  
Óut of clean Éngland; gríevously  
Thróugh my nérvés olfáctórý  
Hámbug's dírt offénded mé;



Nór less shócked mine eýes to sée  
The inky flóods that dówn the stréet  
Rán in the driest súmmer héat,  
When sólstice súns baked mé alive  
And Réaumur stóod at thirty fíve.  
Escáped from Hámburg's filth and smóke,  
Ánd its kéen commérceial fólk,  
Tó the Hártz I táke my wáy,  
To lét the móuntain bréezes pláy  
Abóut me fréé, and blów awáy  
Fróm my frésh-washed skín and shírt  
The ódour óf the Hámburg dírt.

In Léipzig, néxt, I 'm tó the fáir,  
Ánd at the lóng and bláck beards stáre  
Óf the Jew mérchants; ánd decláre,  
That wére I nót a Chrístian bórn,  
Í wóuld endúre the Chrístian's scórn  
For Ábrahám's and Jácob's séed,  
And Ísrael's únbelieving créed,  
To win the privilége to wéar,  
Ón my own chín, my nátive háir.

In Múnich thé grand Glýptothék  
Ánd still grándér Pinacothék  
Bég you 'll nót one fáult discóver  
In Lóla Móntes' róyal lóver:  
And gréat Bavária, géant táll,  
Stánding in frónt of Glóry's Háll,  
In stréngth of yóuth and béauty's pride,  
With the grim Líon át her síde,  
Hólds the wréath of hónor fórt  
Tó rewárd the highest wórt.



In Cónstance Í 've seen Húss's cèll,  
Ánd the Háll where he spóke so wèll,  
Fór his cónscience ánd his life,  
Agáinst the fágot ánd the knífe.

In Drésden Í 've the highly prized  
Sístine Madónna críticized,  
Ánd pronóunced the dráwing trúe,  
Bút the cólor áll too blúe,  
Ánd the two little ímps belów  
Fit ónly fór a ráree-shów,  
With their duck's wings, and fóolish grin,  
And élbows própping úp their chin.  
The réason whý I só admire  
The Drésdenérs, if yóu inquire,  
It is not thát they 're óver cívil,  
Ór less úgly thán the Dévil,  
Ór that their hóuses dó not stink  
Like ány chárnel-váult or sink;  
Bút, in one wórd, its fór the sáke  
Óf their right róyal Bibliothék,  
So nóbly tó me ópen thrówn,  
To úse as if it wére my ówn,  
And 'rével thére, the whóle day lóng,  
Dear Léarning's tréasured swéets amóng,  
Till, tíred, I túrn for récréation  
To Klémm, and tálk of Cívilisátion,\*  
Oft wónderíng how sáusage-fúll  
Of knówledge is the Gérman skúll.

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\* Dr. Klemm, the learned Oberbibliothekar of the King's Library in Dresden, has just completed, in 10 vols. 8<sup>vo</sup>. his *Cultur-Geschichte*, the labor of twenty five years.

In Prague I 've seen the Clémentinum,  
Laurénzibérg and Cárolinum,  
And Dálibórka's donjon táll,  
And Ládisláus' góthic háll,  
Ánd the thrice sáinted, pickled tóngue,  
That hígh up in the Hrádschin 's húng,  
In hónor óf the Quéen's conféssor,  
That silent tóngue's quondám posséssor,  
Whó in the Móldau's midnight tide,  
Thé conféssional's mártýr, díed.

And, lást and gréatest, Í have seen  
The Káiser-Stádt, impérial Wien;  
With its San Stéphan's Thúrm so hígh,  
And Práter lów, and gáy Basteí,  
And Eísenstóck, and Góttes-ácker;  
And hád my tóe by á Fiácre  
Run óver ón the flágway, thóugh  
Néar to the wáll as Í could gó.  
So clóse and nárrow — wát a pítý! —  
The crówded stréets of thát great city,  
Such jóstling in them, crúshing, stríving,  
Such cárting, whéelbarro'ing and dríving,  
You néither cán get ón, nor stóp;  
But will-ye, n'ill-ye, in must póp  
Ínto pórté-cochère or shóp,  
In óne street's léngth ten tímes at léast,  
If yóu 'd not gíve work tó the priest  
And nóтары and úndertáker,  
And lóng farewéll bíd tó the báker.

And nów I 've cóme home, sáfe and wéll,  
Áll these cúrious thíngs to téll,

There 's a thing more curious still,  
 Which, if I can describe, I will;  
 Too many words mar sense, 'tis said,  
 So what I mean 's a German bed.  
 A wool-stuffed pincushion, I ween,  
 Gentlest reader, thou hast seen;  
 Quadrángulár, wood ón each side,  
 And twice as long as it is wide.  
 Sét this pincúshion ón four féet,  
 And, ón its óne end, pillows néat  
 Some hálf a dózen togéther pile —  
 Náý, gentlest réader, dó not smile;  
 True Gérman néver *lies* in béd,  
 But *sits*, and léans his wéary héad  
 Báckwards agáinst such stéep incline  
 As gíves exáctly éighty nine  
 For the ángle's méasure which his spine  
 Mákes with the hórizontál líne.  
 With his one shéet benéath him spréad  
 Thus sít the Gérman in his béd,  
 And ón his twó knees strétched out stráight  
 Suppórts his *Féderdéckbett's* wéight,  
 That léaves his féet and ánkles báre  
 To shíver in the míd-night áir:  
 Yet nót one wórd will hé compláin,  
 Intó whose métaphýsic bráin,  
 Of bláñket ór of cóunterpáne,  
 With áll his tóil and áll his swéat,  
 No cléar *Begriff* has éntered yét.

So, ás I 've súnq or ráther sáid,  
 Agáinst the Glácis óf his béd  
 The Gérman léans supíne his héad;

And sléeps with héedful cáution nice,  
 While on each side a précipice  
 Four féet down pépendicular.  
 Forbids one wéary jóint to stír  
 Éither to léft side ór to right,  
 Thróugh the whole livelóng winter night;  
 And threátens évery déviátion  
 From réctilíneal réclínátion  
 Alóng the middlè óf the crib,  
 With bróken héad or bróken rib.  
 Your Gérman, whó admirer wárm is  
 Of whóle bones, swéars "*tutissimus dormis*"  
 Ís the true réading, and your "*ibis*"  
 The intérpolátion óf some scribe is,  
 Who knéw not 'twás a Gérman béd,  
 Good fáther Sól had in his héad,  
 Whén he admónished his rash són,  
 Fidgetty, réstless Pháëton,  
 Right in the middlè tó keep stráight,  
 Íf he disliked a bróken páte.  
 The góod advice did bút annóy  
 The silly, sélf-concéited bóy,  
 Who, tired of thé exáct stráight líne,  
 Fidged to the síde of thé inclíne,  
 And túmbling dówn, as schóolboys knów,  
 Ínto the bróad, o'erflówing Pó,  
 Wás by his wéeping sisters móurned  
 Till ínto póplars théy were túrned.

Réader, shóuldst thou éver bénd  
 Thy stéps to Gérmany, a friénd  
 Than Cóleridge móre expérienced, wóuld  
 Persúade thee, if he dúrst and cóuld,

To bring with thee, not óne poor páir  
Of blánkets, fróm the midnight áir  
Thy híps, sides, shóuldérs tó defénd;  
But bring with thee, so sáys thy friend,  
Bédstead and bédдинг áll compléte,  
Six féet in léngth and wide five féet;  
So sháll the astónished *Kéllnerin*,  
Whén at daybréak she brings thee in  
Thy cúp of cóffee, find thee wárm,  
And sáfe escáped all nightly hárm  
Of dámp or fróst or súdden fáll;  
And wónder hów it cómes at áll,  
There shóuld be in the wórld a rúg,  
So fléecy sóft, so cózy snúg,  
Yét of the vást, unhéard-of size,  
A mán to cóver ás he lies  
Strétched at full léngth, and háng down wide  
Belów the béd on éither síde.

Réader, farewéll; and párdon mé,  
Some wínter's níght in Gérmány  
If scánty cóverlet, stéep high béd,  
And frózen tóes or bróken héad  
Máke thee remémber whát I 've sáid.

Written while travelling on foot from BOTZEN, to INNICHEN  
in the PUSTERthal, October 1. to October 4. 1852.

## MY JOURNEY

IN THE AUTUMN OF 1852 FROM MUNICH THROUGH THE BAVARIAN  
HIGHLANDS UP THE VALLEY OF THE INN AND OVER THE STELVIO  
INTO LOMBARDY.

With shirt fresh wáshed, and crávat néat,  
And wórsted sócks upón my féet,  
And shóes half wórned and néwly sóled,  
And dóuble póckets lined with góld,  
And ón my héad brown Wide-awáke  
Cócked on one side for fáshion's sáke,  
And gráy Alpácha light and wárm  
Hung lóosely óver thé left árm,  
To wéar in cáse of cóld or stórm,  
And sílk umbrélla in my hánd,  
Behóld me in a fóreign lánd.

Let thóse who lóve their déar-bought éase,  
Bring rúmbling with them, if they pléase,  
Valise and trúnk and équipáge,  
Ánd, at Boulógne, courier engáge,  
To sít upón coach-bóx in státe,  
And fór Milórd inside transláte;  
Or, fóward sént, annóunce the appróach  
Of Énglish géntlemán and cóach,  
And át the Póste bespéak reláy,  
Thát there may bé no stóp nor stáy  
Ín the impátient tráveller's wáy  
Pást every óbject wórt h the viéw  
Ín the strange lánd he jóurneys thróugh:  
But Í profess anóther créed,  
And different fár my ráte of spéed,  
And féw and smáll the hélp s I néed;



Trunk, b6x, or 6quip6ge, I 've none;  
And 6s for c6urier — I 'm my 6wn;  
And yet I g6 not 6ll 6l6ne,  
For 6t my side is 6lways 6ne  
Whose sw6et comp6nionship more sw6et  
Makes 6very 6bject which I m6et;  
More s6ft the 6ir, the ský more bl6e,  
Each field and fl6wer more bright of h6e,  
The m6rn more fr6sh, less gr6ve the 6ven;  
And wh6re she br6athes there is my h6aven.

An h6ur bef6re the m6tin chime,  
I h6ar a v6ice:— “To rise it 's time;”  
And th6n I f6el a d6ughter's kiss —  
“The m6rning h6ur we m6st not miss;  
No m6re of sl6ep; the ský is bright;  
We 've tw6nty miles to m6ke ere n6ight;  
Make h6ste, Pap6.” And th6n she brings  
Those items which the s6x call things,  
And m6n their cl6thes; cravat and v6st,  
Coat, sh6irt and st6ckings — 6nd the r6st;  
And while, with 6ver 6nd an6n  
Her h6lping h6nd, I p6t them 6n,  
Rem6inds me h6w the min6tes p6ss,  
And m6kes brief t6ilette 6t the gl6ss.  
Dr6ssing achieved, we h6rry d6wn  
T6 the *Gast-St6be*; muddy br6wn  
Whose n6ked t6bles, w6lls and fl66r,  
C6shionless s6ats and 6ft-turned d66r;  
Our c6ffee in all h6ste desp6tch,  
Disch6rge our r6ckoning, r6ise the l6tch,  
And, while 6r6und the whole h66sehold crý  
'*Gl6ckliche R6ise*,' bid good býe,  
And 6ut up6n our r6ad 6g6in,

Alóng the v́alley, 'eróss the pláin,  
Through village, hámlet, city, tówn,  
Now úp the móuntain ánd then dówn.

Nów by the side of rippling láke,  
Língering, slów, our wáy we táke;  
And wátch with éver nów delight  
The fréaks of thé reflécted líght;  
Hów from wáve to wáve it glánces,  
Hów it shívers, hów it dánces;  
Hére spread óut so wárm and méllow  
Únder some sóft clóud's mórning yéllow,  
There wrínkling bláck benéath the frówn  
Of yón o'erhánging móuntain brówn.

Nów our wáy leads thróugh the sháde  
By sýcamóre and wálnut máde;  
Whére the béech spreads óverhéad,  
Ánd the rówan bérries réd  
Droop gráceful fróm their slénder stálk:  
Pléasant indéed it is to wálk  
Únder this éver-várying scréen,  
This twinkling cánopy of gréen,  
And wátch the tímíd squírrel spríng,  
And héar the shý wood thróstle síng;  
Or péering dówn some dí-m-lit áisle  
Of pláne or póplar, sée defíle  
Óut of the thicket ánd the sháde  
Ínto the sún-illúminéd gláde  
The réd deer's státely cávalcáde;  
Like tráín of mónks from thé dark dóor  
Of sácrísty or clóister hóar,  
Forth íssuíng íntó the bríght,  
Illúmináted cháncel's líght.

And nów with lightsome fóotstep frée,  
We 're bóunding ó'er the móuntain léa  
With eúphrasy and dáisy píed,  
Alóng the múrmuring bróoklet's síde,  
Whére a thóusand nibbling shéep  
Súch a tinkle tinkle kéep;  
And sée the shépherd ón a rók  
Séated ténd his wóolly flóck;  
Róund his néck his whistle 's húng,  
'Cróss his báck his wállet 's slúng;  
Émblem and éngine óf commánd,  
His séven-foot cróok 's in his right hánd;  
In váin, bold rám, that thréatening lóok,  
Thine hind leg 's in the mérciless cróok;  
Submít, proud rám; thy strúggles váin  
Dóes but to tórture túrn thy páin.  
And nów, "whee! whee!" his whistle shríll  
Commánds his dóg down fróm the hill  
To túrn, with bárk and wéll-feigned bite,  
The stúrdy wédder, thát in spite  
Of shówers of cláy from thé crook's scóop  
Has dáred to strággles fróm the tróop.

A róughér scéne salútes us nów;  
Lean óver yónder rók's steep brów;  
Héar what an úproar réigns belów;  
Sée hów the héadlong tórrént rúshes,  
Hów it éddies, fóams and gúshes,  
Hów from rók to rók it túmbles,  
Héar hów the gróund abóut thee rúmbles:—  
"Take cáre my child, come fást awáy,  
Thy fáce and háir are wét with spráy."  
"Do stáy, Papá, a móment stáy;  
Thóugh with sómewhat bóisterous pláy,

The wáters spírt and fóam and híss,  
 Ás they plúnge intó the abyýss,  
 Ánd with spráy have wét my háir,  
 Ánd with dámpness filled the áir,  
 See yónder whát a lóvely Bów  
 Spáns the áwful chásm belów,  
 Wárm red and yéllow, blént with blúe,  
 Ánd the violet's ténderer hùe;  
 Bridge búilt for thé new-wéddeð bríde  
 Óf some fáiry kíng to ríde,  
 Bý her róyal cónsort's síde,  
 Ón her práncing pálfrey píed,  
 Sáfe acróss the stéep ravíne,  
 Tó the cástle néver séen  
 Bý presúptuous mórtal eýe,  
 Till mídnight's páll has wrápped the ský,  
 Ánd from báttlemént and tówer  
 The phántom wátch have cállèd the hóur:  
 Then súdden ón the astónished síght  
 Búrsts the cástle blázing bríght  
 With a thóusand tápers' líght;  
 Ánd on the éar peals fróm wíthín  
 The Mándolín's ríght mérry dín,  
 And sóng and dánce and révelrý  
 Lást till the phántom wátch cry — THRÉE;  
 Whén in a tríce the líghts are out,  
 Húshed in a tríce sòng, dánce and shóut,  
 Ánd the enchánted cástle 's góne,  
 Léaving no rélic, stóck nor stóne,  
 To márk the síte it stóod upón:  
 Till at the sáme hóur thé next níght,  
 With its thóusand tápers bríght,  
 It búrsts agáin upón the síght;  
 And sóng and dánce and jóllítý

Again last till the watch cry -- THREE;  
When all at once from mortal ken  
Vanish the fairy towers again;  
And the early traveller through the wood  
Gathers mushrooms where they stood."

The midday sun has scaled the sky;  
Our path leads up a mountain high;  
Gradual at first, then steep and sheer;  
How dwindled down to mice appear  
The sheep, that on yon hills below  
Grazing we left two hours ago!  
Our forest friends have one by one  
Left us to take our way alone:  
Soft Willow first began to wail  
And weep that she had left the vale;  
Then Poplar tired, and ceased to climb,  
Saying he 'd come another time,  
But now would rather stay with Lime:  
Next sturdy Oak stopped far below,  
And Walnut could no further go,  
And Cypress shivered with the cold,  
And Chesnut was too stiff and old,  
And said that up the steep incline  
We needed but stout hardy Pine  
For company; for he was long  
Inured to dwell those heights among,  
And would neither tire nor stop  
But keep close by us to the top.  
Sweet words of comfort, Chesnut bland,  
And false as sweet, thou hast still at hand;  
More than a good half hour ago  
Stout Pine grew tired, and staid below,  
Gasping for breath: and said that he

Was lóth to párt good cópany,  
 But cóuld not béar an áltítúde  
 Abóve the spót whereón he stóod.  
 Só, while thou tóil'st up lífe's stéep híll,  
 Thou 'rt léaving fríends behind thee stíll;  
 And óne is wéak, and óne is slów,  
 And, bréathless, óne stops fár belów;  
 And tén are fálse, and twénty díe,  
 That tó thy yóuth gave cópany:  
 And thóu, ere hálf the stéep thou hast wón,  
 Look'st róund, and ló! thou stánd'st alóne,  
 Unléss, for mútual shíeld from hárm,  
 Thou hast línked thee ín a bróther's árm,  
 Or sóme dear síster wáiks beside,  
 Or kínd Heaven 's bóund thee tó a bríde  
 In háppy fétters; ór a míld  
 And dútiful dáughter, líke my -chíld,  
 Mý belóved Kátharine, hóvers néar,  
 Thine áge's fáinting stéps to chéer.

Stárk desolátion wóuldst thou sée,  
 Úp to the hígh móuntáins, úp with mé;  
 Belów thee léave the shéltéred glén,  
 Dótted with the abódes of mén;  
 Belów thee léave the shépherd's pén;  
 Fár belów ín the dístance díim,  
 Léave the chárcoal-búrner grím,  
 With híis dúnn óxen ánd híis lóad  
 Lúmberíng dówn the dángerous róad;  
 Fár belów leave the lást green spót  
 Ánd the híghest *Sénner's* lónely cót;  
 Ánd with unwéaríed límb ánd bréath  
 Press úpwards 'cróss the dámp brówn héath,  
 Whose mátted fíbres' slów decáy,



Yéar after yéar, day after dáy,  
Clóthes with a déeper quággier móld  
The móuntain grável wét and cóld.  
Sprínging from túft to túft acróss,  
Thou hast léft behind bog, héath and móss,  
Ánd with no jót of vígour léss  
Toilst úp the stóny wildernéss  
From whénce, a thóusand yéars agó,  
Tórrents and ráins and mélting snów  
Have wáshed down tó the vále belów,  
And thénce borne tó the séa awáy,  
The finer débris sánd and cláy,  
Léaving the grósser stónes behind  
Bléaching in súnshine ráin and wínd,  
Till gráin by gráin awáy they 're wórned,  
And grádual dówn the sáme path bórne.

Look róund; what óbjects méet thy sight?  
"Stónes, only stónes, left hánd and right;  
Befóre, behind, stones, ónly stónes,  
Thick stréwn as déadmen's móuldering bónes  
Upón some chárnel-hóuse's flóor."  
Look úp abóve thee; whát see'st móre?  
"The gaunt cheeks óf the móuntain hóar,  
By mány a tórrent rávined déep,  
Each rávine énding in a stéep  
Délta of grável, fróm the crówn  
Óf the ever crúmbling súmmit dówn  
Bróught by the wátters, ánd outspréad  
To bé their wáste and rúgged béd."  
Still hígher lóok; what sée'st thou nów?  
"Crówning the táll cliff's clámmy brów  
I sée the éverlásting snów,  
Like the white cáp that wráps the héad

Of cold corpse in the coffin laid,  
Or outstretched on the funeral bed;  
Light on the deadcap rests the shroud,  
And light upon the snow the cloud,  
Whose thick impenetrable haze  
Shields the highest pinnacles from the gaze,  
And, by no ray of sun pierced through,  
Shuts in all round the upward view."

A mountain circus capped with snow,  
Dark mists above, grey stones below,  
No living thing, no speck of green,  
No print to mark where life has been,  
The deathlike silence only broke  
By the torrent's roar or falling rock —  
Haste, thou that life hast, haste away;  
Great Nature suffers not thy stay  
In these her outskirts; in the waste  
And horrible wilderness she has placed  
On her extremest frontier's edge,  
On her vast globe's most prominent ledge.  
Stark desolation if there 's here,  
What is there quite beyond the sphere?

To the vast glacier let us now  
Descend along this sloping brow;  
With steady footstep, sure and slow,  
Downward in broad zigzags go;  
Into the gravel press hard thy heel,  
Thy toe the ground must scarcely feel:  
And now upon thine *Álpenstóck*  
Throw thy whole weight, and to yon rock,  
As *Gémser-Jäger* fearlessly,  
Across the wide chasm spring with me.

Well done — Is 't not a glorious sight  
Th' untródden glácier's dázzling white,  
Wáve beyond wáve spread éndlessly,  
Frozen billows óf a frózen séa?  
Look dówn this fissure, twó feet wide  
And fifty déep; on éither side  
Light pierces fár into the máss  
Of sólid, gréen, crystálline gláss,  
That fills the móuntain rávine wide,  
From tóp to bóttom, side to side;  
Benéath dissólving gráduallý  
And éver dráining tóward the séa;  
Abóve repláced continuallý  
By snówslips fróm the súmmit high,  
And ón its súrface, tóward the vále,  
Down wáfting in perpétual sáil  
Its fréight of thóusand, thóusand tóns  
Of fálled-down grável and bóulder-stónes.

Móuntains and snóws behind us lie,  
Abóve us spréads a sóft blue ský;  
Wárm in the sún the lándscape glóws,  
A fréshening zéphyr róund us blóws,  
Fánning us with the rich perfúme  
Of órange ánd acácia blóom.  
Cast róund thine eýes; on évery side,  
Through áll the rólling chámplain wide,  
Éxtend in mány a párallel líne  
The póllard próppings óf the vine;  
Fréely betwéen from línk and nóose  
Háng the broad flóating féstoons lóose  
Óf the wónder-wórking júice,  
That ópen láys the héart of mán,  
Tó his bróther's eýes to scán,

And láic, clérgy, súbjects, kíngs,  
To óne and the same lével brings;  
That chéers the síck-bed ánd inspíres  
The póet's ánd the lóver's fires,  
And húes of héaven, odóurs of róse,  
Round lífe's exháusted pílgím thróws.  
Let Céres bóast her gólden shéaves,  
And Flóra hér enámelled léaves,  
Let Pállas kéeép her ólive wánd,  
The myrtle still grace Vénus' hánd,  
And Mórpheus róund afflíction's béd  
Still wáve his drówsy póppyhéad,  
Déarer to mé than flówer or shéaf,  
Or ólive bráñch or myrtle léaf,  
Or póppy's bléssed ánodýne,  
Déarer to mé and móre dívine  
One téndril, Bácschus, óf thy víne,  
One spárkle óf a cúp of wíne.

Abóve, the wíne festóons float frée;  
Belów, wide-spréading líke a séa,  
Waves státely ó'er the gólden pláin  
The Kúkurítz' sun-lóving gráin,  
Chéquered with mány a vérdant spót,  
Where róund the péasant's wóodroofed cót  
Gay Búckwheat shéws his búskin réd,  
And Mílet dróops her pénsive héad.

But wéstering Sól bids ús make háste,  
And nót our précíous mínutes wáste  
In tóo contéplative a gáze  
On várious Náture's wóndrous wáys,  
Whén on níght quárters wé shóuld thínk,  
And sómethíng gét to éat and drínk;

And hints that though his sister Dí  
May dó for lovers to swear bý,  
She 's nó to bé depended ón  
By twó who, bý themsélves alóne,  
Trável on fóot a lánd unknoẃn.  
With SóI I 'll nó the póint dispúte,  
For SóI 's not éasy to confúte,  
And Í mysélf shrewdly íncline  
To súpper ánd a pínt of wíne,  
Snug párlour, sófa, ánd warm béd  
With thrée down píllows át the héad  
And óne alóng the fóotboard láid,  
Thére to repóse my weáry bónes  
And léave hills, vắlleys, rócks and stónes,  
Vines, búckwheat, míllet, Túrkish córn,  
To shíver ín the cóld till mórn:  
Then ére the sún has léft his béd,  
Or típped the úpland pínes with réd,  
We ríse refréshed and óut agáin  
'Cross móuntain, vắlley, híll and pláin,  
Through cópse and thicket, láwn and gláde,  
In súnshine nów, and nów in sháde;  
Léaving to óthers éase and weálth,  
And gáthering, dáily, stréngth and héalth,  
And swéet conténtment, dáughter fáir  
Of éxercise and ópen áir;  
Ánd, with discóurse varíous and frée  
On áll the nóveltíes we sée,  
Bréaching the thíck walls óf the céll  
Whére our blínd ígnorance lóves to dwéll,  
With her íll-fávored chíldren thrée,  
Pride, préjudíce and bígotry,  
And létting ín warm ráys of líght  
To illúmináte our méntal níght.

## SPEND AND SPARE.

Twin brothers in old times there wére,  
The óne called Spénd, the óther Spáre;  
And thús, once in the mórning réd,  
To géther ás they láy in béd,  
One bróther tó the óther sáid:—  
“Good bróther Spáre, it bréaks my héart,  
Bút from each óther wé must párt;  
Two ópposites cannót agrée,  
And thóu ’rt as ópposite to mé  
As wét to drý, as hót to cóld,  
As high to lów, as yóung to óld:  
So táke which wáy thou likest bést,  
To Nórth or Sóuth, to Éast or Wést,  
And Í will táke the ópposite wáy,  
Ánd at the énd of a yéar and dáy  
We ’ll méet upón this spót agáin,  
And cáculáte our lóss or gáin.”  
Agréed: they kiss, shake hánds, and gó,  
At first with thóughtful stép and slów,  
Óne to the éastward úp the híll,  
Wéstward the óther dówn the rill  
That túrned the óld, patérnal mill;  
And óft, with wáve of hát and hánd,  
A stép or twó retúrning, stánd  
In múte farewéll a móment still —  
And nów betwéen them lies the híll,  
And éach, his childhood’s hélpmate góne,  
Is léft to táke his wáy alóne.

Fór a húndred dúcats góld  
These bróthers, ás the stóry ’s tóld,



Hád the mill ancéstral sóld,  
Ánd, for bétter ór for wórse,  
Fifty dúcats in his púrse  
Each bróther hád upón the dáy  
He sét out ón his séparate wáy.

As sóon as Spénd was óut of sight,  
Spare tóok his púrse, and tied it tight  
With thrée hard knóts, and túcked it in  
Betwéen his waístband ánd his skin;  
Then wént and éarned a gróat that dáy  
Beside free lódging, ánd did páy  
A quárter gróat for bréad and béer,  
And fíre his évening héarth to chéer.  
Next dáy he éarned anóther gróat,  
Anóther quárter páid his scót,  
And Spáre that évening át his fíre  
Was háppy tó his héart's desire,  
Ánd, as he láy down in his béd,  
Thús to himsélf, conténted, sáid:—  
“The fifty dúcats yéllow góld,  
For which my hálf the míll I sóld,  
May wéll with góod ecónomý  
A húndred gólden dúcats bé,  
Befóre the dáy and twélvemonth's énd,  
Whén I 'm to méet my bróther Spénd.”  
And só Spare éarned a gróat a dáy,  
And stíll three quárters bý did láy,  
Augménting stíll his wéll saved stóre,  
Ánd to his dúcats ádding móre.  
Indústrious, frúgal ánd contént,  
Áfter the dáy in lábor spént,  
He 'd sháre his fíre and évening chéer  
With sóme dear friend or néighbour néar,

And smóke his pípe and crack his jóke  
Like óther sprúce, well dóing fólk;  
Thén like a tóp sleep, rise at light,  
And lábor till retúrning níght,  
And thínk, as hé tied úp his púrse,  
How wáste brings wánt, and wánt brings wórse.

Meantime Spénd éarned his dáily gróat,  
And spént it tóo; — why shóuld he nót?  
With fifty dúcats ín his púrse  
Whý shóuld Spénd his éarnings núrse?  
Abstáin from innocent récréation  
And práctise sélf-mortificátion?  
Whó but a míser wóuld take pléasure  
In héaping úp a úseless tréasure?  
Besídes to spénd, some wíse men sáy,  
Ís, to be gréat, the shórttest wáy,  
And Cáo, cáreful óf his pénce,  
Múst to the vást munificénce  
Of glórious César yíeld the dáy,  
Ánd, at the lást, sore réckoning páy  
For píttíng ágainst mighty ‘*Dándo*’\*  
Ánd still mightier ‘*Súblevándo*’,  
Ánd magnétic ‘*Ígnoscén-do*’,  
His stíngy ‘*Níhil lárgiénd-o*’.  
“And só to máke the wórld my fríend  
I ’ll úse my cásh,” thought máster Spénd,  
“And thús at ónce two óbjects gáin,  
Pléasure and prófit bóth attáin;  
And, ás philósophers récomménd,  
The *útilé* and *dúlce* blénd.”

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\* “Caesar dando, sublevando. ignoscendo: Cato nihil largiendo, gloriam adeptus.” SALL. *Catil.* 54.

So Spénd lived éasy, frée, and gáy,  
And tó no bórrowér said náy,  
And thóught no mán did éver wórse  
Than tie a tight string róund his púrse,  
And whén at níght he wént to béd  
Self-grátuláting thús he said:—  
“I éarn with éase a gróat each dáy,  
And thóugh two gróats be mý outláy,  
Or sómething móre, I dó not féar  
Bút that I sháll withín the yéar  
Be twice as rích, at léast, as Spáre,  
Ánd with one hálf the tóil and cáre.”

The yéar and dáy 's come tó an énd;  
Mét are the bróthers Spáre and Spénd;  
In ráptures éach to sée the óther:—  
“Dear bróther, hów dost?” “Hów dost, bróther?”  
Éach has a thóusand thínks to sáy,  
To éach it is his háppiest dáy:  
Éach will the óther tréat to wine  
And dínnér át the Gólden Víne;  
Bóth order dínnér, bóth will páy:—  
“Náy”—“Yés, dear bróther”—“Náy”—“Yés”—“Náy”—  
The wórld ne’er sáw a mérrier páir  
Than wére that évening Spénd and Spáre;  
Good dínnér, wíne, a déar loved bróther;  
Éach talked lóuder thán the óther,  
Tóld how the whóle yéar hé had fáred,  
Thís, how he had spént; that, hów he had spáred;  
And éach grown rích a dífferent wáy:—  
“And dóst thou méan, dear Spénd, to sáy,  
Withóut one dúcat ín thy púrse,  
Thou art áll the bétter ánd no wórse?”  
“Góld is but trásh while ín purse pént;

It gáins its wórch by héing spént;  
And mine 's spent fór the bést of énds,  
To win me pléasure, pówer, and friends:  
With rich, with póor, with high, with lów  
I 'm wélcome whéresoe'er I gó;  
On évery síde I ám caréssed;  
I 'm évery whére an hónored guést;  
I méet no mán but is my friend,  
Réady to give me, ór to lénd —"  
"Then páy the réckoning, bróther Spénd."

The lándlord 's cálléd; makes óut the bill;  
Spend dóubts not bút he kindly wíll  
Óver till néxt week lét it líe;  
Fór he had béen unlúckilý  
Preváiled upón, that mórn, to lénd  
His lást pair dúcats tó a friénd,  
Who had prómised páyment thát day wéek,  
Ánd by no chánce his wórd wóuld bréak.  
"Nay, dón't look gráve, thou wílt and múst;  
Thóu 'rt the first mán I 've ásked for trúst,  
Trúst for one wéek till cásh comes ín —  
Dámn it! he lóoks as bláck as sín.  
Spare, páy the féllow, ánd let 's gó;  
So múch for á few dáys I 'll ówe  
Tó my dear bróther. Whý, thou art slów!"  
"Ánd whát else mákes me háve, this dáy,  
A chókeful púrse our bill to páy,  
Bút that I' m álwáys slów to spénd,  
Lóth to gíve, more lóth to lénd?  
Áh! if thou wóuldst but léarn from mé,  
What háppy bróthers wé might bé,  
While éach his sávings wéll did núrse,  
Ánd nóurish ín a clóse-watched púrse!"

He said, and under his waistband  
Felt for his purse; first with one hand,  
And, missing it, then with the other,  
And felt and groped; then at his brother  
Full in the face stared, and turned pale  
As candle hanging from a nail,  
Or nun just drawing on the veil,  
Or school-girl, who first time the tale  
Drinks in of hapless Léonore,  
And thinks she hears knock at the door  
That steel-cased warrior grim and gray,  
Who is, before the dawn of day,  
Behind him on his steed away  
To bear her with him, all alone,  
Full gallop over stock and stone  
Into his spectral realms unknown:—  
“They’ve cut my purse, the thieves!” he sobbed,  
“And of my earnings I am robbed,  
My hard, hard earnings for the year,  
Beside the fifty ducats clear,  
For which my half the mill I sold,  
In all a hundred ducats gold —  
Purse, earnings, capital, in one swoop!  
Ah, faithless waistband, knot, and loop!”

Spend laughed, and rose up from his chair,  
And kindly pressed the hand of Spare:—  
“Our cases are alike, dear brother,  
And one’s no wiser than the other.  
Each took to wealth a different way,  
And each has failed. Some future day  
We’ll meet upon this spot again,  
To count, perhaps, not loss, but gain.  
“May it be so!” said Spare, and sighed;

“It máyn’t be só!” the lándlord cried;  
“Enóugh once in my hóuse to méet” —  
And pushed both óut into the stréet.

Begun at POERTSCHACH in CARINTHIA, Octob. 12. 1852;  
resumed between KINBERG and LANGENWANG in UPPER STYRIA,  
Octob. 24; and finished at VIENNA, Nov. 4.

## U n b e s c h r i e b ' n e B l ä t t e r .

Unbeschrieb'ne Blätter gleichen  
Wolkenlosen Himmelreichen;  
Wenn ich ihre Reinheit sehe,  
Fühle ich der Behmuth Nähe.

Wolken kommen bald gezogen,  
Düster wird der Himmelsbogen;  
Thränen bald den Blick umhüllen,  
Um der Blätter Weiß zu füllen.

B. Carneri.

## B L A N K L E A V E S .

SUGGESTED BY THE “UNBESCHRIEB'NE BLAETTER” OF B. CARNERI.

O'er áll yon clóudless sápphire ský  
Roams únrefréshed the pílgim's éye;  
Túrn where it will, North, Sóuth, East, Wést,  
No spéck it finds, no spót to rést.  
Cóme, rainbow clóuds, come báck ágáin,  
Thóugh ye should drénch him with your ráin.



So ó'er my páper's spótless white  
Roams únrefréshed my áching sight,  
Till with her fúll pen Phántasý  
Cómes, and fílls the blánk for mé  
With místy vísions, hópes and féars,  
Oft énding in a flóod of téars.

VIENNA, Nov. 6, 1852.

### Der Großvater.

Komm zu mir, geliebter Knabe,  
Setze dich auf meinen Schoos.  
Wie du frisch bist, schlank und feurig,  
Für dein Alter stark und groß!

Gib den Arm um meinen Nacken,  
Spiele mit dem Silberhaar,  
Das wie deines, junger Knabe,  
Einst so schwarz und üppig war.

Wann du Mann bist, wirke, handle,  
Schaffe, deiner Kraft bewußt;  
Doch in Abendstunden denke  
An des Alters stille Lust.

Scheue nicht das müde Alter,  
Ist es doch die Zeit der Ruh'.  
Der dem Alter zugelächelt,  
Lächelt einst dem Tode zu.

B. Carneri.

## So war es einst.

Sobald es getagt,  
Stürmte die Jagd  
Bei Hörnerklang  
Und Jubelgesang  
Den Strom entlang;  
Ueber Berg und Thal, durch Wiesen und Wald  
Hinriß mich der Jugendglut Fiebergewalt.  
So war es einst!  
Hast Recht, mein Herz, wenn du zu brechen meinst.

Mein Lebensmark  
War gesund und stark;  
Das freie Feld  
Unterm Himmelszelt  
War meine Welt;  
Ich kannte den nagenden Trübsinn nicht  
Und heiter und froh sah mein frisches Gesicht.  
So war es einst!  
Hast Recht, mein Blick, wenn du zu Zeiten weinst.

Bin krank und matt,  
Wie lebensfatt,  
Und geben muß  
Ich den Abschiedsgruß  
Dem gewohnten Genuß:  
Gehemmt ist der Jugend begeisterter Flug,  
Muß betteln um jeden Athemzug.  
So war es einst?  
Hast Recht, mein Hirn, wenn du zu wanken scheinst.

B. Carneri.

## A G E.

WRITTEN AFTER READING "DER GROSSVATER" AND  
"SO WAR ES EINST" OF B. CARNERI.

Cóme, little child, sit ón my knée;  
Hold úp thy héad, and lóok at mé;  
Náy, thou canst nót sit stíll for glée;  
Then gó, my child, I sét thee frée:  
Ónce on a tíme I wás like thee,  
And skípped and láughed and frólicked só;  
Áh! it is lóng, long lóng agó.

Come hére, young mán, and sít by mé;  
And téll me trúlý whó was shé  
That árm in árm so lóvingly  
Wálked with thee lást night ó'er the léa,  
Nóne but the móon in cómpany.  
Náy, if thou blúshes, téll not mé;  
Ónce on a tíme I tóo blushed só,  
Áh! it is lóng, long lóng agó.

Widower, come hére, and drý thine eýe;  
Lét thy breast héave no móre the sigh;  
Thínk no móre of the dáy's gone bý  
And bónes that ín the cóld earth líe.  
Náy, if thy téars but fáster flów,  
Í 'll not bíd them stóp; no! nó!  
There wás a tíme my téars flowed só;  
Áh! it is lóng, long lóng agó.

Childless fáther, wéep no móre;  
Déath 's but, tó repóse, the dóor;  
Thy children áre but góne befóre;  
Óver that úrn no lónger póre.  
Nay, fróm it íf thou wilt not séver,  
Í 'll not bíd thee; néver! néver!  
Í to my children's úrn clung só;  
Áh! it is lóng, long lóng agó.

Come báck, sweet child, sit ón my knée;  
Hold úp thy héad, and lóok at mé;  
Íf but thy life 's spared, thóu shalt bé,  
In áll things, súch as thóu see'st mé,  
Ánd to some swéet child ón thy knée  
Shalt tálk as nów I tálk to thée,  
And sáy thou didst the óld man knów,  
With héad like thine as white as snów,  
And báck bent quíte intó a bów,  
And tóothless gúms, and dripping nóse,  
And shánks too smáll for his wide hóse,  
And jóints swelled with rheumátic páins,  
And blótted hands ribbed with lárge black véins,  
And, íf thou wért not stiff, thou 'dst gó  
Ánd his grave in the chúrchyard shéw,  
Whére in thy yóuth they láid him lów,  
Áh! it was lóng, long lóng agó.

VIENNA, Nov. 6. 1852.

## THERMOMETER AND BAROMETER.

“Good mórning, Thermómeter, hów dost todáy?”

“I thánk thee, Barómeter, múch the same wáy;

Sometimes hót, sometimes cöld, not two minutes the sáme;  
In the wórld there ’s no rést for this sénsitive fráme.

Ah! how háppy ’s my friend that the difference knows nót  
Between lúke warm and bóiling, betwéen cold and hót,  
To whóm ice and fire differ ónly in náme,  
And fréezing and búrning are óne and the sáme.”

“Do téll me but hów to relieve thy sad cáse;

Let me thínk — stay — I háve it now — Lét us change pláce —  
Just for twénty four hóurs — one dáy and one níght —”

“That indéed is true friendship” — “There — nów we ’re all right.”

From the Sóuth-west that níght came the wíld hurricáne  
With thúnder and lightning and tórrents of rúin;  
Sound, sóund slept Barómeter áll the níght thróugh —  
Such a sléep such a níght was to him something nów —  
And awáking next mórning, as lárk fresh and gáy,  
His respécts to Thermómeter hástened to páy  
With “My déar friend, how dóst thou? feel’st bétter todáy?”

Such a gróan as Thermómeter dréw from his bréast,  
By páinter poétic may nót be expéssed;  
Such a gróan in this wíde wórld has néver been héard  
Since to sléeping Enéas dead Héctor appéared,  
And cried:— “O Enéas, the city ’s on fire;  
Awáke, save thyself and thy Góds and thy síre.”  
Such a gróan heaved Thermómeter ás he replíed:—

"Than have pássed such a night, better fár to have died.  
 Oh! hádst thou foreséen, honored síre Fahrenhéit,  
 That thine óffspring belóved was to páss such a night,  
 Thou 'dst have dáshed him to píeces the dáy of his birth,  
 And scátttered his frágments through áir, sea and éarth.  
 Oh, hów my heart sánk when the thúnder begán!  
 What a thrill, what a trémor through áll my blood rán!  
 Befóre each blue flásh how my whóle soul did quáil,  
 And how óften I énvied the tóo happy snáil,  
 Who, when dánger appróaches, can dráw himself quite  
 Back into his búlb, and be áll safe and ríght;  
 But the lówer *I* sánk, and the móre *I* drew ín,  
 Only blúer the fláshes and lóuder the dín,  
 The stórm only fiercer shook céiling and wáll,  
 And in óne ruin thréatened to búry us áll.  
 So, Barómeter déar, let us quick change agáin;  
 Take thóu back thy stórm, thunder, líghtning and ráin,  
 And *Í* will retúrn to my cóld and my hót,  
 And líve for the fúture contént with my lót."

Every óne has his tróubles; keep thóu to thine ówn:  
 Only léss seem thy néighbour's, becáuse they 're unknow'n.

Written while walking from VIENNA to SCHOENBRUNN and  
 back, Nov. 7. 1852.

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"Put no trúst in this wórld," wise men téll you and sígh;  
 "It 's a hóllo delúSION, a chéat to the eýe,  
 Unréal, unsubstántial, the sháde of a sháde —"  
 What wónder? this wórld out of nóthing was máde.

VIENNA, Nov. 19. 1852.



THE PRECEDING TRANSLATED INTO GERMAN BY B. CARNERI.

“Seh't in die Welt kein Vertrau'n,” — so sagen die Weisen und Senzen. —

“Hohle Täuschung nur ist sie, ein Trug für das Aug',  
Unwahr, ohne Gehalt, der Schatten von einem Schatten —”  
's ist kein Wunder; die Welt ist ja erschaffen aus nichts.

Wien, 25. Nov. 1852.

Man looks up to the ský, and sees plainly the sún  
From the Éast to the Wést his immense journey rún:  
Man looks dówn to the gróund, and sees plainly it 's still;  
He féels it — it 's stéady, deny it who will.

Upón his own inwárd self mán casts his víew,  
And distínctly a will sees to dó or not dó,  
Distínctly a will feels unféttered and free;  
Dený it who will, a free ágént is hé.

VIENNA, Nov. 8. 1852.

THE PRECEDING TRANSLATED INTO GERMAN BY B. CARNERI.

Himmelwárts klickt der Mensch und sieht wahrhaftig die Sonne  
Gehen von Ost nach West den unermesslichen Gang;  
Blickend zur Erde, gewahrt er diese vollkommen in Ruhe,  
Fühlt's, daß sie stille steht — mag es verneinen wer will!  
Und in sein Inn'res hinab versenkend die Blicke, ganz deutlich  
Eine Willenskraft sieht er zum Lassen und Thun;  
Deutlich den Willen fühlt er, den fessellosen und freien; —  
Mag es verneinen, wer will! — selbstthätig handelt der Mensch.

Wien, 26. Nov. 1852.

## UNCERTAINTY.

For the Cértain and Súra let philósophers séek;  
Oh! give me Uncértainty, ére my heart bréak.  
Sure and cértain 's the pást, but it 's áll dead and cóld;  
The gráve has closed óver it, ánd the knell tólld;  
In the fútúre's long vista what sées my sad eýe?  
Nothing súra, nothing cértain, but thát all must die:  
While with visions of háppiness, prómise of jóys,  
Dear Uncértainty ónwards our tired steps decóys,  
In bóth hands holds óut to us lóng life and héalth,  
Power, friends, pleasure, hónor, and wisdom, and wéalth;  
And, clóthed in the stár-spangled mántle of Fáith,  
Triúmphantly póints through the pórtals of Déath  
To a bright world beyónd, where with áll we loved éver  
We shall líve reunited, to párt again néver.  
For the Cértain and Súra let philósophers séek;  
Oh! give me Uncértainty, ére my heart bréak.

VIENNA, Nov. 9. 1852.

## CERTAINTY.

Let Uncértainty flátter the tímíd and wéak,  
And lúre the wretch ónward until his heart bréak:  
I háte the decéiver and áll she can gíve,  
And áwáy from her túrn; with thee, Knówledge, to líve.  
Though to prómise thou 'rt slów, thou art súra to perfórm,  
With thee súnshine means súnshine, with thée storm means stórm.  
Thou art cándíd and téllest me whére thou hast béen,  
All thy cómings and góings, and whát thou hast séen;  
Thou art hónest and déal'st not in púff or grimáce,  
And hídest no fálsehood behind thy plain fáce;

When thou see'st me away from the multitude turn,  
To weep in despair by the cypress and urn,  
Thou com'st and with strong arm away from my side  
Pushest ignorance, selfishness, folly and pride;  
And askest me, if I could, would I the rest  
Everlasting disturb of the friends I love best,  
And not rather prefer by their side to be laid,  
In the broad weeping willow and cypress shade,  
Sure and certain that never while time lasts, shall pain,  
Trouble, sickness or sorrow, come near us again.

VIENNA, Nov. 24. 1852.

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I know not whether it be strength or weakness,  
But oft, toward evening, when all round is still,  
And when that day my mind has not been stirred  
By any of the unholier gusts of passion,  
I feel myself in the immediate presence  
Of something awful, yet most fair and lovely,  
And very dear, that, without sign, or action,  
Or speech, communicating freely with me,  
Infuses a sweet peace into my soul,  
And fills it with a sentiment of joy  
And happiness, that lasts till, from without,  
Some sound alarms me, and I start, and find  
The picture of my dead Love in my hand:  
And they that have to do with me, those evenings,  
Observe, for some hours after, in my face,  
And voice, and manner, an angelic air  
Of sweet content, and placid resignation.

VIENNA, Nov. 17. 1852.

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On that dark, dismal night, which you all may remember,  
 Between the eighteenth and nineteenth of November,  
 As, the lights all put out and her orisons said,  
 Our lady the Queen lay asleep in her bed,  
 One arm round Prince Albert, one under her head,  
 It happened — "What happened?" Nay, don't interrupt --  
 A story 's worth nothing that 's told too abrupt --  
 The clock in the anteroom just had struck "Two!"  
 And the clock on the mantle-piece sworn it was true.  
 When the Queen in the arm that lay under her head  
 A sudden cramp felt, and turned round in the bed,  
 And from under Prince Albert the other arm drew,  
 Who, sound as a top sleeping on, nothing knew  
 Of the grim, grisly ghost that on purpose that night  
 Rose up out of the grave our loved Queen to affright.  
 A blue light in his hand he threw open the door,  
 And, with a field-marshal's step crossing the floor,  
 Stalked up straight to the bedside, and:— "Madam," he cried,  
 "Be so good as to look up, and not your head hide  
 Under blanket or quilt: you have seen me before,  
 I have lectured you often, and now one word more.  
 Next time that that greatest of conquerors, Death,  
 Of a conqueror and statesman like me stops the breath,  
 And England 's left minus the best of her sons  
 At the moment her neighbours are loading their guns,  
 It 's all the same whether by fit epileptic,  
 Or cannon he 's mowed down, or stroke apoplectic,  
 Remember he 's not like a child to be treated,  
 And with flipflap and flám and tomfoolery cheated,  
 With gilding, and gingerbread-nuts, and paláver,  
 And mouths running over with twattle and sláver;

He cáres not — what cáres he? — for fúneral or páll,  
Who could sléep his last sléep without cóffin at áll;  
But if you must give him a búrial in státe,  
And máke living pride on dead róttleness wáit,  
Then dó it in éarrest, and nó in a shám,  
And stánd there chief móurner, my róyal Madáme.”

“I protést I was quáte unprepáred, my Lord Dúke,  
To receive from your Gráce’s lips súch sharp rebúike;  
But my cónsience acquits me, Sans péur sans reproche,  
For I sént to atténd you my cóachman and cóach,  
And six spanking báys; and my Álby todáy  
From his bést Durham’s cálving I máde stay awáy,  
To dó you more hónor; and óut at the shów  
Looked mysélf from the windóws of Búckingham Rów;  
And I hópe that my péople all sáw in my eýe  
The téar that stood glittering there ás you went bý.”

In the Bélvedere pálace in fár distant Wien,  
Mephistópheles’ picture perháps thou hast séen,  
And márked how, like spárks from eléctrical wire,  
From ánkle and shóestring leaps fórt h the blue fire;  
Such fire from the Dúke’s eyes shot livid and blúe,  
As with vóice that the Quéen’s bones and márrów thrilled  
thróugh: —

“Words enóugh, and too mány; and só, ’twas for yóu  
I wón, on the éighteenth of Júné, Waterlloo!  
Nay, I knów what you ’d sáy; go to sléep, and remémber  
The éighteenth of Júné and eightéenth of Novémber.”

He sáid, shook his héad, grinned, and bléw out the light,  
And léft the Quéen lýing there in the dark night.  
Yet thóugh he was góne, and the róom still as déath,  
And no stír to be héard but her ówn Alby’s bréath,  
The Quéen twenty times in the cóurse of that night



Thought the Dúke was still stánding there with his blue light,  
 Twenty times quilt and blánket drew óver her héad,  
 And twéntry times, Áve María! had sáid,  
 Had it nóť been for féar what the góod Earl Shaftesbúry  
 And Bíshep of Glóster might dó in their fúry,  
 When they héard that the héad of the Prótestant Chúrch  
 Had turned Pápist, and léft all her flóck in the lúrch.  
 So she láy still as might be until the daylight,  
 When she wóke her dear Álby, and tóld him her fríght.  
 He yáwned, and half sléeping said, ánd awake hálf:—  
 “Have you séen it, dear Vicky? and is ’t a fine cálf?”

VIENNA, Nov. 24. 1852.

## THE LOVER AND SUNRISE.

WRITTEN AFTER READING THE “SONNENAUFANG” OF B. CARNERI.

’Tis the móment of súnrise the bríght and the gáy,  
 All náture with rápture salútes the new dáy,  
 Mists and dárkness have fléd with the dámp night awáy;  
 The róse her cup ópens, the lárk tunes her sóng,  
 And prátting and láughing the bróok trips alóng.

What áils the young mán whom I sée passing bý?  
 His stép why so héavy, so dówncast his eýe?  
 With the night he has bíd to his Trúelove good býe;  
 The mórning to him ’s come a céntury too sóon —  
 Set, sét, hateful sún, and rise quick, friendly móon.

VIENNA, Nov. 29. 1852.



"A Bussel a-n a g'schreckt's,  
Ah! dös war' ja a Graus —  
Non! wann 's Läm'n vabei is,  
Aft busselt 's as aus!"

SEIDL.

A yóuth and a máid  
Sat únder the sháde  
Of a wide spreading béech;  
I will téll you of éach.

Each was hándsome and fáir,  
And had lóng, flowing háir,  
And an ínnocent héart,  
Withóut guile or árt.

Each was tímíd and shý,  
And, withóut knowing whý,  
Would trémble and sigh  
When the óther came nígh.

Had it nót been their glánce  
Was downcást and askánce,  
You 'd have thóught them no óther  
Than síster and bróther,

As they sát there togéther,  
In the wárm summer wéather,  
Undernéath the deep sháde,  
By that spréading beech máde.

How lóng they sat só,  
I don't certainly knów;  
But, withóut knowing why,  
They grew léss and less shy,  
And drew móre and móre nigh,  
Till, by sóme chance or slip,  
They tóuched lip to lip.

Surprised and amázed,  
At each óther they gázed,  
And half pleásed, half afráid,  
Said the yóuth to the máid:—

“And if thát be a kíss,  
'T wouldn't be much amíss,  
If we tried it agáin;  
Doesn't give any páin.”

So they léaned their mouths óver  
Till you cóuldn't discóver,  
Betwéen the two fáces,  
The bréadth of two áces.

But they hádn't tóuched quite,  
When, in súdden affright,  
Both sprang báck with a stárt,  
And stood twó feet apárt.

So gréat a rebóund  
You have séen from the ground  
Or the side of a wáll  
Seldom máde by a báll.

The twó are at práyer;  
For they 've héard through the áir  
The bóom of the béll  
All good Christians know wéll,

And "Háil Mary!" súnġ  
By the gréat iron tóngue,  
Warns to túrn thought and eýe  
From the éarth to the ský.

As two sóldiers at drill  
Ground their árms and stand stíll,  
At the wórd of commánd;  
So the yóuth and maid stánd,

Till the péal has rung óut;  
When, quick túrning abóut,  
Says the máid to the yóuth  
In all swéetness and trúth: —

"It was néver a críme  
To make úp for lost time,  
And a kíss away fríghted  
Isn't hárd to be ríghted."

So they túrned each to éach,  
In the sháde of that béech,  
And fínished their kíss  
Without íll luck or míss.

Dec. 2. 1852, on the way from VIENNA to PRAGUE.

## HALF AND HALF.

"Why are ángels so háppy?" said óne of the léast  
Little bóys at the schóol to his máster the priest.

"They are púre, perfect spírit, my prómising bóy;  
Of púre, perfect spírit perpétual the jóy."

"But béasts are all bódý, yet théy 're happy tóo;  
Calves, kittens and lámbs, all decláre I speak trúe."

"Just becáuse they 're all bódý, they 're háppy and gáy,  
Just becáuse they 're all bódý, they spórt all the dáy."

"But Í am unháppy, and crý half the dáy,  
Though Í am both bódý and spírit you sáy,  
And shóuld therefore bé twice as háppy at léast  
As bódiless ángel, or spiritless béast."

"You don't wórk the sum right," with a smile said the priest;  
"To bé twice as háppy as ángel or béast  
You must bé both all bódý and áll spírit tóo:  
Try it óver agáin; your first óffer won't dó."

"One hálf of me 's spírit — yes, nów I am right —  
And entitled to óne hálf the ángel's delight;  
And one hálf of me 's bódý, and shóuld have at léast  
One hálf the delight of the périshing béast:

"Two hálves make one whóle up; and só — let me sée —  
Once as háppy as ángel or béast I shóuld bé;  
And yét I 'm unháppy, and crý half the dáy:  
What 's the réason, good máster? do téll me, I práy."

“Before you ’re as happy as angel or beast,  
You must all spirit be, or all body at least;  
All spirit ’s the angel, all body the calf;  
But you ’re one half spirit, and body one half.”

“Ah, why did God give me, unfortunate boy!  
A being he well knew I could not enjoy?  
Ah, why did he so mix me up half and half,  
And not make me whole angel at once, or whole calf?”

“’Twere a fine story that,” said the priest to the boy,  
“To make urchins like you to have nothing but joy,  
As perfect, as happy, as angel or beast;  
No lessons, no floggings, no work for the priest.

“I ’ll teach you — your hand out — one, two, three and four —  
Begone now, and drop down behind the school door  
Upon your bare knees, with your face to the wall,  
And pray to that God who so good is to all,

“To drive Satan’s whisperings out of your head,  
And fill you with pious and good thoughts instead;  
And then get your lessons, and then go and play;  
You ’re well off if you get any dinner today.”

The boy went and dropped down behind the school door  
On his bare knees, and prayed as he ’d oft prayed before:—  
“Dear God, do but make me an angel or calf,  
Some one thing or other, and not half and half.”

DRESDEN, Jan. 3. 1853.

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Earth's mightiest Queen throned sits in high hall of státe,  
To salúte her, come crówding, the rích and the gréat,  
Her lórd's and her ládies on éither side stánd,  
Peers, bishops, and cómmóns, the élíte of the lánd.

Coach sets dówn after cóach at the gréat Northern dóor,  
Till you 'd sáy that for cómpány thére was no móre  
Róom in the sálon or róom in the háll,  
Or róom any whére in the pálace at áll.

'Tis a brilliant recéption; look néar or look fár,  
The díamond cross blázes, the áigrette, and stár;  
Feathers wáve, satins rústle, and beauty and gráce  
Condescédingly smíle on red cóats and gold láce.

"Now, Géntleman-úsher, what is it you méan?"  
With a stárt and a frówn it was thús said the Quéen; —  
"Had you órders from mé to make róyáltý wáit  
In the midst of the rábble, outside the court gáte?"

"Please your Májesty," thén said the Úsher in bláck; —  
"She is stárk mother náked, no shréd to her báck,  
No cárriage, no hór'ses, no fóotmen, she stánds  
In the hóoting crow's midst — Shall I háve your commánds?"



“Let my róbing maids fór her a white mantle chóose,  
The bést in my wárdrobe, white stóckings, white shóes,  
And a white skirt of sátin, with blónd trimmed all róund,  
And three ládies to hólđ up her tráin from the gróund.”

“A fúll blown white róse let her béar in left hánd,  
And put into her ríght a long white lily wáńd,  
Let a white veil envélop her shóulděrs and héad,  
And só let her énter. Begóne! I have sáid.”

The Géntleman-úsher the Quéen’s commands béars:—  
“Clear the wáy , clear the wáy there, on lóbbý and stáirs  
For the gréat foreign Princess, arráyed all in white.”  
Lords and ládies fall báck in two files left and ríght.

And évery eye túrns, as, arráyed all in white,  
A white róse in her léft hand, white lily in ríght,  
Walks up stráight to the Quéen that veiled lády unknowń,  
And sinks dówn on one knée at the fóot of the thróne: —

“Rise úp, royal síster, for néver to mé  
Shall my fáther’s child súc upon lów bended knée,  
Rise úp, throw your véil back, and lét all here sée  
How I lóve my dear síster, and hów she loves mé.”

“Mighty Quéen“ — it was thús to Queen Fálshood Truth sáid,  
As she róse, and threw báck the white véil from her héad: —  
“Fear nóť, mighty Quéen, I am cóme here tonight,  
To cláim with an íll-timed pétition my ríght;

“Fixed and séttled far bé it from mé to undó;  
The wórld has decíded betwéen me and yóu;  
With mé it has vówed ’twill have nóťhíng to dó,  
And for Quéen with unánímous vóice chosen yóu.

“Live lóng and reign háppy; but, gránt me one bóon;  
And remémber that ’s gránted twice thát ’s granted sóon: —”  
“I plédge you my róyal troth, sister, befóre  
All these lórd and these ládies; what néed I say móre?”

“Send fórh, then, your héraids, and lét them procláim  
That to évery thing hénceforth be given its own náme,  
Good hénceforth be góod called, and bád be called bád,  
White be white, and black bláck called, wise wise, and mad mád.

Then Queen Fálsehood turned pále, and from héad to foot shóok;  
And cówered, and shrank báck before Trúth’s steadfast lóok,  
And wished in the gáping earth súnk were that háll,  
Hersélf and her sister; lords, ládies and áll.

“A dóctor, a dóctor; what cán the Queen áil?  
What mákes our loved lády and místress so pále?”  
“Help! hélp!” is the crý; “Queen Truth ’s sick unto déath;  
Air, wáter, a fán here — yes, nów she draws bréath.

“And whó ’s this impóster, dressed óut in her clóthes,  
With the Quéen’s own white lily, and Quéen’s own white róse?  
Hah! Háh! it’s that vágabond Fálsehood that hére  
In Truth’s ówn royal háll ’s not ashámed to appéar.

“Tear her fálse emblems fróm her, the clóthes off her báck;  
And óut of doors túrn her, pinched and cúffed blue and bláck;  
We ’ll téach her, the strúmpet, what bóon waits her hére,  
In this présence agáin if she dáre to appéar.”

So they féll upon Trúth there, lords, ládies, and áll;  
And kicked her, and cúffed her abóut the great háll;  
Under fót trod her émbles, her dréss and hair tóre,  
And spat twice in her fáce each, then thróugh the street dóor

Pushed her out to the mob, who the whole city through  
Pursued her with stones, dirt, and mad-dog hallóo;  
And threw rotten eggs at her wherever she fled,  
And thought nothing done till they left her for dead.

To Queen Falsehood meantime has returned the free breath,  
And the blood to her cheeks that were just now like death.  
And: — "I thank you, my lords and my ladies," she cried,  
"For this proof that I 've not without reason relied

"On your loyal attachment to me and my throne,  
And that at your hearts you 've Truth's interests alone.  
My unfortunate sister — But no, I'll not shame  
The blood of my sire by pronouncing her name —

"Detest her; or, if you can, blot her out quite  
From your memory, and with her the events of tonight.  
And now cry, 'Long live Truth, and long may she reign.'" —  
And they cried, "Long live Truth", till the hall rang again.

DRESDEN, Jan. 8. 1853.

Past twélve at night; upón my béd  
 I láy once móre my nightcapped héad,  
 Stretch óut my lázy límbs to rést,  
 And dráw the clóthes tight róund my bréast.  
 The líghts are óut; no búsy féet  
 Distúrb the sílence óf the stréet;  
 Éven the late kíchenmáid to scóur  
 Has céased, and snátches hér brief hóur.  
 Ín the whole néighbourhóod there 's nóne  
 Still wáking bút mysélf alóne —  
 “And whý don't yóu sleep, Sír, I práy?  
 Háve you dozed bý the fíre all dáy?  
 Or háve you drúnk gunpówder téa?  
 Or áre you máking póetry?  
 Or is your cónscience sín-oppréssed,  
 Thát you can't líke your néighbours rést?”  
 Júst as you pléase — perháps all fóur;  
 But óne thing 's súde, two hóurs or móre  
 Hére on my béd I túrn and tóss,  
 Now lýing alóng, and nów acróss,  
 And nów díagonal, fór my héad  
 Séeeking a cóol place — áll in váin —  
 Lívely and áctive is my bráin,  
 And, will-I níl-I, stáys awáke —  
 What cán I bétter dó than táke  
 A túrn out óf her fór a rhýme?  
 'Twill hélp to whíle awáy the tíme.  
 The súbject? Sélf — stay, lét me sée —  
 My ówn sweet sélf's biógraphý.  
 It cán't but pléase — mysélf at léast;  
 Sélf is for sélf alwáys a féast.

With the whole wórld though Býron quárelled,  
He still kept friends with déar Childe Hárold;  
And Wórdsworth céases tó be dúll  
When ón the pívot óf his skúll  
Sir Áss turns róund his lóng, left éar,  
And bráys his bráy out, lóud and cléar.  
Wóorthy exámplés! thé rewárd  
Témping they hóld out tó the bárd  
To fóllow in the brilliant wáke,  
Ánd for his héro himself táke.

An hóur befóre the sún this mórn  
Náked and húngry Í was bórn,  
Agáinst my will dragged óut of níght,  
And fórced intó the nóise and light.

Wéll I remémber hów I móaned,  
And rubbed my eýes, and strétched and gróaned,  
And shrúnk and shivered fróm the cöld  
Ére I was yét one minute óld.

Wéll I remémber the grim bánd  
Of Cáres I sáw abóut me stánd  
Éager to póunce upón their préy,  
And plágue and pinch me the whole dáy.

Alóud one tó a cómrade cried:—  
“Sée what a gréasy, dírtý híde;  
Gállons of wáter ón him dásH —  
Anóther júg here — splásh — splash — splásh.”

“Well dóné! well dóné!” the óther sáid;  
“Now rúb him tíll he ’s ráw and réd,  
Thóu with a hémpen clóth rub, rúb,  
While Í with stiff pig’s bristles scrúb.”

“Don’t kill him outright,” said a third;  
It ’s my turn now;” and, with the word,  
Came up behind me by surprise,  
And slipped over my head and eyes

A bag at both ends open wide,  
And tight the upper opening tied  
About my throat, and laughed to see  
It reached scarce half way to the knee.

“The mending of that fault,” with glee  
Giggled another, “leave to me.  
Here I ’ve got something like a Y  
Turned topsy turvy; come, Sir, try:

Your right leg first — there — push it through;  
Your left leg now; yes, that will do.  
Now stand up straight, till you are braced  
Over both shoulders, tight round waist.”

“Right about face” then all cried out;  
And then all shouted “Left about”;  
Then through the chamber to and fro  
They made me pace three turns or so,

And vowed that I looked jimmy quite,  
And the Y not a hair too tight,  
And, let me sit down when or where  
I pleased, would neither burst nor tear.

“But stay — see here —” another said;  
“What is ’t ’s the matter with his head?  
There ’s not a hair but ’s on an end;  
Where did you this great mop get, friend?



“Racks, shears and toothcombs hére; sit dówn:  
With súch a shággy, shóckdog crówn  
Whó but some rústic, clódpoll clówn  
Would think of vénturing into tówn?

“There; yóu begín upón the ríght,  
And Í ’ll the léft take; whát a fríght!  
Was éver héad in súch a plíght!  
Some ców ’s been lícking it all níght!”

“In váin we lóse our swéat and tóil,  
And bréak our cómb’s teeth; óil hére, óil;  
Íf we can’t máke his háir lie stráight,  
We ’ll gíve him at léast a frízzled páte.

“The tóngs hére; áre you síúre they ’re hót?  
Stéady, Sir, stéady; nót a jót  
Éither to léft or ríght hand búdge:  
Brávo! you ’d máke a cápítal júdge.

“Hóttér tongs hére; anóther twírl;  
This lóck must háve a stíffer cúrl —  
What mákes you fídge, Sir?” “Óh! ma’am, Óh!  
Géntly; you búrn me —” “Déar Sir, nó.

“You múst wear pápers íf you wón’t  
A líttle héat bear —” “’Sblóod, ma’am, dón’t:  
I ’m nót a stóck or stóne my háir  
Óut by the róots to lét you téar.”

(*sings*) “The Múses thát Hýpérion cúrl  
Nót hálf so déftly the tongs twírl,  
And Dian’s máids with hánds less líght  
Wréath the lócks of the Quéen of níght.”

"Hell's Furies, Mádam! Stóp, I say —  
I 'll nó be tréated in this wáy."

"It 's dóne, Sir, nów; and in this wórl  
There 's nó a périwig bétter cúrléd."

In jóy I júmped up ánd delight;  
But twó of thém with stróng arms tight  
Cáught me, and fórced me dówn agáin,  
And tóld me it was áll in váin,

I cóuld not, ánd I shóuld not, gó,  
To bé a láughing stóck and shów  
With thát black stúbble ón my chin:—  
"Submít with gráce, and lét 's begin."

They tóok a lárge white tábleclóth,  
And spréad it ón me; cóvering bóth  
Shóuldérs and bódý, légs and féet;  
Ánd its two córners dréw in néat,

Ánd with a mónstrous córking pin  
Fástened behind me; thén my chin,  
And bóth cheeks quíte up tó the eýes,  
Óne of them with a thick soap size

Láthered all óver, while her friénd,  
Cáatching me bý the nóse's énd,  
Héld my face stráight up tóward the light,  
And féll to scráping léft and ríght,  
And néver dréw breath till she 'd quíte  
Swépt away cléan, from chéeks and chin,  
Láther and bristles ánd some skín.

I knów not whéther 'twás the páin  
Of só much scráping, ór a gráin

Of sóap into my nóse that gót,  
Ór that the rázor wás too hót,  
Ór that it wás not hót enóugh,  
But néver yét mixed Lúndy snúff  
That só convúlsed the húman fráme:  
Súdden and vást the explósion cáme;  
“Schnee-ítz, schnee-ítz” three tímes I cried,  
“Schnee-ítz” three tímes the wálls replied.  
“What is ’t ’s done this?” I wóuld have sáid,  
But — “ítz — schnee-ítz-ítz” cáme instéad;  
“Schnee-ítz — a hándkerchief — schnee-ítz” —  
“A hándkerchief won’t stóp his fíts,”  
Óne of them sáid — “Schnee-ítz, schnee-ítz” —  
“Sisters, you ’re évery óne as crúel  
As Priessnitz’ sélf. Get him some grúel —  
You ’ve given him cóld; I ’ll nót sit bý  
And sée you chíll him tíll he díe —  
Warm whéy — warm téa — his óther stócking —  
How white his líps, and whát a shócking  
Bláck and blue círcle róund each eýe!  
Hat, cóat and múffler — cóme, Sir, trý,  
Óver this cháir leap, ónce — twice — thrice —  
Well dóne! his lífe ’s stíll ón the díce.  
Now róund the róom run — quícker — quícker —  
Óne of you bríng a dróp of líquor —  
Some cúraçóa, or chérý brándy,  
Or lávender dróps and sùgarcándy.  
He ’s grówing wárm — he ’s cóming tó —  
Únder the eýes he ’s fár less blúe;  
I thínk this tíme perháps he ’ll dó  
Withóut a Dóctor — Sir, no fréttíng;  
Néver was cúre yet without swéátíng.”  
“Má’am, I ’m *not* fréttíng; Í ’m half déad;  
I wish you ’d lét me gó to béd.”

“Nó, by no méans: sit bý the fire,  
 Drínk barley wáter, ánd perspire;  
 Recéive no visitors; réad the néws,  
 Or drówsy Wórdsworth — which you chóose —  
 Sléep, if you cán.” And with the wórd  
 She tóok the póker, thé fire stírréd,  
 Wheeled óver tó it the élbów cháir,  
 Bólstered me úp, and léft me thére.

“Care-éasing Wórdsworth, cóme,” I sáid,  
 “Hóver somníferous róund my héad;  
 Dim, dárkling, lánguid, listless, dúll,  
 Éssence of nóthing, fill me fúll  
 Óf thine own sélf.” Scarce hád I sáid,  
 Ánd the first Dúddon sónnet réad,  
 When niddy nóddy wént my héad,  
 And dówn my eýelids sánk like léad,  
 Ánd I fell into a sound sléep,  
 As déath itsélf profóund and déep,  
 Plácid and dréamless. Wén I wóke  
 ’Twas night; the clóck was ón the stróke  
 Of nine or tén; the hóuse being stíll  
 I dózed on óver Wórdsworth tíll  
 The fire wént óut, and Í grew chíll,  
 And wént to béd; but cóuld not sléep;  
 And só, my phántasý tó kéeep  
 Amúsed, and while áwáy the tíme,  
 I sét abóut to spín this rhýme.  
 And nów I ’ve spún tíll dáwning líght,  
 Ánd a nap ’s cóming — só, good níght.

LUETTICHAU-STRASSE, DRESDEN, Jan. 14. 1853.

## NOTHING AND HIS SON.

Nóthing, one mórning, éarly róse  
Óut of his béd, put ón his clóthes,  
Took hát and stick, and wálked out stráight,  
Sáying, he 'd nót be báck till láte.

Now whither thínk'st thou Nóthing 's góne?  
Guéss. "No, I cán't." To sée his són  
Sómething, who 's síck and líke to díe:  
Make háste, make háste; fly, Nóthing, flý.

Nóthing 's in tíme. Not yét quite déad,  
Sómething turned róund his héavy héad,  
Ánd, with half glázed and swímming eýe,  
Lóoked:— "Heartless síre that létt'st me díe!"

Nóthing unmóved sat; nó hand stirred;  
Hélped not his són with lóok or wórd;  
Like stóck or stóne sat, till he díed,  
And nót even thén shed téar, or síghed.

Some sáy he néver lóved his són,  
Some sáy the són was nót his ówn,  
And sáme decláre and vów 'tis trúe  
That Nóthing his own óffspring sléw,

A póisonous dóse gave him each dáy  
Slówly to éat his lífe awáy,  
Ánd, on the mórning Sómething díed,  
Was séen, when léaving the bedside,

The useless dóse awáy to thrów  
Ínto the fire. It máy be só,  
Ór it may nót, for áught I knów —  
Strange things have háppened lóng agó —

Bút, the son déad, and the day spént,  
Nóthing retúrned the wáy he wént,  
Ópened with láchkey the back gáte,  
And sát up in his stúdy láte;

Whén, growing tired, he wént to béd,  
And slépt sound till the mórning réd;  
Then róse, put ón his súrtdown wárm,  
And sauntered óut to view his fárm.

WAISENHAUS - STRASSE, DRESDEN, May 9. 1853.

#### INSCRIPTION ON THE GATE OF HELL.

Those énter hére by Gód's commánd  
Whom Gód made só they cóuld not stánd;  
For éver hére they lie in páin —  
God's will be dóne! amén, amén.

#### INSCRIPTION ON THE GATE OF HEAVEN.

Free éntrance thróugh this gáte for áll  
Whom Gód made só they cóuld not fáll;  
For éver hére in jóy they dwéll,  
And think upón dear friends in héll.

WAISENHAUS - STRASSE, DRESDEN, May 18. 1853.





TO SELINA.

As the róse among flówers,  
So art thóu among wómen;  
As the móon in the héavens,  
So art thóu among wómen.

As the diamond among péarls,  
So art thóu among wómen;  
As the víne among ólives,  
So art thóu among wómen.

As the píne in the fórest,  
So art thóu among wómen;  
As the White Móunt among Álps,  
So art thóu among wómen.

As Éden among gárdens,  
So art thóu among wómen;  
As Érin among íslands,  
So art thóu among wómen.

As thy vóice amid músic,  
So art thóu among wómen;  
As mý love to óthers' love,  
So art thóu among wómen.

TO MISS SHERIDAN,

ON HER HAVING MADE COFFEE FOR THE AUTHOR THE  
PRECEDING EVENING:

*composed the following Morning while breakfasting alone.*

Your cóffee it was very stróng, bright-eyéd Miss Sheridán,  
And like a subtile spirit through áll my veins it rán,  
Making me féel more like a gód than a mórtal mán,  
As I sát on the sofa beside you, bright-eyéd Miss Sheridán.

Your cóffee it was very swéet, silken-háired Miss Sheridán,  
Far swéeter than the famous hóney that once flówed in Canaán,  
Or the néctar quaffed of yóre in celéstial diván,  
And no wónder, for it was you máde it, silken-háired Miss Sheridán.

Your cóffee it was very hót, linnet-voiced Miss Sheridán,  
And wárméd the heart's cóckles of a chílly old mán,  
Sending him hóme to bed wármer than if he had hád a  
warming-pán,  
To thínk of nóthing but you all night, linnet-voiced Miss Sheridán.

Your cóffee was more frágrant, ruby-lipped Miss Sheridán.  
Than *Eáu de Millefleurs* or *Parfúm de Jasmin*,  
Or any pérfume ever thóught of since the wórlđ begán,  
Except the pérfume of your own sweet bréath, ruby-lipped  
Miss Sheridán.

The cóffee I have this mórning, lily-árméd Miss Sheridán,  
Is as-different from last night's as Drógheda from Japán,

Or the cóarsest sole-léather from the finest cordován,  
Just becáuse you are not here to máke it, lily-árméd Miss  
Sheridán.

My tóast is burnt to a cínder, rosy-fíngered Miss Sheridán,  
My bútter is only fít to be put into the frying-pán,  
And my mílk would water the gárdén, if it were póured through  
the watering-cán —  
Hów could it be ótherwise, when you are far awáy from me,  
rosy-fíngered Miss Sheridán?

Essy\* télls me it's a sunny mórning, kind-héarted Miss Sheridán,  
And wónders why I look as gráve as a Bráhmín or Musselmán,  
But she líttle dreams I am thínking of yóu and your coffe-eán —  
Oh! wén will you make cóffee for me agáin, kind-héarted Miss  
Sheridán?

FITZWILLIAM-SQUARE, DUBLIN, March 14. 1841.

## TO MISS SHERIDAN,

ON HER HAVING PRESENTED THE AUTHOR WITH A PIECE OF  
GRIDDLE-CAKE.

The cake you sént me was detéstable  
And pérfectly indigéstible;  
I never tasted ánything so abóminable;  
Its sméll was intólerable,  
And its very lóok was hórrible.  
It was as hárđ as a piece of mápłe,  
As tóugh as a ship's cáble,

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\* The author's maid, celebrated also in "Verses on a Griddle-Cake."

As bláck as a muff of sáble,  
As óld as the Tower of Bábel,  
And as úgly and sharp-córnered as the gáble  
Of Mr. Pénnefather's stáble.  
To swallow a second bit of it I wasn't áble;  
So I told Essy to táke it off the táble.  
I would rather have éaten a police-cónstable,  
Or a straw bónnet from Dúnstable,  
Or any óther combústible.  
You must have táken me for a cánnibal,  
Or sóme such ravenous ánimal,  
Or the fáther of young Hánnibal,  
To whom all filling stuff is pálatable,  
And who can digést a black bóttle or a rébel  
As easy as a bárn-door fowl a pébble.

Ever since I tásted your cake I have been miserable,  
With áppetite inconsiderable,  
Sick, giddy, and irritable,  
Shivering, quivering, and to stánd unable,  
Despónding, inconsólable,  
With héad-ache uncontróllable,  
And stómach-ache deplótable.  
My condition 's unendútable,  
My lífe 's uninsútable,  
And, what 's wórse, I 'm incútable,  
For the dóctor, who you know 's infállible,  
Says the cáse is most lámentable,  
And the sýmptoms so fórmidable  
That it 's mórally impóssible —  
Oh dear! oh déar! I wish I 'd máde my will;  
Oh, cruel, crúel fate, incóxorable!  
Why doesn't sómebody bring in a Bill  
To put a stóp to baking cákes upon a griddle?

But then to méet my death from such a belle,  
So gráceful and agréable —  
It 's utterly inconceivable,  
And the whole stóry, from beginning to end, néver-believe-a-belle.

FITZWILLIAM-SQUARE, DUBLIN, March 16. 1841.

THE DEVIL AND OWEN O'CONNELLY,  
OR  
THE NEW IRISH CHANCELLOR.

It was in an Irish chùrchyard where the bónes were lying báre,  
The Dévil walked out one mórning to take a móuthful of fresh áir,  
And as he was musing upon a héap of skulls, the thóught  
occurred to him súddenly,  
“It was sómewhere near this spót,” says he, “they buried the  
fámous Owen O'Cónnelly.”\*

Then taking up the skulls one by óne, and exámining them  
phrenológically,  
It was not lóng before the Dévil found óut the skull of fámous  
Owen O'Cónnelly;  
And having contéplated it some tíme with an air thóughtful  
and mélancholy,  
He pút it in his coat pócket, saying, “I 'll make a mán of you  
agáin, my fáithful Owen O'Cónnelly.”

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\* See Sir John Temple's History of the Irish Rebellion.

“Lord Maguire and some others of the nobility were appointed to head the attack upon Dublin. The plot however was betrayed the preceding day by his servant Owen O'Connelly.” — M'GEOGHEGAN'S *History of Ireland*.

So the Dévil took the skull hóme with him, and as it hádn't a  
morsel of háir,  
Clapped an old brown scráitch of his own on the tóp of it, to  
give it a janty áir;  
Then he stúck a face in frónt of it, broad, impudent, and léering,  
With a mouth as méaly and servile, as the brow was próud  
and dominéering.

Next he stúffed the skull inside with the bráins of a láwyer,  
And sèt it upon a pair of shóuldérs he had máde for a sáwyer;  
And having bálanced it belów with a túil that was long and fléxible,  
He turned the créature round thrée tímes, and vowed he lóoked  
quite respéctable;  
Then putting a pípe in his mouth, and gíving him a basin of  
sóap and holy wáter,  
He says, "Counséllor O'Connelly, go and blow búbbles for the  
péople to run áfter."

The Cóunséllor he blew the búbbles just ás the Devil órdered him,  
Black and white, green and yéllow, thick and thín, great and  
smáll, all sórts o' them.

The Dévil he stood bý, and christened every búbble befóre it  
left the básin,  
And the lárgeest green and yéllow one he called Cáholic  
Emancipátion.

"Cóunséllor," says the Dévil, "this green and yellow bubble  
pléases me to my héart's content;  
It 's júst the tool I 've been lóoking for, to pull down the  
Prótestant Estáblishment;  
And the léast I can give you fór it, is a perpetual séat in the  
Imperial Párliament."



His succéss and the Devil's práise made Cónsellar O'Connelly  
bólder,  
And he bléw a bubble úp like a ballóon, that startled évery behólder;  
The Devil, when he sáw it, gave a shóut that was heard as fár as hell,  
And sígning it with the sign of the cróss, he christened it  
THE REPÉAL.

Then clápping the Counsellor on the báck, he says:— "Mý  
apprentice cléver,  
You have ónly to keep this búbble up, and your fórtune 's  
made for éver;  
Under mý direction and máagement, it will yield you an  
income cléar,  
After dedúcting all expénces, of ten thóusand pounds a yéar."

"That 's just hálf my calculátion," says Counsellor O'Connelly,  
looking innocent;  
"If the Repéal 's worth one pénny, it 's worth dóuble that rént;  
But be it less or móre I am ready to séll you the whóle of it,  
Both the Rént and the Repéal, both the bódý and the sóul of it."

"That 's no móre than I expécted from the blóod of an O'Connelly,  
But you háven't named your price yet," says the Dévil, looking  
sólemnly.

"There 's the Irish cháncellorship," says the Cónsellar; "it 's  
in the Devil's gift —  
Here 's the Rént and the Repéal,—and you ówe your friend a líft."

"It 's a bárgain," says the Dévil, "and you wón't have long to wáit,  
For I was tálking with Old Hannibal yésterday, and he 's bút in  
a crazy státe.

He 's a dainty bit I have been nŭrsing ever since the dáy of  
Emmett's trial,  
And I have nó compunction in táking him now, after so lóng  
a self-denial."

"It 's a bárgain," says the Cóunsellor, with this clear méaning  
and intént,  
That the móment I 'm Lord Cháncellor, the Devil may táke  
Repeal and Rént."

Then the Dévil and the Councellor shook hands, and called each other, bróther,  
Each revólving in his own mind how he bést might cheat the óther;  
And then going báckwards, with great politeness, that néither might see the óther's tail,  
They séparated until the next dáy, crying "Hurrá for THE  
REPEÁL!"

FITZWILLIAM-SQUARE, DUBLIN.

THE POOR-LAW GUARDIAN'S SONG.

Says Póor-law Guárdian Róbbery  
To Póor-law Guárdian Chárity:—  
“What if yóu and Í should agrée  
To rób our néighbour Índustry,  
And dívide his íll-gotten próperty,  
Amóng our dear children thrée,  
Impróvidence, Slóth, and Béggary?”

Says Póor-law Guárdian Chárity  
To Póor-law Guárdian Róbbery:—  
“I líke your propósal mightily;

I always had an antipathy  
To that sturdy fellow Industry;  
He 's quite too independent for me;  
So robbed and plundered he shall be,  
And his goods divided among our children three,  
Imprudence, Sloth, and Beggary."

Says Poor-law Guardian Robbery  
To Poor-law Guardian Charity:—  
"I cannot express my joy to see  
How ready you are to combine with me  
Against our common enemy,  
That stickler for the rights of property,  
That foe to '*Général Community*', —  
Stubborn, uncompromising Industry.  
So robbed and plundered he shall be,  
And his goods divided among our children three,  
Imprudence, Sloth, and Beggary."

"We had better proceed cautiously,"  
Says Poor-law Guardian Charity,  
"For a powerful fellow is Industry,  
And his house he 'll defend manfully,  
With the help of his watch-dog Honesty;  
But robbed and plundered he must be,  
Or what will become of our children three,  
Imprudence, Sloth, and Beggary?"

"I 've a crow-bar," says Robbery;  
"Six hundred and eight and fifty  
Jobbing smiths forged it for me,  
And I call it my Legality;  
It will break in his door though strong it be,  
And knock out the brains of his dog Honesty."

“And when we are in,” says Charity,  
“We ’ll bind hand and foot Master Industry,  
With this rope of injustice and cruelty,  
Which Public Opinion has lent to me,  
And we ’ll seize upon all his property,  
And divide it among our dear children three,  
Imprudence, Sloth, and Beggary.”

Then away went the Guardians in company,  
And a pleasanter sight you could not see  
Than Robbery linked with Charity.  
And they took the crow-bar Legality,  
And the rope of injustice and cruelty,  
And broke open the door of Industry,  
And knocked out the brains of his dog Honesty,  
And bound himself like a thief for the gallows-tree,  
And blinded his eyes that he might not see,  
While they plundered his house of his property,  
To divide among their dear children three,  
Imprudence, Sloth, and Beggary.

FITZWILLIAM-SQUARE, DUBLIN, April 3. 1844.

SENT TO SELINA ON HER BIRTH-DAY, WITH  
A BASKET OF CHERRIES.

Cherries fresh, and cherries fair!  
Prettier cherries never were;  
Great grand-daughters, every one,  
Of that famous cherry-stone  
By Lucullus brought, you know,  
More than two thousand years ago,

Fróm its Míthridátic hóme  
Ín old Póntus, tó new Róme,  
And plánted ín his villa thére,  
And chérished, án exótic rare,  
Tíll it bóre its blúshing bérries,  
And Rómans éat dessérts of chérries.

Chérries frésh, and chérries fáir!  
Lóvelier chérries néver wére;  
Blóod-red ás pomegránate flówer,  
Or fúchsia péndent fróm the bówer  
Where Márs met Vénus át high nóon,  
And whíspered, Vúlcan wás a lóon.

Chérries frésh, and chérries fáir!  
Juícier chérries néver wére;  
Méltíng swéet as ápricót,  
Or citrón péar, or bérgamót,  
Or dówny péach, or néctarine,  
Ór green gáge, of frúits the quéen;  
Ór the ámber déw bees síp  
Fróm flówering líndens, wén they drip  
Frágrant shówers in hót Julý,  
Únder the fláring sóuthern ský,  
And évery flóweret is alive,  
Ánd the whole trée 's one búzzing híve.

Chérries frésh, and chérries fáir!  
Ríper chérries néver wére:  
Will ye óf my chérries sháre?  
Púlled this mórning wét with déw,  
With mine ówn hand púlled for yóu,  
Pácked with léaves ín báskét néat,  
And sént you fór your birth-day tréat.

Bírh-days mány máy you sée,  
As chérries ón my chérny trée,  
And évery bírh-day háppier bé;  
Me lóving móre, more lóved by mé;  
Úntouched still by blight or blást,  
Swéetening, rípening, tíll at lást,  
Drópping nóiseless fróm the trée,  
You 're gáthered tó etérnity.

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY, June 20. 1841.

#### WORDSWORTH'S HORSE.

Will Wórdsworth wás a stéady mán,  
That líved near Ámbleside,  
And múch he lónged to háve a hórse,  
Which hé might éasy ríde.

It chánced one dáy a hórse came bý,  
Of púre Arábian bréed,  
Génte though próud, and stróng of limb:  
It wás a gállant stéed!

Full mány a nóble ríder bóld  
This gállant stéed had bórne;  
And évery óne upón his brów  
The láurel wréath had wórñ.

Those nóble ríders déad and góne,  
And in the cóld earth láid,  
The gállant stéed by Wórdsworth's dóor  
Withóut an ówner stráyed.



No móre adó; the stéed is cáught;  
Upón him Wórdsworth géts;  
The génerous cóurser páws and réars,  
And 'gáinst the bridle fréts.

“He 's too high-méttled,” Wórdsworth sáys,  
“And shákes me in my séat;  
He múst be bálléd, and drénched, and bléd,  
And gét much léss to éat.”

So bálléd, and drénched, and bléd he wás,  
And pút on lówer díet;  
And Wórdsworth with delíght obsérved  
Him grów each dáy more quíet.

And fírst he tóok from hím his óats,  
And thén he tóok his háy;  
Untíl at lást he féed him ón  
A síngle stráw a dáy.

What háppened néxt to this poor stéed  
There 's nótt a chíld but knóws;  
Death clósed his éyes, as í my sóng,  
And énded áll his wóes.

And ón a stóne, near Rýdal Móunt,  
These wórd's are pláin to sée: —  
“Here líe the bónes of thát fáméd stéed,  
High-méttled Póesy.”

FITZWILLIAM-SQUARE, DUBLIN, April, 1840.

## WORDSWORTH AND THE PIG.

Wórdsworth walked ónce near Ámbleside.

Upón a súnmer's dáy,  
And, úpward gázing, strúck his lýre  
To this majéstic láy:—

“There 's póetry in évery thing,  
In smáll as wéll as big” —  
But júst as hé had gót so fár,  
He tród upón a pig.

“Hóorch!” quoth the pig, with súch a grúnt,  
As yóu might wéll excúse,  
If éver yóu had séen the náils  
Ín the great póet's shóes.

“Hóorch!” quoth the póet, “thére it is,  
As pláin as pláin can bé;  
Éven in this pig's grunt Í do héar  
The vóice of póetry.

“There 's póetry in évery thing,  
In smáll as wéll as big;  
In Góody Bláke and Hárri Gill,  
And in this grúnting pig.

“There 's póetry in évery thing  
We héar, or sée, or sméll;  
You háve it héré in ‘hóorch! hoorch! hóorch!’  
And thére in Péter Béli.

“For póetry ’s but náatural thóught  
In náatural sóunds expéssed,  
And thát which háth the léast of árt  
The trúest is and bést.

“Of póets, thérefore, wé ’re the first,  
Thou grúnting píg and Í;  
For whére ’s the póet thát with ús  
In ártlessnéss can vie?”

Eláte he sáid: then ónward pássed,  
And báde the píg adieú;  
And thén his lýre he strúck agáin,  
And sáng with rápture nów:—

“There ’s póetry in évery thíng,  
In smáll as wéll as bíg;  
In Góody Bláke and Hárrey Gíll,  
And in yon grúnting píg.”

FITZWILLIAM-SQUARE, DUBLIN, June 28. 1842.

ANSWER TO MRS. JANE HOPKINS'S INVITATION  
TO DRINK TEA WITH HER,

JULY 15, 1842.

The mínuté I gót  
Your bít of a nóte,  
Says Í to my wífe:—  
“My déarest lífe,  
Will ye or nó  
To áunt Jenny gó,  
To-mórrów níght,  
At hér invite,

To drink your téa  
In her cómpany?"  
Says my wife to mé:—  
"I cán't but agrée;  
For the óffer 's góod,  
And 'twóuld be rúde  
To sáy her né,  
So wé will gó;  
But whát will yóu  
With Kátharine\* dó?"  
"She 's nót forgót;  
See, hére 's the nóte;  
It 's Í and yóu,  
And Kátharine tóo;  
So sáy no móre,  
For át her dóor  
We 'll bé by éight,  
In spite of fáte;  
And yóu and shé  
Will drink your téa,  
And Mrs. Stanléy  
Will máke coffée  
For the dóctor and mé;  
And we 'll láugh and chát  
About this and thát,  
And háppy we 'll bé,  
As fórmerlý;  
And I 'll láy you a bét,  
That óf the whole sét,  
Aunt Jénny will bé  
The móst merrý,  
Though, betwéen you and mé,

---

\* The Author's only surviving child.

She 's fúrscore and thrée;  
And I héar people sáy,  
She 'll go ón the same wáy  
Till she 's fivescóre,  
Or máy-be móre,  
And évery dáy,  
Like wine or háy,  
With áge impróving,  
More lóved and lóving  
Will be grówing;  
So lét 's be góing,  
Gáy and héarty,  
Tó her pártý,  
To-mórrów night;  
And Í will wíte  
To sáy we 'll knóck  
At éight o'clóck."

FITZWILLIAM-SQUARE, DUBLIN.

## LINES

WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL UNDER A FLATTERING PORTRAIT OF  
A COUSIN OF THE AUTHOR.

Wónderful ártist! whát a chárming gráce  
Líves in these línes, and pláys o'er áll this fáce!  
These eýes how bríght! how rósy réd this chéek!  
And hów these líps, half párted, álmóst spéak!  
Hów this chin dímples! this gold-bráided háir  
How glóssy smóoth! how smáll and white this éar!  
Wónderful ártist! thát could éven to Éllen  
Gíve Vénus' féatures, ánd the áir of Hélen.

FITZWILLIAM-SQUARE, DUBLIN, 1844.

WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM OF A LADY,  
WHO HAD GIVEN THE AUTHOR, FOR SUBJECT, "A CAPTIVE'S LAMENT  
FOR THE LOSS OF HIS LIBERTY."

Dóist thou but móck me, wén thou bid'st me sing  
The cáptive's gúshing téars for liberty?  
Or dóst not knów thou hast bóund me with a cháin,  
From which I wóuld not, if I cóuld, be fréed?

VIRE, IN NORMANDY, Jan. 5. 1846.

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S ALBUM.

The scúlptor, ere he tákes  
The chíset in his hánd,  
Draws the ínking of his thóught  
On pásteboard or in sánd:  
So tó thine Album Í  
The sécret first impárt,  
Which my trúe love burns to write  
On the márble of thy héart.

VIRE, IN NORMANDY, March 5. 1846.



## THE STRANGER AND THE VAUX DE VIRE.

WRITTEN AT VIRE, IN NORMANDY, EARLY IN THE SPRING OF  
THE YEAR 1846.

### VAUX DE VIRE.

Stáy, stranger, stáy: why léav'st the Váux de Vire?  
'Tis the sweet spring-time, júst the ópening yéar;  
Have wé done áught to hárm thee ór displéase?  
Ór in France find'st thou lóvelier fields than thése?

### STRANGER.

Swéet is the spring amóng the Váux de Vire,  
And swéet the ópening óf the nów-born yéar;  
Nought have ye dóne to hárm me ór displéase,  
Nór in France séeK I lóvelier fields than thése.

### VAUX DE VIRE.

Then whý, O stránger, whý so sóon awáy,  
Ánd thy back túrned upón our cóming Máy?  
With sófter bréath each mórn the zéphyr blóws,  
With brighter tints each éven the súnset glóws.

### STRANGER.

A lánd there is beyónd your nóthern séa,  
More déar than éven the Váux de Vire to mé;  
A lánd of hÍll-and-dále slope, flówer, and trée,  
And rúddy súnset ánd bird-mélodý.

### VAUX DE VIRE.

Far óff *that* lánd, far óff beyónd the déep;  
Rócks rise betwéen, waves ról, and témpets swéep;  
*Óur* spring is nigh; thou sée'st the violet péeping;  
In yónder búsh 'tis Philomel that 's chéeping.

STRANGER.

In that far land, beyond that stormy sea,  
Are friends that love me. know me, think of me;  
Beneath its sod my babies twain are laid,  
And its long grass waves o'er my mother's head;

Waves o'er that mother's head who so oft blessed me,  
And to her beating bosom so oft pressed me;  
That noble mother to whose love I owe  
All that I am, or hope, or feel, or know;

That wont so oft, on such an eve, to lean  
Her arm on mine, and point to such a scene,  
To such a glowing heaven and setting sun;  
Then turn and see the night come slowly on;

And then the flush upon her furrowed cheek  
Would tell the thought she ventured not to speak,  
That *her* night, too, was coming, *her* day past,  
And from her loved ones she must part at last.

And she is parted; in that far land laid;  
And its long grass waves o'er my mother's head:  
Then fare ye well, sweet fields, I stay not here;  
Blessing and peace be with the Vaux de Vire;

Be with those orchard walks and coppiced brakes,  
Where hapless Bâsselin poured his untaught lays;  
Long shall your memory to my heart be dear;  
Blessing and peace be with the Vaux de Vire.

## THE TRAVELLER AND THE NORTH-WEST WIND.

WRITTEN AT VIRE, IN NORMANDY, MARCH, 1846.

TRAVELLER.

Now whére hast thou béeen, thou Nórth-west Wind,  
Now whére hast thou béeen, tell mé?

NORTH-WEST WIND.

I have béeen far awáy in the Írish lánd,  
And beyónd the Írish Séa.

TRAVELLER.

And whát hast thou séen in that fár Irish lánd,  
And whát hast thou séen, I práy?  
Hast thou séen a low hóuse near the édge of the ród,  
As by Dálkey thou tóok'st thy wáy?

NORTH-WEST WIND.

And is it a hóuse with its síde to the ród,  
And its fáce to a láwn so gréen?

TRAVELLER.

Ah! thát is the hóuse, my déar North-west Wind,  
My sister's hóuse thou hast séen.

NORTH-WEST WIND.

And hás it a wicket, that láwn so gréen,  
In the sháde of an óld sycamóre;  
And thrée steps úp to a grávelled cóurt  
In frónt of that lów cabin-dóor?

TRAVELLER.

Ah! thát is the wicket that éach Sunday éve  
So jóyfully ópened to mé,  
As Í and my lóved ones the lóved ones sóught,  
That dwélt by that sýcamore trée.

NORTH-WEST WIND.

And hás that low cábin a window that lóoks  
To the sóuth on a gárden fáir,  
Where the vérvain leans úp to the window-páne,  
And the églantine scénts the áir?

TRAVELLER.

Ah! thát is the window, where shé used to sit  
That will né'er in that window sit móre,  
Or ký up agáin for dear children or friend  
The léaf of that vérvain in stóre.

NORTH-WEST WIND.

But still in that window a lády there síts,  
And gáthers the vérvain leaf gréen —

TRAVELLER.

Ah! thát is her dáughter — come kíss me, dear Wind —  
Ah! thát is my síster thou 'st séen.

And did she look mérry? or díd she look sád?  
Or dídst thou her vóice chance to héar?

NORTH-WEST WIND.

Ah! sád was her lóok, and pláintive her vóice,  
And I thóught in her eýe stood a téar;

And thése were the wórds I héard her sing,  
As I droóped my wíng by the páne:—  
“How lóng and slów the móments gó!  
Shall I é'er see my bróther agáin?”

And fár withín accómpañied  
A piáno in sóftest stráin:—  
“How lóng and slów the móments gó!  
Shall I é'er see my bróther agáin?”

TRAVELLER.

Fly báck, fly báck, thou Nóth-west Wínd,  
Fly báck to that gárden agáin,  
And sóftly bréathe in the vérvain léaves,  
And whisper át that páne:—

“Anóther half-yéar, and hé will be hére,  
That bróther we lóve so wéll,  
I héar his fóot, and I knów his púll  
Upón the wicket béll.

“But wé 'll not wait hére anóther half-yéar,  
For the stórmy wínter's góne;  
And the wind that soft bréathes in the vérvain léaves,  
Will wáft us to Fránce anón.

“Then the tíme that hangs nów with níghtmare wéight  
On bróther and sísters párted,  
Will seem shórt as lark's sóng, or a Mídsommer Dréam  
Of Shákespeare the ángel-héarted.

“And whén the pléasant half-yéar is fléd,  
And the dáy's grow dárk agáin,  
We 'll retúrñ with hím to this lów-roofed hóuse,  
This wíndow ánd verváin;

“And róund the téa-table, róund the héarth,  
Bróther and sísters once móre  
Will gáther, and sít, and láugh, and chát,  
As on Sún-day éves of yóre;

“As óft on Súnday éve we gáthered,  
Sisters lóving, lóving bróther,  
Róund the téa-table, róund the héarth,  
Children of a living móther.

“That móther déad we ’ll lóve the móre,  
We ’ll lóve the móre each óther;  
And, ónce we have mét, ne’er párt agáin,  
Sisters lóving, lóving bróther.”

#### PARIS.

’Tis Páris! huge Páris! befóre me extéding,  
With her spíres, and her dómes, and her stréets never-énding;  
With her bóulevards, gárdens, and óbelisks táll,  
And the blúe summer ský looking dówn upon áll.

’Tis Páris! gay Páris! soft pálace of pléasure,  
Where to jóy there ’s no énd, to refinement no méasure;  
But café and théatre, sálon and báll,  
And the stárs’ midnight-wáitch looking dówn upon áll.

’Tis Páris! wise Páris! staid city of léarning,  
Of reúnion, and cércle, and sávant discerning,  
Of acádemy, cóllege, and ínstitute-háll,  
And Molière’s calm spírit looking dówn upon áll.

’Tis Páris! strong Páris! that róse in her míght,  
And crúshed with one héal-stamp earth’s kíngs’ dívine ríght,  
Awóke sleeping nátions with fréedom’s trump cáll,  
And shook Gód on his thróne, looking dówn upon áll.



'Tis Páris! mad Páris! red city of blóod,  
On whose stónes scarce dry yét her sons' stréaming life-flóod;  
Scarce sílent the túmbril's lourd róll, and the fáll  
Of the guillotine-áxe looking dówn upon áll.

'Tis Páris! throng Páris! warm bée-hive of life,  
Of bústle, and íntrigue, and pólitic strífe,  
Of démocrat émeute and Cárlist cabál,  
And sly Louís Philippe looking dówn upon áll.

'Tis Páris! bride Páris! arráyed in her bést;  
For the brídegroom is wáiting, and só is the féast:  
The féast, 'tis laíd óut in chill Père-la-Chaise háll,  
And the brídegroom 's grim Déath looking dówn upon áll.

'Tis Páris! huge Páris! befóre me exténding,  
With her spíres, and her dómes, and her stréets never-énding;  
With her bóulevards, gárdens, and óbelisks táll,  
And the blúe summer ský looking dówn upon áll.

PARIS, June 11. 1846.

## JOURNEY FROM TRENT, TO RIVA ON THE LAGO DI GARDA.

JUNE 7. 1847.

At fíve leave Trént,  
In cóach and páir,  
For Ríva bént,  
And cóoler áir,

My wífe and Í  
And dáughter táll,  
And Maéstro Mónti,  
Fóur in áll.

Good cómpany  
In sóoth are wé,  
And fór six hóurs  
May wéll agréé,

If quárrels cóme,  
As póets téach,  
From tóo free úse  
Of the párts of spéech;

For wé no wórd have  
Óf Itálian;  
No Énglish hé,  
Nor crámp Germánian;

And hás not éven  
The acquáintance máde,  
Of Má'mselle Frénch,  
That cómmon jáde,

That wálks at éase  
Wide Éurope's stréets,  
And láughs and cháts  
With áll she méets.

Pléasant the view is,  
Ás our cárriage  
Rolls smóothly dówn  
The Vále of Ádige:

Toward sóuthern sún  
And génial skies,  
Géntly slóped  
That válley lies.

From wintry blásts,  
North, éast, and wést,  
Álpine stéeps  
Defénd its bréast;

Ánd with a thóusand  
Íce-fed rills  
Wáter its fieldś,  
And túrn its mills;

And cóol the sultry  
Súmmer áir,  
And pláy sweet músic  
Tó the éar.

Hére the cliffs  
Are bléak and báre,  
With pine fórests  
Cóvered thére;

Ór with várious  
Cárpét spréad,  
Of férn and héath,  
The bláck-cock's béd.

Here mica schist,  
Red pórfhyrý,  
And gránite péaks,  
Inváde the ský.

There slúmbering márble  
Wáits the hánd  
That bids it into  
Lífe to stánd.

Lówer dówn  
The sándstone rók;  
Át our fét  
The bóulder blók.

Pléasant the view is,  
Ás our cárriage  
Rolls smóothly dówn  
The Vále of Ádige:

Tréllised vines  
Stretch fár and néar,  
Through fields of léntil,  
Máize, and bére;

Chésnut and wálnut  
Státely stánd,  
Flánking the ród  
On éither hánd;

And géntler willow  
Lénds its sháde,  
And dróops and árches  
Óverhéad;

And súnburnt péasants'  
Hánds rapácious  
Cúll the múblerry's  
Fóliage précious.

The sácks stand fúll,  
The cárts are lóaded,  
The táwny óxen  
Yóked and góaded;

The máster héars,  
    With éars of pléasure,  
The áxle gróan  
    Benéath the tréasure.

Let six weeks páss,  
    The wórk is dóne,  
The wórms are féd,  
    The cócoons spún,

The chrýsalis killed,  
    Its intricate clúe  
Unrávelled níce,  
    And spún anéw

Ínto a fírm,  
    Tenácious líne,  
Yéllow as góld,  
    As góssamer fine;

Párent óf  
    The bómbazíne,  
Rústling sársnet,  
    Sátin shéen;

Óf the sófa's  
    Gáy brocade,  
Óf the lútestring  
    Quilted béd;

Óf the flág  
    That flóats on hígh,  
Defíance tó  
    The énemý;

Óf the gárter,  
Óf the páll;  
Wónd'rous thréad  
That mák'st them áll!

Pléasant the víew is,  
Ás our cárriage  
Rolls smóothly dówn  
The Vále of Ádige:

Ón our ríght hand  
Thé broad ríver,  
Gráy and cléar,  
And spárkling éver;

Ín its stóny  
Chánnel dáshing,  
Ráving, fréttíng,  
Fóaming, spláshing.

Whát though stíll  
Its cóurse is fóward,  
Whát though stíll  
It rúshes ónward,

Dównward stíll  
Althóugh its mótion,  
Tóward the vást  
Absórbing ócean,

Sée, each wávelet  
Báckward cúrls;  
Sée, revérsed  
Each éddy swírls;



Sée, it cásts  
Its língering lóok  
Tóward the scénes  
It háth forsóok,

Tóward its nátive  
Órteler móuntain,  
Tóward its párent  
Glácier fóuntain.

Life's trávellér só  
Casts báck his view  
Ón the dear scénes  
His chíldhood knéw.

With fáce revérted,  
Só is bórne  
Dówn the rough róad  
Whence nó retúrn,

And plúnged at lást  
Intó the séa,  
By fínites cálléd  
Eternítý.

Pléasant the víew is,  
Ás our cárriage  
Rolls smóothly dówn  
The Vále of Ádige:

We thréad the góрге ‘  
Where Lägerthál  
In báttle sáw  
Sanséverin fáll;

Léave on the right  
Old Cástelbárcó,  
And héar thy tówer,  
Hóly San Márcó,

Chime níght's first wáitch  
In Róveréith,  
Ás we arrive,  
At hálf-past éight.

Áfter súpper,  
Frésh and mérry,  
Wést we túrn  
Toward Ádige férry;

And whére, 'twixt báńks  
Of flówery rúshes,  
Deep, silent, smóoth,  
The river gúshes,

Cárriage and áll  
Acróss we flóat  
In bróad, flat-bóttomed  
Lúgger-bóat.

Dárk though it bé,  
Small féar have wé,  
And Maéstro 's still  
Good cómpañý;

And, párt by sígns,  
And párt by lóoks,  
And párt by wórds  
Picked óut of bóoks,

Contrives to lét us  
    Únderstánd  
He guides us through  
    No únknown lánd;

Guides us through Móri's  
    Village rúde —  
'Twere picturésque  
    By dáy-light viewed —

Past Lóppio's láke,  
    With islands dótted;  
Past Lóppio's rócks,  
    With lichens spótted.

Whére our pássing  
    Lámp-light fálls  
On yónder gráy  
    Time-éaten wálls,

Áwful fróm  
    The rócky stéep  
Frowned, Nágo, ónce  
    Thy cástled kéep.

Our dównward cóurse  
    Is fáir and frée,  
From thóse drear héights  
    To Tórbolé,

Where, snúgly móored  
    In Mórpheus' árms,  
Lake Gárda's bóatmen  
    Dréam of stórms.

Húng on lines  
    Their nêts are drýing.  
Hígh on the stránd  
    Their bóats are lýing.

Cróss we thén  
    Hoarse Sárea's bridge,  
And túrn Mont Bríon's  
    Jútting ridge.

Where scántly máy  
    The stráit road swéep,  
'Twixt the deep láke  
    And móuntain stéep,

Óverhéad  
    Hangs dréarily  
The glimmering lámp  
    Of a Cálvary.

From widow's crúse  
    That lámp is féd,  
A widow's téars  
    On that sláb are réad:—

"Féllow-sínnér,  
    Bénd thy knée,  
Féllow-sínnér,  
    Práy with mé

"For hím that in  
    The témpést's shóck,  
Fóundering sánk  
    By yónder rók.

“Móther of Gód,  
The sáilor sáve,  
Ón Lake Gárda’s  
Dángerous wáve.”

Two shórt miles móre  
Run quíckly pást,  
And Ríva sáfe  
We réach at lást;

And júst as cócks  
And clócks tell óne,  
At Íl Giardíno\*  
Áre set dówn,

Where Maéstro Mónti  
Bíds good níght,  
And áll to béd  
In weáry plíght.

---

\* This picturesque and truly Italian hotel (called Il Giardíno, from its public garden opening on the lake) has been lately pulled down, to make room for the Austrian fortifications with which the hitherto secluded and peaceful valley of Riva has, alas! at last begun to bristle. — J. H. 1850.

## TRUTH.

WRITTEN IN FRAEULEIN CLARA ATTMAYER'S ALBUM, ON LEAVING  
SCHLOSS WEYERBURG.\*

Státelier than Weyérburg Schlóss, I wéen,  
Fáirer thán its bówers so gréen,  
Frésher thán the móuntain bréeze  
Whispering thróugh its wálnut trées,  
Cléarer thán the gúrgling rills  
Trickling fróm its snów-clad hílls,  
Swéeter thán the frágrance spréad  
Bý its gáy carnátion béd,  
Lóvelier thán the próspect wide  
Fróm its tówers on évery side,

---

\* Schloss Weyerburg is a castle situated on the first heights of the Alps, where they rise immediately over the city of Innsbruck, on the north. It formerly belonged to, and was occasionally the residence of, the Emperor Maximilian, and is now owned and inhabited by the family of Attmayer of Innsbruck. It was in the great hall of this castle the Emperor received in state the Venetian Ambassadors. From this hall, or, if you please, from its balcony, elevated from forty to fifty feet above the high and steep rock on which the castle stands, is a prospect not to be surpassed, perhaps, in the world. In the foreground and far below you, on the right, in the midst of parks, gardens, and green meadows, the white, open, and irregularly built city of Innsbruck, with its famous wooden bridge, and innumerable gilded spires and cupolas glittering in the sun; immediately in front, and at an equal depth below, the rushing and impetuous river, and the valley of the Inn; beyond, on the first



Nóbler thán its ámple háll,  
Strónger thán its mássive wáll,  
Déarer to Gód and ángels fár  
Thán its chápel, thán its práy'r,  
Ís the unvárnished wórd of trúth,  
Íssuing fróm the líps of yóuth,  
The guíleless líps of máiden fáir,  
Clára and Ánna Áttlmáyer:  
Wéll might ripe áge learn wísdóm thére.

June 11. 1849.

---

heights of the opposite or southern range of Alps, the royal castle of Schloss Ambras (larger and statelier than Weyerburg, and out of an upper window of which, Wallenstein, when a boy, fell, and escaped unhurt); farther beyond, and above, the lower plateau of the Alps, gently swelling, green, grassy, and studded with white cottages, chapels, hamlets, and clumps of trees; still higher, and retreating backward, the rocky sides of the Alps, here and there covered with pine forests; and high above all, the long line of their bleak and snow-clad pinnacles mingling with the clouds; on the left the broad and rapid river again, passing under a suspension-bridge, and, garnished with poplars, threading its way along the windings of the valley towards the far off Danube, and finally disappearing behind the market-town of Hall.

Allusion is made in the above lines, and particularly in the last of them, to a circumstance which occurred during the author's residence in this Castle, in the summer of 1849.

## WEYERBURG'S BOWERS SO GREEN.

WRITTEN IN FRAEULEIN ANNA ATTMAYER'S ALBUM, ON OCCASION OF  
LEAVING SCHLOSS WEYERBURG, NEAR INNSBRUCK, JUNE 11, 1849.

"Téll me, sweet Ánna, téll me, práy,  
How mány thóu hast séen,  
Rich, nóble, váliant, gráve, or gáy,  
'Mongst Weyérburg's bówers so gréen?"

"Rich, nóble, váliant, gráve, or gáy,  
As mány Í have séen,  
As áre the léaves upón the trées  
'Mongst Weyérburg's bówers so gréen."

"How mány háppy, téll me nów,  
Sweet Ánna, hást thou séen?"  
"Háppy! I néver sáw but twó  
'Mongst Weyérburg's bówers so gréen.

"A fáther ánd a dáughter hére  
From Íreland Í have séen;  
A párent kind, a dúteous child,  
'Mongst Weyérburg's bówers so gréen.

"They wére not rich, they wére not gréat,  
Far bétter théy, I wéen;  
Fónd of each óther, júst toward áll,  
'Mongst Weyérburg's bówers so gréen.

“Háppy they wére, if háppiness  
Éver on éarth has béen;  
A ténder sire, a lóving child,  
’Mongst Weyérburg’s bówers so gréen.

“I lóve to sit and think of thém,  
To bé where théy have béen;  
Ah! dó they éver think of mé,  
And Weyérburg’s bówers so gréen?”

TO FRAEULEIN LAURA WIDMANN,

ON OCCASION OF A SEARCH IN VAIN FOR HER PORTRAIT, LOST IN  
MY APARTMENT IN THE HOTEL AT INNSBRUCK.

I séarched my chámber róund and róund,  
The táble, sófa, cháirs, and gróund,  
But nówhere Láura’s pícture fóund;  
Till cásting, ór by fáte or chánce,  
Upón my inward sélf a glánce,  
I spied, in sécret nóok remóte —  
Say, Láura, wás it whát I sóught —  
An ángel’s pórtait without náme,  
Dráwn on my héart in strókes of fláme!

June 14. 1849.

## THE FROWN AND THE SMILE.

FOR SELINA'S ALBUM.

"Come, in my álbúm wíte a vérse,"  
Matilda sáid ónce tó a póet;  
"But mínd, no nónsense; fór I vów,  
To áll the wórld I 'll súrely shów it."

He tóok the pén, and trémbling wróte  
These véry wórds, or néarly:  
"Of áll the máids I knów on éarth  
There 's nóne I lóve so déarly —"

Matilda, frówning, stópped him shórt:—  
"My álbúm, yóu have spóiled it,  
I wóuld not fór my bést new gówn,  
Your pén had éver sóiled it."

"Spoiled whát? soiled whát?" the póet cried;  
"Pray, Mádam, lét me finish;  
The bútter 's hére, but nót the bréad —  
The éggs, but nót the spinach."

He tóok the pén agáin, and wróte,  
Fírmlý this tíme, and cléarly:  
"Of áll the máids I knów on éarth  
There 's nóne I lóve so déarly,

"That Í for hér one hóur wóuld lóse  
Of háppy báachelor life."  
Matilda smíled; and ére a mónth  
The póet cálléd Matilda wífe.

LEGHORN, November, 1849.

## TO MISS LOUISA GRACE,

WHEN THE AUTHOR WAS LEAVING PISTOJA, WHERE HE HAD BEEN  
PAYING HER A VISIT.

Cease, céase, ye téars, to blót the fárewell lines  
My héart at pártng tó Louísa sénd;   
Drý them, and with them póst to hér, ye síghs,  
Faíthfulest cóuriers bétwixt párted friends.

LEGHORN, November 16. 1849.

## TO THE SAME,

FROM VILLA STROZZI, ROME.

The téar-drops, fróm our éyelids stárting,  
So fást upón our páper féll,  
'Twas áll in váin we stróve, at pártng,  
To wíte our friend one kínd farewéll:

By tíme assúaged, our sórrow nów  
Assúmes a sóberer, sófter hùe,  
And síghs, not téars, decláre the páin  
With wích we bíd our friend adieú.

Adieú! be háppy! thínk sometímes  
Óf the two friends that lóved thee só;  
Óur hearts still fónldy túrn to thée,  
Thróugh the wíde wórld whereé'er we gó.

December 7. 1849.

# PART OF A LETTER FROM THE AUTHOR TO AN ANTIQUARIAN FRIEND IN IRELAND.

GIVING AN ACCOUNT OF THE TOMB OF ATISTIA, WIFE OF EURYSACES,  
RECENTLY DISCOVERED AT ROME, OUTSIDE THE PORTA MAGGIORE,  
ON THE ROAD TO NAPLES BY FROSINONE.\*

\* \* \* \* \*

Or máy be you 'd ráther I 'd téll you the stóry  
Of the báker's wife's tómb outside Pórta Maggiore,  
How for fóurteen long cénturies snúgly it láy  
Built úp in the wórks which Honórius one dáy  
So áwkwardly ráised at the Lábican gáte,  
And Pope Pius the Séventh demólised of láte,  
Bringing báck into dáylight the mónument quéér,  
By the fúnny old báker érected hére,  
To receíve the remáins of Atístia, his wífe,  
Befóre him depárted this tróublesome lífe:—  
“A véry good wífe was Atístia to mé,  
As áll will obsérve who this mónument sée,

---

\* There are two inscriptions belonging to this tomb. The words of the first are:—

FVIT ATISTIA VXOR MIHEI FEMINA OPITVMA VEIXIT QVOIVS CORPORIS  
RELIQVIAE QVOD SVPERANT SVNT IN HOC PANARO

This inscription has been removed, along with the full-length figures of the husband and wife, and affixed to an adjoining wall.

The words of the second inscription are:—

EST HOC MONIMENTVM MARCEI VERGILEI EVRYSACIS  
PISTORIS REDEMTORIS APPARIT

This has been left in situ, simply, as it would seem, because it could not be removed without pulling down the entire building.

All the subjects described in the text are actually to be seen on the frieze.



Which, in hónor of hér and my báking tráde,  
In the shápe of a báker's panárium I 've máde;  
And the móre to expréss my deep cónjugal gríef  
In the frónt I 've set úp the dear créature's relíef,  
With my ówn inconsólable sélf by her síde,  
In my bést toga dréssed, for rich bákers have príde;  
And abóve on the frieze the whole árt I 've dísláyed  
Of the Róman flour-mílling and báking tráde.  
The gráin you see fírst, then the míll, then the flóur;  
The knéading comes néxt, then the míxing the sóur;  
And thére, in the mídst of the bákehouse, commánding  
How the wórks shall be dóne, the chief óverseer 's stánding;  
And in frónt of the húge, gápíng móuth of the óven,  
The jóurneymen réady the nów batch to shóve ín,  
Arms náked, legs náked, long shóvels ín their hánds;  
And hígh on the cóunter the státera stánds;  
And cústomers ín at the shóp-door are dróppíng,  
And sóme ín to bágs the smáll loaves are póppíng,  
While óthers the lárge loaves are cúttíng and wéíghíng,  
And the clérk 's táking cóunt of the móney they 're páyíng:  
Your éar must be dúll not to héar what they 're sáyíng.  
And nów to the óther síde fóllo w the frieze,  
And you 'll sée a square bóx—more thís wáy, if you pléase—  
Thére ís, a square bóx, ráther lónger thán wíde,  
Píerced thróugh wíth round hóles the whole léngth of íts síde,  
*A jóur*, as the Fránk sáys, to lét the líght thróugh,  
For the óffsíte wóuld mách, wére ít pláced wíthín víew;  
The panárium thát ís, wére, accórdíng to rúle,  
Each frésh batch fróm the óven ís sét by to cóol;  
Thát véry panárium — I hópe I don't bóre ye —  
Thát supplíed the dísgín of the tómb hére befóre ye,  
Wére to cóol I 've láid bý sweet Atístia, my wífe,  
Frésh and crísp fróm thís hót, báking, óven of lífe;  
And wére, kíssíng crúst to crúst, ón the same shélf,

I 'll be láid with her, pléase Jove, some fine day mysélf.  
Eurýsaces, miller and báker, am Í,  
And, bý letters pátent, monópolý  
Enjóy of the milling and báking tráde;  
And óf this panárium what móre need be sáid?"

VILLA STROZZI, ROME, Dec. 13. 1849.

### TO MEMORY.

Wizard, begóne! and lét me néver  
Sée thy háted fáce agáin!  
Thou prómisedst a róund of pléasure,  
Ánd hast gíven me nóught but páin.

Cóuld thy cónjuring ród not cáll up  
The déar scenes óf depártd yéars,  
Bút it must sáme time fróm my póor heart  
Strike a flóod of scálding téars?

Cóuld thine enchánted gláss not shów me  
The rádiant fórms my bóyhood knéw,  
Bút it must thrúst their sépulchres,  
Át the same móment, ón my view?

Cóuld not thy mágie écho síng me  
Nótes from lips of lóve that féll,  
Bút it múst same instant bring me  
Their lóng and língering lást farewéll?

Júggling wízarð, hów I háte thee,  
With thy mágie ánd thy spélls,  
Bý black Mèlanchóly táught thee  
Ín her sílent, súnless célls!

Fóul enchánter, hénce! and drówn thee  
Ín the dépths of Léthe's wáve!  
Fáir is the wórlð God spréads aróund me,  
Thóu wóuldst máke it bút a gráve.

VILLA STROZZI, ROME, Jan. 13. 1850.

### L I N E S

SUGGESTED BY THE COMPLETE INTERRUPTION OF MY NEWLY MADE,  
BUT MUCH VALUED ACQUAINTANCE WITH THE REV. W. SRIENER,  
OF NEW YORK, BY HIS DEPARTURE FROM ROME FOR NAPLES,  
JANUARY 7. 1850.

Sée the fire, how fást it búrns!  
Ánd the stráam, how swift it rúns!  
Hów night áfter níght retúrns!  
Hów soon sèt our bríghtest sún's!

The róse that blóssomed yéster-mórn,  
Todáy upón the stém hangs dýing;  
The bréeze that fánned us yéster-éven,  
Tonight in óther lánds is síghing.

But fár more fléeting friendship's bréath,  
A bréeze from héaven that máy not lást;  
And éarlier withered friendship's flówer,  
And friendship's stráam runs swifter pást;

And quícker friendship's fláme expíres,  
And friendship's dáy's are sóoner spéd:  
We fáin wóuld stír the áncient fíres,  
And stír but áshes cóld and déad.

VILLA STROZZI, ROME, Jan. 7. 1850.

## THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

SONG WRITTEN ON SEEING FOR THE FIRST TIME, IN THE CAPITOLINE MUSEUM, IN ROME, THE STATUE OF THE WOUNDED AND DYING DACIAN SOLDIER, COMMONLY CALLED THE DYING GLADIATOR.

Ah! sweet is the death of the soldier brave,  
And his country with laurels shall plant his grave,  
Historians and poets his praises shall write,  
And fair maidens sing them, and grey-beards recite.

For his is no lingering hectic decay,  
By slow degrees gnawing his vitals away,  
His vigor consuming, and blanching his cheek,  
Tedious month after month, and long week after week.

With hand locked in his, by his bedside all night,  
No tender wife watches his life's waning light,  
Hoping, fearing, despairing, and weeping by turns,  
As brighter or dimmer the flick'ring flame burns.

But his country commands him: away to the wars!  
For valor there 's honor, there 's laurel for scars;  
His son hands him his sword; his wife buckles it on;  
One kiss, one embrace; the next moment he 's gone.

He 's gone, and has fallen: — abject minions, forbear;  
'Tis a soldier that yonder lies stretched on his bier;  
Keep your sighs, keep your tears, for the death-fearing slave;  
They shall not pollute the soldier's grave.

VILLA STROZZI, ROME, January, 1850.

## R O M E.

From Villa Strózzí, Róme,  
Tó my loved friends at hóme,  
This vigil óf St. Bláse,  
Whén the wild duck láys,  
Ánd the fáint primróse  
Únder the báre hedge blóws,  
Ánd the mezéreon blóom  
Spreads widest its perfúme,  
And mérry bólls are rúng,  
And Cándlemás is súng,  
And dáys begín to bríghen,  
And héarts begín to lighten;  
Fór the winter 's pást,  
Ánd Spring 's cóming fást.

Thóugh most trávellers só invént things,  
And wántonlý misréprésént things,  
Thát I have héard it sáid 'twere bétter  
A tráveller néver wróte a létter;  
Yet whát I sáw in Róme, believe me,  
I 'll téll ye trúe, and nót decéive ye;  
For, ás at times sweet flówers are fóund  
Grówing in únpropítious gróund,  
And ás some pickpockets, they sáy,  
Are mén of hónor in their wáy,  
And nów and thén clear right 's in cávillers,  
Why nót the trúth *sometimes* in trávellers?

Bút that I máy not béfoné swíne  
Cást my péarls, or póur my wíne,  
I fáin wóuld máke, with yóur permission,  
Ére I begín, this óne condítion:

That simply, without guile or art,  
Ye, too, perform your proper part,  
Fling far away all préconception  
Obstructive of plain truth's réception;  
And, like an uncorrupted child,  
Listening to preceptor mild,  
MEEKLY your dócile éar incline  
To the tale of Róme divine.

With invocátion to the Nine  
Shall I begin that tale divine,  
And humbly from Apóllo sue  
Fire for myself, to impart to you?  
Or shall I seek my inspirátion  
In the old glories of the nátion,  
The air I bréathe, the ground I tread,  
And the bright ský hangs ó'er my head?  
Or ráther turn my nóthward lóok  
Tóward the dear scénes my féet forsóok,  
But nó my héart, — oh! néver, néver,  
From that loved lánd my héart shall séver —  
Tóward the snug cóttage Glénagéary,  
And the warm héarth of bést-loved Máry,  
Toward óld Ballievey Hóuse and Mill,  
And the new fárm of Múttón Hill?  
Nów, indéed, my rhýmes run frée;  
Nów my thóughts are mélodý;  
Cóme, Inspirátion, cóme alóng;  
Bróther and sisters, héar my sóng.

Now, though a poet much my bétters,  
The véry Beau Nash of Belles Léttrés,  
Says, poets whó would mérit praise  
Must júp, slap dásh, *in médias rés*,



Yet Í 'm detérmined fór this ónce,  
Éven at the risk ye dúb me dúnce,  
On nó man's cóat-sleeve mý faith pinning,  
Tó begin with thé beginning;  
Ánd, procéeding thróugh the míddle,  
Nót till the énd hang úp my fiddle.

Só, as I lóve to dó things néatly,  
Ín due órder ánd discréeetly,  
And dóubt not thát, as Quákers sáy,  
Fáir and sóft goes fár in the dáy,  
Í 'll eschew the vúlgar tóne,  
Ánd adópt a stýle of my ówn;  
And, sínging in an únder-stráin,  
And chécking mý poétic véin,  
Prick on géntly ó'er the pláin,  
With my Pégasus tíght in réin,  
Spáring the nóble ánimál's bówels,  
Kéeping the pólish ón my rówels,  
And léaving tó some gréater máster  
Óf the mánege tó ride fáster.

#### CHAUNT FIRST.

The Shé-wolf, thén, I cháunt her first,  
That Rómulús and Rémus núrshed;  
You 'll sée her in the Cápítol stánding,  
Whén you 've móunted thé first lánding  
Óf the Háll Conservatóri,  
Ón whose site Rome's áncient glóry,\*  
Íf you cán put fáith in stóry,

\* See Servius on Virgil, En. VIII. verse 1.

Tó the bréeze the flág unfúrled,  
 That wáved abóve a cónquered wórl'd.  
 In brónze she stánds there, Róme's She-wólf;  
 Grim, bláck, and dísmal ás the gúlf  
 On which the sáilor's lóok is cást  
 When hópe to sáve his bárk is pást,  
 Ánd it 's pláin she 's fóundering fást,  
 Ánd he féels her séttlíng mótion  
 Ín the míddle óf the ócean,  
 Ón a stórmy níght in wínter,  
 Ánd, láying hól'd of spár or splínter,  
 Gázés appálled one móment róund.  
 Then cléars the táffrel wíth a bóund:  
 Not blácker lóoks the ráging déep  
 Ás he tákes his désperate léap,  
 Heaven's bléssíng ón his Lílla práying,  
 Thán that grím and gáunt Wólf báying.  
 Wíle, wíth gápíng móuths uptúrned,  
 Squát, besíde her thúnder-búrned  
 Ánd rént hínd-lég, sít ón bare bréech  
 The róyal cúbs; too shórt to réach,  
 By góod síx ínches át the léast,  
 The téats of thé íll-fávored béast,  
 Túrgíd to búrstíng wíth Róme's glóry,  
 Cónsuls, Popes, Césars, ánd my stóry.

## CHAUNT SECOND.

My sécond cháunt — stay, lét me sée —  
 My sécond cháunt — wát sháll it bé?  
 Ít shóuld have béen the Cúriátii,  
 Át déádly gríps wíth thé Horátii,  
 Hád ye not héárd the óther dáy

A thróistle sing that véry láy,\*  
In tónes of súch sweet mélodý,  
It wére impértinénce in mé,  
A mínstrel óf a róughér gráin,  
To trill one nóte of thé same stráin.

What thén shall bé my sécond cháunt?  
Whó can in Róme a súbject wánt?  
Where Brútus strúck, and César féll,  
And Cícero spóke so lóng and wéll,  
And Vírgil póured his tíde of sóng,  
And Hórace, pláysfullý alóng  
The Lésbian lýre his fingers flínging,  
Ánd his Róman Sápphies singing,  
Neglécted his own rúles of árt,  
And tóok the stráight way tó the héart;  
Whither bý some róund I 'll fóllow,  
Withóut the pássport óf Apóllo.  
Let thóse who will, stand bý the rúles  
Of crábbed másters ánd their schóols;  
I 'll léave them in the dústy pláins,  
And túrn my géntle pálfrey's réins  
Ínto some wínding páth that léads  
Úp the bróoks and cróss the méads;  
And thróugh Imágínation's déll,  
Midwáy 'twixt Réason's frígid cèll,  
And Pássion's éver-bóiling wéll,  
And róunding thé heart's cítadél,  
That still in frónt 's deféended wéll,  
Ín at the nárrow póstern-gáte,  
That ópen stánds earlý and láte,

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\* See Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome."

To lét the fóragérs go óut  
And ránsack áll the cóuntry ábout,  
Énter, únobsérved, unknowñ,  
As if I wére of the gárrisón,  
Secúre, once éntered thére, of living  
For éver jóyous, ánd joy-giving.

### CHAUNT THIRD.

What hinders thát I táke the wórd  
Fróm my sécond chaunt fór my third?  
'Whó can a súbject wánt in Róme?'  
The árchitéct's and scúltor's hóme;  
Where, póised in áir, thrice fífty métres  
Abóve the pávément, hángs St. Péter's  
Néver tó be équalled dóme,  
Éurope's wónder, pride of Róme;  
So gránd, so beautéful, so bright,  
So sólíd, yét so áiry light,  
You gáze and gáze, until your sight  
Áches with thé unmixed delight,  
And túrns to rést on méaner things,  
Ás a bird lights to rést its wíngs,  
Then sóars up tó its héaven agáin,  
And léaves belów this wórlđ of páin.

Whó can a súbject wánt in Róme?  
The páinter's fóstering, fóstered hóme;  
Where Gúido his Auróra dréw,  
Of súch ethérial, róseate húe,  
So sóft and swéet, so frésh and fáir,  
So frée from táint of éarth or cáre,  
You cáannot knów what ángels áre,  
Unléss you 've hád a sight of hér;

Unless you have beheld her run  
 Before the chariot of the Sun,  
 Scattering those dew-besprinkled flowers,  
 Followed by those dancing Hours;  
 Ah, happy Sun! ah, happy Hours!  
 How joyous I too, o'er those flowers,  
 Hand-in-hand with those gay Hours,  
 Would follow through heaven's campaign wide  
 The footsteps of that angel guide!

#### CHAUNT FOURTH.

Were it for my hundredth chaunt,  
 Could I in Rome a subject want?  
 Penetrate yon sanctuary;  
 Ask the marble groups that sigh  
 Over the relics of the just,  
 The warrior's bones, the statesman's dust;  
 What answer comes from that massy tomb,  
 Dimly seen in the chancel gloom?  
 "Here the tenth Léo waits the doom."  
 What says that grave where, his sons between,  
 England's third James has found a screen  
 Against the billows and a gale  
 All too strong for his vessel frail? —  
 But there in peace let the shipwrecked lie;  
 In silence pass that monument by;  
 "Last of the Stuarts" their elegy;  
 And come and see where Manutius sleeps,  
 And over Bembo Learning weeps,  
 And Frá Giovanni da Fiésolè  
 Lies wrapt in immortality,  
 And Rósa's ashes sanctify  
 Saint Máry's Dégli Ángeli.

Pilgrim of Sion, réverent tréad  
 Óver thy Tásso's láurelléd héad,  
 Where lówly in Onófrio's áisle  
 It résteth fróm its mórtal cóil.  
 Túrn, Nature's vótary, hither túrn;  
 Hást thou no wréath for Ráphael's úrn?  
 No téar for him that blighted died  
 In his súmmer's súnný pride,  
 Léaving on chúrch and pálace wáll,  
 Inscribed in létters mágicál:—  
 "Heaven júdged my páintings wére more fáir  
 Thán man's dázzed sight might béar,  
 And tóok me tó hersélf or ére  
 Compléte my séven-and-thirtieth yéar;  
 Práy that my sín may bé forgiven —  
 It wás not éarth I dréw, but héaven."

#### CHAUNT FIFTH.

A póet whó would láurels wéar  
 Must bite his náil, and twirl his háir  
 Betwéen his finger ánd his thúmb,  
 Cóaxing the right pat thóught to cóme;  
 And, wén it háth come, múst take cáre  
 It máke its éntree wíth the áir,  
 As fár from fórwárd ás from shý,  
 Of óne used tó good cómpany,  
 Who, thróugh the thickest óf the bévy  
 Át the dráwing-róom or lévee,  
 Mákes his wáy with an éasy gráce,  
 Then bóws politely, ánd takes his pláce.  
 "What 's áll this similé abóut?"  
 Ásks your púzzled áir of dóubt;  
 So wíth some móre let 's hélp it óut.



It 's nót enóugh a thóught be júst,  
Grand, beautíful; it álso múst,  
Befóre it cán be póetry,  
With its néighbour thóughts agrée,  
Like children óf one fámily,  
Like nótes of thé same mélody,  
Like féathers in the sáme bird's wing,  
Like diamonds sét in thé same ríng,  
Like flówers intó one nósegay tied,  
Ór embróidered side by side,  
Or cólors ón one cánvas spréad,  
Green, yéllow, órange, blúe, and réd,  
Blénding in óne harmónious whóle,  
Wárm from the épíc páinter's sóul,  
Some Íliad ór some Ódyssey  
Of Rúbens ór Da Fiésolé.

The náil is bit, the lóck is twirled  
Till scárce a háir is léft uncúrled;  
The nów thought 's cóme — Lord, bút it 's róugh!  
And yét at bóttom it 's good stúff;  
Óff with your cóat; set tó and scrúb;  
It brightens hére; anóther rúb;  
Brighter and brighter évery mínute;  
I knéw there wás good métal in it;  
There, sét it in the próper light;  
Í 'm in the wáy of lúck to-níght;  
Stay, isn't it tóo large fór the ríng?  
That cólor tóo 's not júst the thing;  
You dó not méan tó sét a béryl  
Betwéen an émeráld and a péarl?  
I ówn it 's á most chárming gém,  
Fít for a róyal diadém,  
But hére it 's whólly óut of pláce;

So láy it bý in the glass-cáse  
 With your ámethýsts apárt,  
 Till you 're sétting your córal héart;  
 For 'tis a sáying óf Vertúe  
 Whose sáyings you knów are álwáys trúe,\*  
 Rúby and émeráld with péarl,  
 Córal and ámethýst with béryl.

Now cán ye ásk the réason why  
 Í 've for some fúture cháunt set bý  
 The thóught that stóod prépared for this,  
 Or táke its ábsence hére amíss?

## ROME.

(CONTINUED.)

I love to rise betimes  
 To hear Rome's matin chimes,  
 And see the lusty sun  
 Begin his race to run,  
 These first bright days of March,  
 \* Lighting up tower and arch,  
 And pinnacle and dome,  
 Over the expanse of Rome;  
 From Porta Pópoló,  
 And Mónte Márió,  
 And Sánto Spiritó,  
 And frowning Ángeló,  
 And immense Váticán,  
 Along the sloping ván  
 Of high Janicúline,  
 On bý the Áventine,  
 And róyal Pálatine,  
 And Árch of Cónstantine,

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\* "Vertue was incommode, he loved truth." — WALPOLE.

And óld John Láterán,  
 And ólder Lábicán,  
 Quite róund to the Ésquiline,  
 And stéep Capitoline,  
 And diadem'd Quirinaál,  
 Ánd my own Viminál,  
 Whére, from high balcóny  
 O'erhánging dárk Negróni,\*  
 Séated in éasy cháir,  
 I enjóy the próspect járe,  
 And drink the bálmý áir,  
 And méditáte on chángé  
 As my wándering eýe doth ránge,  
 And from ruíned Látian Jóve,  
 Long Álba's hills abóve,  
 A tímíd glánce lets fáll  
 On St. Péter's cróss and báll;  
 Then túrn my cháir abóut,  
 And shút the próspect óut,  
 And rést my weáry sight,  
 And colléct my wits to wíte  
 The gréetings mý heart sènds  
 To my fár-off Írish friends.

### CHAUNT SIXTH.

"In hármless spórt and mérrimént  
 At léast this óne day sháll be spént,  
 To-night at twélve begins the Lént;  
 So túrn the pháëton óut, Giovánni,  
 And páck betwéen the séats so mány  
 Wide-mouthed bágs of súgar-plúms,  
 And cómfits big as mý two thúmb's,  
 Thát there may bé no róom for féet,  
 Unléss we pút them ón the séat.

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\* Villa Negroni, formerly Villa Massimi, is overlooked by the Casa or Palazzo of Villa Strozzi, from which it is separated only by the breadth of the road leading from Santa Maria Maggiore to the Baths of Diocletian.

Well dóne, Giovánni; óne, two, thrée,  
 Four, five, six bágs; there, don't you sée  
 Fór anóther bag thére 's room yét? —  
 Bléss me; hów these hórses frét!  
 Postilions, cán't you kéeep them stéady  
 Till the Sígnorína 's réady?  
 There 's Ángelá awáy two hóurs,  
 And nót come báck yet with the flówers;  
 Íf she was yóunger Í might sáy  
 We sháll not sée her agáin to-dáy;  
 Come, Kátharine, put ón your másk,  
 And gíve me míne; well! it 's a tásk  
 To gét so mány tráps togéther —  
 What thínk'st, Giovánni, óf the wéather?  
 I 'm sùre I 'm néither fóol nor sót,,  
 Yét the main thíngh I 'd nígh fórgót —  
 The móccolí, the móccolí;  
 The máches ánd the móccolí;  
 Less péniténtial fár to mé  
 Were bácon without bróccoli,  
 Than múmning without móccolí.  
 Thánk ye, Giovánni; láy them só;  
 And nów we 're réady áll to gó,  
 For yónder Í see Ángela cóming  
 With the nósegays fór our múmning:  
 Nósegays frésh! and nósegays fáir!  
 Préttier nósegays néver wére;  
 Why, Ángelá 's a créature rare.  
 Nów, postilions, áre ye réady?  
 Stáy one móment — stéady, stéady —  
 Críck-cráck, críck-cráck, and dówn the stréet;  
 Nóds and bécks to áll we méet —  
 But whát comes in yon cáraván?  
 Sáve us, Chríst! a whóle diván

Of ünbelieving Mámelúkes,  
 With their hórse-tails ánd chibóuks.  
 Cóme, let 's pélt the Móslem créw;  
 What bússiness hére has Túrks or Jéws?  
 Cómfits, cómfits, lárges or smáll;  
 Lét 's have át them, óne and áll;  
 Ha! há! take thát, my Lórd Vizíer —  
 "Kátharine — child — what dó you féar?"  
 "Papá, they 've hit me ón the éar:" —  
 "Don't mínd it, child, it 's áll in fún,  
 Fór the Cárnival 's júst begún,  
 Mérríest féast benéath the sún."  
 "Papá, they 're gétting úp behind:" —  
 "It 's áll in pláy, child, néver mínd."  
 "Papá, they 're móunting úp befóre:" —  
 "Kátharine, I vów you 're quíte a bóre."  
 "Papá, they 're clímbing thé coach-dóor:" —  
 "Dówn, sírs, dówn! why áll this róut?  
 Postílions, whát are yé abóut?"  
 "Your Hónor sées how wé are jámmed,  
 And hów from síde to síde is crámméd  
 The Córso, chókeful óf pedéstrians,  
 Cárs, and cóaches, ánd equéstrians."  
 "Why, Kátharine, we 're in a shówer  
 Of snów or dúst; no, bút of flóur:  
 Hough! hóugh! I 'm chóked; my eýes are blinded:" —  
 "Déar papá, sure yóu won't mínd it;  
 Fór the Cárnival 's júst begún,  
 Mérríest féast benéath the sún;  
 And thóugh you 've gót a miller's hát,  
 And mý crape 's pówdered, whát of thát?  
 'Tis bút the frólic óf the séason,  
 That móre of rhýme has thán of réason;

And Í for mý part wón't compláin,  
 Íf we gét home without ráin:" —  
 "Ráin, child! — ráin would quite destróy us;  
 Nóthing could hálf so múch annóy us;  
 For, nó to spéak of còlds or féver,  
 Óur best clóthes were spóiled for éver,  
 Since Giovánni, that cáreless féllow,  
 Hás not given us óne umbrélla,  
 Ánd the first drops óf a shówer  
 Would into páste turn áll this flóur.  
 Ráin, child! — ráin would quite destróy us,  
 Nóthing could hálf so múch annóy us —  
 Ha! whát was thát that fláshed so bríght?  
 Postílions, hólđ the hórses tíght;  
 Whý! it 's almóst as dárk as níght.  
 Was éver héard such a thúnder-crásh?  
 And thére 's anóther bríghter flásh,  
 And ón its héels a lóuder bráttle —  
 Hów the walls sháke, and windows ráttle —  
 And úp, and dówm, and éverywhére,  
 Ínto café and pórté-cochère,  
 Únder pórticos, ínto shóps,  
 Flýing fróm the big rain-dróps,  
 Rún the múmmers hélter-skélter,  
 Ánd in the véry chúrches shélter:  
 It 's néither háil, rain, fire, nor wínd,  
 But wínd, hail, ráin, and fire combined,  
 Áll fórms at ónce of wínter wéather,  
 Áll the foul élements lóosed togéther,  
 As íf on thís devóted tówn  
 The héavens themsélves were túmbling dówm;  
 Or Jóve and áll his héathen Góds  
 Hád regáined their óld abódes,



And ópened ón the arch-énemy  
Áll the bátteties óf the ský."

"Thóugh our clóthes are míddling wét,  
Déar papá, we 're nót drowned yét;  
I wónder yóu 'd so fúme and fréť.  
This pórticó 's a pléasant cóver,  
Ánd the shówer will sóon be óver;  
For yónder cómes the blúe agáin,  
Ánd less héavy fálls the ráin;" —

"Mighty pléasant, tó be sùre,  
And équal tó a wáter-cúre,  
Drípping wét from héad to tóe,  
Shívering, quívering, hére to gó  
Fór some twó good hóurs or só,  
Úp and dówn this pórticó,  
Sómetimes quick and sómetimes slów,  
Blówing ón our fínger-énds,  
Wáiting tíll the wéather ménds,  
Thínking ón the spórt we 've lóst,  
Móurning ó'er our fórtune cróssed,  
Cóunting úp the dámage dóne  
To hórses, líveries, pháëtón;  
Our sùgar-plúms to sýrup mélted  
Ére a dózen wéll were pélted;  
Our nósegays withered, tórñ, and bátteted,  
Clóthes, hands, fáces, áll bespátteted —  
Mighty pléasant, tó be sùre,  
And équal tó a wáter-cúre,  
For óne who stréngth has tó endúre,  
And dóes not díe at ónce outright  
Of sháme, vexátion, ór mere spíte."

“Cóme, papá, let ’s léave our cóver,  
Fór the stórm ’s entirely óver,  
Ánd the sunbeams bréaking óut —  
But whát makes áll the péople shóut?”

“Quick, child, quick, or we ’ll lóse the pláce  
We have táken fór the póny-ráce;  
Quick, child, quick, we múst run fást,  
Ór the pónies will be pást:  
Six préttý pónies áre to rún,  
Bláck, white, píebald, gréy, and dún,  
Bút it ’s the sórrel I ’ve bét upón;  
Last yéar it wás the sórrel that wón.  
Wéll run, Kátharine! — tó the spót  
Ín good tíme at lást we ’ve gót,  
Númer one húndred twénty-fóur,  
Two pláces, bálcóný first-flóor.”

“Your tickets, sir.” — “Our tickets? whát!  
By Jóve! the tickets I quite forgót  
Ín the pócket of mý wet cóat,  
And hóme they ’re góne in the pháëtón —  
Now, Kátharine, whát ’s tó be dóne?”  
“Come, lét ’s run dówn intó the stréet,  
And trý if wé can’t gét a séat  
Ón a plátform or in a shóp.”

“Yes — nó — stay, child — stop, Kátharine, stóp —  
I ’ve lóst my púrse, if it ’s nót forgót  
With the tickets in mý great cóat.  
Stólen it is, I ’m síre it ’s stólen,  
Fór my pócket thére ’s no hóle in.  
Thieves, sirs, thieves! I ’m róbbed, I ’m plúndered!  
Thieves, pickpóckets, bý the húndred!  
Bád as we áre with thieves at hóme  
We ’re twénty times worse hére in Róme;

For while at hómé there 's nót a mán  
But is as hónest ás he cán,  
In Róme there 's nót a mán but wóuld  
Rób you if he dúrst and cóuld,  
Or cút your thróat, no máttér which,  
And thrów your bódý in a díth."  
"Déar papá, don't bé so véxed:" —  
"Wéll, child, wéll, what wórse comes néxt?  
In this curs'd tówn anóther dáy  
I wóuldn't, if Í could gét awáy,  
No, nót for twénty Cárniváls, stáy.  
For thóugh the póet trúly síngs  
That pátiéce is the bést of thíngs —  
But stóp! what 's thát? — the pónies' féet  
Cláttering, báttéring dówn the stréet;  
The pónies' féet — the pónies' bélls —  
Hów the héavénly músic télls  
On évery fibre óf my héart;  
Óh, that we hád but séen them stárt!  
Then, thén, indéed, could nó one sáy  
Thát we hád misspént our dáy,  
Or láugh at ús when wé get hómé  
For míssing the fínest síght in Róme.  
Six lóvelier pónies néver rán  
Since the ráce of tíme begán:  
Six pónies óf one áge and stréngth,  
One héíght, one wéíght, one bréádt, one léngt,  
Long-máned, long-táiled, wide nóstríls fláring,  
Broad-hóofed, long-pástérned, éyes red gláring:  
One glóssy bláck, from Bárbary bróught;  
One péarly whíte, in Sícity cáught;  
A pieball fróm Majórca ísland;  
A stóut grey shélty fróm Scotch híghland;

A créamy Árab, néarer dún;  
 Ánd the bright sórrél I 've bét upón,  
 That cáme from Fránce twelve mónths agó  
 With thát great áss of an Óudinót.  
 But whát means áll this crówding, rúshing,  
 This jóstling, shóuldering, élbówing, crúshing?  
 Báck, Sir; stand báck; where áre you púshing?  
 Kátharine, hold fást; I 'm óff my féet,  
 To múmmy spuéezed, and chókéd with héat." —  
 "Papá, I héar the cánnon firing;  
 Papá, the sóldiers áre retíring" —  
 "'Hurráh! hurráh!' that wás a shóut:  
 'Hurráh! hurráh!' what wás it abóut?  
 'Hurráh! hurráh! the ráce is dóne.'  
 'Hurráh! hurráh! the bláck has wón.'  
 The bláck has wón! I 've lóst my móney;  
 Confúsiún táke thát sórrél póny,  
 And Fránce, and chánce, and Óudinót —  
 But dánh it, háng it, lét it gó;  
 It 's bút a húndred crówns to páy,  
 And háven't we hád a mérry dáy?  
 It 's bút a húndred scúdi dówn,  
 And thén good-býe to this cursed tówn:  
 A húndred scúdi! wéll, no mátter,  
 'Twon't máke me thínner, nórr much fáttér;  
 But mínd, unléss you 're bént to quárrel,  
 From hénceforth néver méntiún sórrél.  
 There, Kátharine, blów thát táper óut,  
 And light your ówn: what áre ye abóut?  
 Give mé the máches: why! they 're wét;  
 Run, búy a bóx; stop, dón't go yét;  
 The rógue thát óf my púrse beréft me  
 Not éven a hálf-baióccho léft me.

What 's to be done? we must get light;  
But how? 's another question quite.  
See where they 're laughing as they pass,  
And gibing at me: — 'What an ass!  
In Rome, upon Shrove-Tuesday night  
Masquerading without light!' —  
I won't, I can't endure it; no:  
I 'll get a light, or home I 'll go:  
For never was a truer saying  
Than, 'Play what you see others playing;  
And if you 'd well the world get through,  
Just do in Rome as others do;' —  
For Nicholas in Russia stand;  
In Germany for Fatherland;  
In Turkey be a Musselman;  
In France a staunch Republican;  
In England a dim Puseyite,  
Waiting for the perfect light,  
Sideways to the Pope inclining,  
On Saturdays with Wiseman dining;  
Or, better still, Free-trader be,  
And cry, 'Down with Monopoly,'  
Make her discharge her ill-got pelf,  
And cram it all into yourself;  
In Ireland be a beggarman,  
Or beggar-guardian; what you can,  
Except landlord or gentleman;  
And here in Rome, Shrove-Tuesday night,  
Robber or robbed, it 's equal quite,  
Provided only you 've a light —  
But stay; what 's this? where are we now?  
They 've put out every light, I vow —  
And not a gas-lamp! — Goths and Vandals! —  
And such a stench of snuffed-out candles!"

The cannon 's booming Shrove-tide's knell;  
Dear, mérry Carníval, farewéll. —  
And só we jóg home, wét and weáry,  
Tó our Strózzi Villa chéery,  
Thére to refrésh us fór the mórrów,  
Dáy of áshes, dáy of sórrów.  
Warm párlour; súpper; óff to béd:  
'Tis a strange róundabóut we tréad.

VILLA STROZZI, ROME, 1850.

#### AMONG THE DASHING WATERS RUDE.

Fróm the sea-béach at éven I viewed  
A rócky íslet, whére it stóod  
Amóng the dáshing wátters rúde.

For póet ór for páinter-wíght  
It wás in trúth a prétty síght,  
That íslet's bóld and rócky héíght,  
Whére in the évening light it stóod  
Amóng the dáshing wátters rúde.

No líving thing was séen or héard,  
Not éven a sáil on the séa appéared:  
The lóvelier in its sólitude  
That rócky íslet, whére it stóod  
Amóng the dáshing wátters rúde.

The wátters fóamed and the wátters fláshed,  
And hígher stíll and hígher láshed  
The stéep sídes óf that rócky ísle,



So cálm and úndistúrbed the while,  
Methóught, almóst, it séemed to smíle,  
And sáy, could ít be únderstóod:—  
“Dash ón, dash ón, ye wáters rúde.”

The bréeze blew frésher, ánd the tíde  
Gáined stíll upón thát íslet's síde;  
And, rólling ínwards fróm the déep,  
The billows, wíth a bróader swéep,  
And héavier stíll and héavier shóck,  
Búrst upón thát íslet rók.

My néver ídle phántasy  
Péopled thát sólitúde for mé:  
Yon íslet ís a cítadél,  
Bý its strong wáll deféended wéll  
Agáinst its fóes' beléaguering míght;  
Yon émerald billows gláncing bríght,  
In the évening súnbeams' méllow líght,  
Are wárríors ín green ármour díght;  
Sée how they tóss their crésts of whíte,  
Sée how they rúsh wíth swórd and shóut  
Ón to the rámpart ánd redóut.  
What thóugh, repélled fróm thé steep wáll,  
In dísórdér báck they fáll,  
Short páuse make théy, short bréathing-hált;  
Alréady théy renéw the assáult;  
They 'll díe, or wín thát cítadél,  
Thóugh its strong wáll bestéad ít wéll.  
Stíll frésher bléw the bréeze; the sún  
Behínd the dárkening séa went dówn,  
And, wrápt ín clóuds, the níght came ón;  
The lóng bent shívered ín the blást,  
The ráck acróss the ský sped fást;  
Each móment 's dárker thán the lást.

I turned me from that dreary shore,  
I turned me from those billows' roar  
And sought the shelter of my door,  
Curtains and shutters fastened tight  
Against the howling storm and night,  
And, drawing my tea-table towards the hearth,  
And mingling in the kitten's mirth,  
Forgot the rocky isle that stood  
Among the dashing waters rude.

That night, as I lay in my bed, the rain  
Battered against the window-pane;  
That night it blew a hurricane;  
I saw the arrowy lightning's flash,  
I heard the pealing thunder's crash,  
And thought of the rocky isle that stood  
Among the dashing waters rude.  
I fear, I fear for that citadel,  
Though its strong wall bestead it well.

Fled are the clouds, and storm, and night;  
The rocky isle basks in the light  
Of the morning sun so fresh and bright;  
Scarcely tipped the emerald waves with white;  
Eye hath not seen a fairer sight;  
My heart flows over with delight,  
And I love that rocky island more  
Than ever I loved an isle before.

Man, too, may a sunny morning see  
Rise on his night of adversity,  
And harmless burst life's billows rude  
Upon the rock of his fortitude.

VIA MAGGIO, FLORENCE, April 26. 1850.

## NIGHT'S CLOUDLESS HEAVEN.

FROM THE GERMAN OF B. CARNERI.

I gáze at night upón the clóudless héaven,  
I pénetráte its déep, ethéreal blúe,  
Where stárry hósts in rival spléndors glísten,  
Sýstems on sýstems crówd, and wórlds on wórlds:  
Then thínk withín mysélf:— I 'm bút a spéck,  
A scárcely sénsible póint on this great glóbe,  
Itsélf a scárcely sénsible póint, compáred  
Éven with the smállest óf those stárs that stúd,  
Éach with its séparate póint, th' expánsé of spáce;  
And yét I hólđ withín my swélling bósom  
The bóundless nótion óf Infinity,  
And cómpass with my vást, expánsive thóught  
The illimitáble únivérse itseľf:  
But Limitéd holds nóť Illimitáble;  
And Ínfinite is fór Eternity;  
Ínfinite, thérefore, ánd to live for éver,  
This spéck of thóught, this póint, this thínking Í.

AUGUSTUS ALLEE, DRESDEN, Dec. 21. 1850.

## WRITTEN AT DRESDEN

DURING THE FIRST FALL OF SNOW IN THE WINTER OF 1846-7.

Sée, in the fléecy múffle with which Náture  
Guárds her fair fáce agáinst the winter cólđ,  
An émbles, nóť unápt, of mórtal mán:  
Spótless and púre, as thése soft flákes, créated;  
Defiled and sóiled as sóon; as sóon dissólved,  
And ré-absórbéd into Eternity.

His lóok is sinister; I like him nótt;  
 Lówering and dárk his brów, his fórehead nárrow,  
 His héad betwéen the éars swells bróad and déep,  
 His squinting eýes do álmóost tóuch each óther.  
 'Twas bútt just nów I sáw him, with an áir  
 Of ill-dissémbled lévity and éase,  
 Dróp a dárk whísper ín his cómrade's éar,  
 Whó with a like mystérious whísper ánswered.  
 'Twas bútt just nów I sáw him ón his cháir  
 Wríggling and fídgetty, then rising súdden,  
 And súdden ágain séated, ánd round lóoking  
 As thóugh his cónscience tóld him sóme one márked him,  
 And díved íntó his púrpose: thén, ágain,  
 Stánding stock-still, withóut more sign of life  
 Than gláred in thát malignant férret eýe  
 Thát, píercing ánd pursúing áll things. ránged  
 Incéssant úp and dówn the gáy assémbly;  
 And thén, when cóme at lást he thóught the tíme  
 To dó the déadly, méditáted déed,  
 I sáw, dístínetly sáw, the rápid plúnge  
 Óf his right hánd íntó his léft breast-pócket,  
 In séarch of dírk or dágger thére conceáled,  
 Or múrderóus revólver; ánd my blóod  
 Ran cóld with hórror át the íntant flásh  
 And spárkle óf the —— díamond-stúdded snúff-box,  
 From whích, thrice géntly with forefínger tápped,  
 And délicátely ópened, fírst his fríend,  
 And thén hímsélf, took éach so vást a píinch,  
 So púngent, rích, and ódoríferous,  
 As míght have pút their nóses ín good húmor.

GLENAGEARY COTTAGE, DALKEY, Sept. 22. 1851.

## PROGRESS.

Yés; I 'll believe in prógress whén I sée you  
Báttering old jáils down, and not búilding nów;  
Whén I behóld you máke but á beginning  
To sléeep with ópen dóors and únbarred windows;  
Whén I obsérve a thínning, nótt an íncrease,  
Óf your policemen ánd constábulary,  
Your jústicés, and córoners, ánd detéctives,  
Your póor-law guárdians ánd commissioners;  
Grass grówing ín your láw courts, ánd fell spiders  
There láying snáres for flíes, not mén for mén;  
And stámped recéípts, recógnizánces, writs,  
A tále of thé old, Págan, íron tíme,  
Nótt of this cháritable, Chrístian présént.

I 'll thén believe in Prógress whén I héar  
That fáthers féel the blóod mount tó their chéeks,  
What tíme they crínge, and bów, and líek the shóes  
Éven of the vílest clérk in thé War-óffice,  
For léave to pút a móttley lívery súit  
Upón their sóns, and sénd them óut as hírelings,  
With gáy cockáde, and dángling swórd at síde,  
To kill and rób and éxtirpáte, wher'éer  
Kílling and róbbing ánd éxtirpating  
Ópens a wíder fíeld to Brítish cómmerce.

Aye; tálk to mé of Prógress whén you shów me  
Your cíty báncer, ór East Índia mérchant,  
Áfter his fórtý yéars of cóunting-hóuse,  
And lábor frúitless óf all élse but góld,  
His bágs chokefúl and búrsting with the wéight

Of bílls, and bónds, and mórtgagés, and scrip:  
Shów me, I sáy, your wéalthy Lóndon mérchant  
Contént with his full bágs, and nótt intént  
To crám with thé like stúff still óne bag móre;  
And cóme and téll me yé are máking prógress.

Lét me obsérve in á full ráilway cárriage  
Some hálf a dózen, ayé, some thrée, some twó,  
Some síngle sólitáry óne that dóes nótt,  
Éven in the máttér óf frónt séat or báck,  
Or púlling úp or létting dówn a wíndow,  
Exhíbit hís invéterate, ingrained,  
And wórse than Phárasáic, sélfishnéss;  
Ánd I 'll begín to thínk yé are máking prógress.

Here ám I réady tó belíeve in Prógress  
First tíme I héar your líttle gírls cry "Sháme!  
"A cóward's sháme!" upón the wrétch that húnts,  
With hórsé, and hóund, and críes of sávage jóy,  
For spórt, mere spórt, and nótt to appéase his húngr,  
The póor, weak, tímíd, quíveríng háre to déath;  
And twíce a cóward's ánd an ídler's sháme  
On' hím that skúlks, hóurs, dáy's, beside a bróok,  
Púttíng forth áll the tréachery and cúnníng  
That lúrk wíthín the dárk den óf man's bráín,  
To entráp the sílly tróutlíng, ánd ínfíx  
Déep in hís wríthíng gílls the slý, bárbéd hóok.

Thát yé are máking prógress Í 'll belíeve  
The first tíme Í percéíve your cónscléence twínge yé,  
For ánswéríng your quéstíoníng chíld wíth líes,  
Or chíll evásíon óf the lónged-for trúth;  
Denýíng hím the advántage óf thát knówledge  
Yé púrchased fór yóursélves wíth mány á héartache,

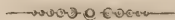


And mány an ágony and blóody swéat:  
And sénding him to sáil the wide, wide wórld,  
As hélpless, ígnorant, and únprotécted,  
On bóard no cómpass, nó pole-stár on hígh,  
As bý your párents yé were sént yóurséives,  
To swim, if quíck to léarn; to sínk, if nó.

First time I héar ye sáy that yóur devótíon  
Hás not a tíde more régular thán the séa,  
And séldom is exáctly át the fúll,  
Just ás the párish clóck strikes twelve on Súnday;  
And thát ye cóunt it ránk hypócrisy  
To gó to chúrch, and thére, with héart lukewárm  
Or cöld, and dámpe'd with wórldly cáres and búsiness,  
Knéel before Gód, and máke preténce of práyer,  
In órder thát your children, friends, and néighbour's,  
May háve the bénéfit óf your góod exámple:  
That móment I 'll believe ye are máking prógress.

Whén ye no lónger báckward stárt with hórror  
At síght of géntle Déath, and wríng your hánds,  
And wéep, and crý that yé will nó go wíth him,  
Though ónly hé can léad you tó your héaven:  
Then, thén indéed, I 'll sáy ye have máde some prógress.

GLENAGEARY COTTAGE, DALKEY, October 1. 1851.



# SIX PHOTOGRAPHS

OF

## THE HEROIC TIMES.

- I. The foundation of Carthage.
- II. The fall of Troy.
- III. Voyage in the Mediterranean.
- IV. Loves and cruel death of Dido,  
Queen of Carthage.
- V. Funeral games.
- VI. Tour in the Under-world.

Begun at 6 Fitzwilliam Square, East, Dublin, in the year 1841,  
and, after many attempts in various measures, and several  
times printing and reprinting different parts of the work.  
completed at Dresden, April 20. 1853.

## I.

I am the same that warbled once  
On oaten reed a slender song,  
Then took my way forth from the woods,  
And forced the neighbouring tillage fields  
To obey the farmer what though griping;  
A work that pleased the husbandman.

But now with trumpet-note I chant  
Mars' bristling arms and that great man  
Whom Fate, of old, brought refugeé  
From Trojan clime to Italy,  
And on Lavinium's sea-board landed.

✓ On land and sea sore tossed was he  
(Fell Juno's long-remembering ire,  
The might divine against him moving);  
Sorely with war, too, he was harassed,  
Whilst into Latium his Gods bringing,  
And founding there a capital city.  
From him derived our Latin race,  
The Alban sires and high Rome's towers.

Tell the cause, Muse; the provocation;  
For what offence against her Godhead  
The queen of heaven from toil to toil,  
From woe to woe so drove a man,  
Eminent for every tender virtue.  
Is't possible Gods can be so angry?

The mouths of the Týber  
And Ítaly fácing,  
Beyónd sea afár,  
Florished ónce on a time  
The áncient and pówerful  
City of Cárthage,  
A cólony Týrian,  
Bitterest, most práctised  
Of wár's bitter ádepts.

This dwélling, they sáy,  
More than ány on eárrh,  
Móre even than Sámos,  
Was Júnó's delight;  
Her cháriot was hére,  
And hére were her árms.  
This city alréady  
The Góddess désigned,  
And with fónð care was núrning  
To wield, might the Fátes  
But by sóme means allów it,  
The swáy of the wórld;

Fór she had héard  
There was nów beng réared,  
From Tróy's stock, a nátion  
Wide-rúling and mártial  
Which should sómetime o'erthrów  
Her citadels Týrian,  
And dévastate Libya;  
Ánd that the Párcae  
Were rólling things róund so.

Satúrnia, this féaring,  
And remémbering moreóver  
The invéterate wár  
That, of óld, she had wáged  
At Tróy, for dear Árgos —  
Nor hád she forgót yet  
The kéen stinging smárt  
Which occásioned those íres;  
In the dépths of her mínd stored  
Lies Páris' wrong júdgment,  
And slight of her béauty;  
From how ódious a first stock  
The ráce had descéended;  
What an insult to hér  
Kidnapped Gánymede's hónors.

With thése thoughts, too, fired,  
From Látium she képt far,  
And ó'er the whole máin tossed  
The rémnant the Dánaĩ  
And rúthless Achilles  
Had léft of the Trójans,  
And mány a séa round,



For mány a lóng year,  
Impélléd by the Fátes,  
They went wándering ón.  
Such a cóil was there fóundíng  
The nátió of Rómans.

Óf the Sicilian land  
Scárce had they lóst sight,  
And awáy to the high deep  
Were jóyfully sáiling,  
And with brázen bows dáshing  
The sált sea-fóam,  
When, withín her bréast núrshing  
The wóund everlásting,  
Thus tó herself Júnó: —

‘Am I to desíst, then, o’ercóme  
And too wéak from Itália to túrn back  
The kíng of the Teúcri?  
Forbíd by the Fátes, to be sùre!  
But wás the strength wánting to Pállas  
The fléet of the Árgives to búrn,  
And whélm the crews in the deep séa  
For the síngle offénding of Ájax,  
Oíleus’ mad són?  
Jove’s rápid devóuring flame dówn  
From the clóuds with her ówn hands she shót.  
And túrned up the séa with the winds,  
And scáttéréd their véssels abóut,  
And on Ájax, while óut of his móuth  
The fire that had shót him was blázing,  
With míght and main húrling a róck,  
With its shárp, craggy póint piercéd him thróugh:

But Í, both Jove's sister and wife  
Whom the Góds, as I walk, salute quéen,  
Must so mány years wáge war with óne single nátion.  
Will ány one hénceforth adóre Juno's gódhead,  
Or láy on her áltar the súppliant's gift?

Déep in her fláming breast  
Thése thoughts revólving,  
The Góddess arrives at  
The cóuntry of stórms,  
Eólia, land téeming  
With ráging south-wésters;  
Where king Éolus rules óver,  
And, with báriier and cháins  
In a vást cave restráins  
The stróng-struggling winds  
And témpests sonórous.

In his cástled seat high  
Sceptred Éolus síts,  
And sóftens their pássion,  
And témpers their íres,  
Else, be síre, they would béar,  
And awáy through the áir  
In swift flight sweep with them  
Lands, séas, and deep ský;  
But the Fáther omnípotent,  
This fearing, stówed them  
Awáy in dark cáverns,  
And on tóp of them pláced  
A máss of high móuntains,  
And gáve them a kíng  
By the térms of his cómpact

Bound to hólð the reins tighter  
 Or lóoser, as órdered:  
 Whom Júnó addréssed then  
 In thése suppliant wórds: —

‘O Éolus, fór unto thée  
 The Góds’ sire and kíng of mankind  
 Has given the wáves, to be sóothed  
 Or lífted up hígh with the wínd;  
 A péople with whóm I’m at wár  
 Acróss the sea Týrrhene is sáiling,  
 Into Ítaly cárrying Ílium  
 And Ílium’s cónquered Penátes.  
 With áll thy wínds át them, and scátter them wíde,  
 Or dówn in the séa’s abyss plúnge them,  
 And stréw the whole déep with their córpses;  
 To rewárd thy desérvings, I’ll give unto thée  
 Of twice seven lóvely nýmphs that are míne,  
 Déiopéia, the lóveliest,  
 To live with thee álways, thy wédded wífe,  
 And máke thee the síre of a béauteous óffspring.’

‘Be it thý task, O quéen, to detérmine thy wish’,  
 It was thús replied Éolus thén,  
 ‘To obéy thy behést shall be míne.  
 For this scéptred commánd, be it léss be it móre,  
 And the fávor of Jóve I’m indébtéd to thée;  
 Through thy gráce I recline at the féasts of the Góds,  
 Over stórmcloud and témpést through thý grace I réign.’

Having thús said, he púshed  
 With his lévelled spear’s póint  
 The móuntain’s side hólloiw,

And out through the vent,  
As it were in battálion,  
The winds rushed, and bléw  
With a whirl the lands thróugh;  
And dówn on the séa  
Dashed at ónce and togéther  
South-éast and Sirócco,  
And Áfrieus squállly,  
And túrned it all úp  
From its lówest bóttom,  
And rólled to the shóre the vast billows.  
What shóuting of mén then!  
What créaking of córdage!  
From the eýes of the Téuceri  
Sudden clóuds snatch awáy  
Both the ský and the dáy;  
Dark night on the déep broods,  
Loud thúnder the póles,  
Ether fást flashes líghtning,  
And évery thing 'róund  
Threatens déath instantáneous.  
Chill súdden unstrings  
Enéas's limbs;  
And, with hánds stretched toward héaven,  
Deep gróaning, he cries:—  
“Happy, thrice happy, théy  
Whose lót 'twas to die  
Troy's high walls befóre  
In the síght of their síres!  
Ah! whý could not Í  
By thý hand have fálled,  
O Tydides! most bráve  
Of the ráce of the Dánaï?

Ah! whý could not Í  
Have poured my life out  
On the Ílian plains,  
Where fell Héctor lies low  
By Eácides' spear,  
Low, mighty Sarpédon;  
And Símoïs' waters  
Away in such numbers  
Sweep helmets, and bucklers,  
And brave heroes' corpses?"

In the midst of his ráving,  
A whistling north-blast  
Strikes the sail right aback,  
And lifts the waves up to the stárs;  
The óars smash; the prów veers,  
And turns its side round  
To the stéep mountain pile  
Of the billow that down  
On the top of it 's béaring;  
On the crést of the wáve  
These hère hang suspended;  
The wide-gaping trough  
Shows those yónder the bóttom;  
The súrging tide, furious,  
Rolls with it the sánds.  
Sirócco three sail takes  
And whirls on the rócks  
The Itálians call "Áltars,"  
That, lúrking a-mídsea,  
Just ráise their huge húmmock  
To the lével of the wáter.  
Away from the déep

South-east drives other thrée  
To shallows and Sýrtes,  
A pity to sée!  
And ón the banks dáshe,  
And gírdles with dunes.  
Befóre his own eýes  
A huge séa tumbles dówn,  
And strikes on the póop  
The véssel that cárried  
The Lýcians and faithful Oróntes;  
Out próne on his héad  
The cáptain is tóssed,  
And the véssel itself,  
Thrice róund and round whirled  
By the rápid sea-éd dy, and swállowed.  
Here and thére in the swéll  
An odd swimmer is séen;  
Armour, plánks, Trojan tréasure,  
Float wide on the wáters.  
Of Ílioneus' stóut ship  
The stórm now is máster;  
And nów of the ships  
Of Achátes the bráve,  
Of Ábas, and gréat-aged Aléthes;  
Through timber-joint lóose,  
And wide-gaping séam,  
They let in every óne  
The wátery fée.

Meantíme perceives Néptune,  
With nó small emótion,  
The séas troubled róaring,  
The témpet let lóose,



And the still under-waters  
 Thrown up from the bottom;  
 And over the billow  
 His head serene raising,  
 And taking the high sea  
 In prospect all round,  
 Beholds o'er the whole deep  
 Enéas' fleet scattered,  
 And the Trójans o'erpowered  
 By the might of the waves,  
 And the down-rushing sky;  
 When, at once recognising  
 The guile of his sister,  
 The anger of Júnó,  
 He calls to him Éurus  
 And Zéphyrus straight,  
 And in these words addresses:—

“Cóunt ye so much on your clán's strength, ye winds,  
 That, unárméd with my sánction divíne,  
 Ye dare heaven and éarth so to turn topsy-túrvy,  
 And raise all this húbbub and póther?  
 I'll téach ye—

But these troubled wáves I must pácify first;  
 With fár other pénalty similar déed  
 Next tíme ye shall rue.

Awáy now, begóne; and thus sáy to your kíng:—  
 Not his lot, but míne, the domáin of the séa  
 And the térrible trídént;

Your wild rócky homes, Éurus, he hólds for his pórtion,  
 Théy are his pálace-hall; thére let him blúster,  
 And wén he has shút up the wínds in their príson,  
 Tyranníze as he líkes, autoerát paramóunt.”

He said; and the swóllen waves,  
More quick than he spóke, stilled,  
The gáthered clouds róuted,  
And bróught back the sún.  
At the sáme time Cymóthoë  
And Triton the véssels  
With might and main púshing,  
From the shárp rock heave óff;  
Himself lévers with trident,  
The vást Syrtes ópens,  
The séa surface témpers,  
And on light wheels glides óver  
The tóps of the wáves.  
And ás oftentimes,  
When the pópulace músters,  
A túmult arises,  
And the lów, vulgar mínd  
Is inflámed to a ráge;  
Brands and stónes they are flýing,  
Fury wéapons supplýing—  
Should they thén chance a mán  
Of tried weighty mérit  
And piety sée,  
They áll stand by silent,  
And with éars intent listen,  
While that mán with his wórd  
Rules their íres, soothes their bréasts.  
So subsided the whóle  
Crashing róar of the séa,  
As sóon as the síre,  
Looking óut o'er the wáters,  
Gave the lásh to his cóursers,  
And benéath the clear héaven

Flew carcéring alóng  
In his fáir-rolling cháriot so fréé.

For the néarest shore striving  
The wéary Enéadae  
Toward Libya's coast túrn;  
Deféended in frónt  
And made into a pórt  
By a shéltering islet,  
On whóse seaward side  
The bréaking waves rún up  
In mány a créek,  
Lies a cóve far retíred;  
On eách side vast rócks  
And a cliff to heaven tówing;  
Betwéen, in the glóom  
Of the dárk forest-láandscape  
That clóthes the steep bánts  
And hangs shímming óver,  
The cóve spreads its wátters  
In sáfety and sílence;  
In the ópposite blúff  
Hanging rócks overárch  
A cáve, with fresh wáter  
And náatural stone séats,  
The háunt of the nýmphs.

Hére, where no ánchor's  
Cróoked tooth fástens,  
Where nó hawser binds  
The wéary véssel,  
Enéas with séven ships  
Óút of his whóle fleet

Collected, puts in.  
The Trójáns, enamoured  
Of land, disembarking,  
Take possession with joy  
Of the wished-for strand,  
And on the shore stretch  
Their brine-famished limbs.

And first strikes Achates  
The spark from the flint,  
In foliage receives it,  
Spreads nutriment round it,  
And rapidly into flame  
Gets the dry kindling;  
Then, sick, sore, and sorry  
They put into order  
Their sea-damaged corn  
And implements Cereal,  
And prepare for the roasting,  
And crushing in querns,  
The grain they have saved.

In the meantime Enéas has climbed up the cliff,  
And over the wide sea all round cast his view,  
Any tempest-tossed Ántheus there to discern  
With his Phrygian birémes, or else Cápys,  
Or the arms of Caícus upon his high póops.

Not a ship is in sight; on the shore he sees straying  
Three stágs, and behind them the whole trooping herd  
Coming browsing along through the vállies:  
He stopped, and his bow and swift arrows  
From faithful Achates' hand snatching,

The leaders themselves with their high heads  
 And wide-branching horns first laid low;  
 Then the whole vulgar crew with his shafts  
 Through the leafy glades drove in disorder;  
 Nor ceased till his victory stretched  
 Seven carcasses huge on the sword,  
 For each ship a carcass.  
 Returned to the port then the prey  
 Amongst all his comrades he shares,  
 And distributing to them the wine  
 Which in well-plenished casks good Acestes  
 Had on board their ships put, when the hero  
 Bade farewell on the shores of Trinacia,  
 Their sad breasts with these words he soothes: —

‘O ye, not for the first time now  
 Companions of my woes,  
 Ye, who have worse than this endured,  
 This too the God will end.

Close up even to the dining reefs  
 Of rabid Scylla ye have sailed,  
 Even of the Cyclops’ rocks  
 Tells your remembrance.

Call back your courage,  
 Your sad fears dismiss;  
 Perhaps even these woes too  
 Ye may with satisfaction  
 Some future time remember.

Through all these chances various,  
 These many critical conjunctures

We ténd toward Látium ón.  
Where tó our view the Fátes  
Hold óut a quiet hóme.  
And where to rise again  
Troy's émpire is permitted.  
Endúre, and fór good times  
Kéep yourselves in resérve.'

In súch terms he spóke,  
And with feigned look of hópe  
His sóre trouble híding,  
Pressed déep in his héart down  
His sórrow and cáre.  
The repást to get réady  
His cómrades set tó then;  
From the gáme strip the skín,  
And láy the flesh báre;  
Then into junks cút it,  
And spít it still quívering;  
While sóme in brass cáuldrons,  
Dispósed on the shóre,  
Heat wáter for wáshing.  
Alóng the grass strétched then  
Their stréngth they recrúit  
With a héarty regále  
On the vénison rich,  
And wéll-seasoned wine.

Then, as sóon as the góod cheer  
Their húngr had sáted,  
And the bóard was remóved,  
On their míssing friends túrns  
Their lóng sad discóurse;



And sometimes the hópe is  
 They 're living and wéll,  
 And sometimes the féar is  
 They 've súffered the wórst,  
 And cánnót the cáll hear  
 That bíds them retúrn.

And kéenest of áll is the grief  
 Of kindly Enéas himsélf,  
 As inly he móurns the misfórtune  
 Of gállant Oróntes and Lýcus,  
 And the déstiny cruel of Gýas,  
 Cloánthus and Ámycus bráve.

And nów 'twas all óver, when Júpiter, lóoking  
 From éther's top dówn on lands lýing belów him,  
 And cóasts, and wide péoples, and shíp-traversed séas —  
 As thús upon héaven's highest tóp he was stánding,  
 With his eýes on the Líbyan realms stéadfastly fixed,  
 And cáres such as thése in his bréast was revólving,  
 Behold Vénus with sómewhat of sádness accósts him,  
 And her bright eyes suffúsed with téars: —

'O thóu, that with etérnal swáy  
 Rúlest th' affáirs of Góds and mén,  
 And wíeldst the thúnder's térrors,  
 So gríevously agáinst thee hów  
 Could mý Enéas, cóuld Troys sóns have sinned,  
 That áfter áll the déaths they 've súffered  
 The whòle wide wórl'd agáinst them stíll  
 On Ítalý's accóunt is clósed?  
 'Twás thy sure prómise thát in lápse of yéars  
 The blóod of Teúcer shóuld revive in thém,

And from them come the Romans, come those chiefs  
That should rule paramount o'er land and sea;  
What change of sentiment is this? O sire!  
For the sad ruin and downfall of Tróy  
I found my consolation in thy promise,  
And the one fate repaid me for the other;  
But now the same ill-fortune follows still  
Men who so long by fortune have been harassed.  
What end, great king, appointest of our toils?  
Escaped out of the midst of the Achivi  
Antenor could his Teucrian colony  
And city of Patávium found  
Far up th' Illyrian gulf explored in safety,  
Beyond the utmost realms of the Liburni,  
Beyond where through Timávus' fountains nine  
The sea outbursting makes the mountain rumble,  
And with a roaring deluge whelms the fields;  
The arms of Tróy withal he there hung up,  
The name of Tróy gave to the state, and there  
Repóses now in settled peace and quiet;  
But we, thine offspring, unto whom thou grantest  
Heaven's royal palaces, are victimised  
To gratify an individual's ire;  
Have lost, O horrible! have lost our ships,  
And from Itália's coasts are wide dissévered.  
Is this the guerdon thou award'st the duteous?  
Is 't thus to throne and sceptre thou restor'st us?"

The sower of Góds and mén, with that aspect  
Which stills the storms and smóoths the ruffled skies,  
Touched with his lips his daughter's lips and smiled: —  
"Spáre thy fear, Cýtheréa," then he said;  
"Thy Trójan fates stand steadfast;

Lavinium's promised towers thou shalt behold,  
 And to the stars of heaven shalt bear aloft  
 Magnánimous Enéas;  
 Nor knows my sentiment change.  
 But since this anxious care so gnaws thee  
 The secrets of the future I'll declare,  
 And, further on, the fates unroll before thee.

"In Italy a great war he shall wage,  
 Crush tribes ferocious, found a capital city,  
 And teach his people civilization's arts,  
 Till the Rutulians, for three winters' space,  
 Have called him conqueror, and the third summer  
 Beheld him reigning paramount o'er Látium.  
 But he that Ílus was while Ílium stood,  
 The boy Ascánius, now Íulus surnamed,  
 Thirty great years through all their rolling months  
 Shall with his reign complete, and from Lavinium  
 To Lóna Alba, made a fortress strong,  
 Transfer the governmental residence.  
 The dynasty Hectórean here shall rule  
 Three hundred years, until queen-priestess Ília,  
 Pregnant by Márs, shall bring twain burthen forth.  
 Then wolf-nursed Rómulus, delighted wearing  
 His tawny wolfskin, shall receive the nation,  
 Found the strong-fortified Mavórtian city,  
 And from his own name call the people Rómans.  
 To them I set no bounds of time or space,  
 Boundless the sway I have bestowed on them;  
 Even she, harsh Júnó's self, that with her fears  
 Now in a ferment keeps earth, sea and sky,  
 Shall better counsel take, and with me cherish  
 The tógaed Rómans, masters of the world.

Súch my decree, and só to mé seems fit.  
 Elápsing *lústra* sháll bring ón a tíme  
 Whén upon Phthia and renówned Mycénae  
 Assáracus' hóuse sháll fix the victor's cháin,  
 And rúle liege lórd of súbugated Árgos.  
 Of Tróy's fair stóck sháll César thén be bórñ;  
 Whose émpire, ócean, whose high fáme, the stárs  
 Alóne sháll límit; César, Július cálléd  
 From thine Iúlus, his great áncesor.  
 Him too, with óriéntal spóils all láden,  
 To héaven secúre at lást thou shált recéive,  
 And héar his náme with vóws and práyers invóked.  
 The sóur-crabbed gènerátions of the wórld  
 Sháll thén grow méllow, and lay wárs aside;  
 Véstá and hóary Faith sháll législáte,  
 Ánd the twin bróthers Rémus and Quirinus.  
 Fást sháll be clósed those gátes of iron díre.  
 Those stróng-clamped *Bélli Pórtæ*; and within,  
 Unpítýing Fúry, with his hánds behind him  
 Pinioned with a húndred knóts of bráss,  
 On ínstruments of hávoc sháll sit, prisoner,  
 Róaring with hórrid blóody-slávering móuth."

He sáys: and, lést in ignoránce óf the Fátes  
 Dido might from her bóunds warn óff the Téuceri,  
 Sénds from on hígh the són of Máia dówn,  
 To ópen to them hóspitáblý wíde  
 The lánds and cástled fórtress of new Cárthage.  
 Hé, through the gréat air óaring, wings his flíght  
 Toward Líbya's cónfines, and, there quick alíghted,  
 Procéeds forthwith to éxecute his bídding.  
 The Póeni at the Gód's will lay aside  
 All bitterness of héart, all hóstile féeling;

Espécially the Quéen accépts a spirit  
Of géntleness and góodwill tóward the Teúeri.

But, áll night thróugh, afféctionáte Enéas,  
Much póndering, resólvés to íssue fórth  
At bóon light's dáwn, and the new pláce explóre;  
What cóasts be thése to which the wind has blówn him,  
And, for he sées untílléd the chámplain líe,  
Whó be the ténants, whéther mán or béast;  
And to his cómrades with repórt return.  
Withín a wóoded bíght he hídes his fléet  
Únder a stéep rock's óverhánging brów,  
Where trées of thickest shúddering shádwes róund  
On áll sídes clóse it ín: then ín his hánd  
Grásping two jávelíns with broad bládes of íron,  
Walks fórth, attended ónly by Achátes.

To him full ín his páth his móther  
Amidst the wóod présents hersélf,  
In fáce and dréss a Spártan máid,  
And as Spártan máid accóutred,  
Or líke Harpálycé of Thráce  
Whom pánting stéeds pursúe in váin,  
And whóse swift flight outstrips swift Hébrus;  
Fór from her shóuldérs she had húng  
The húntréss' úsual hándy bów,  
And fréely her long trésses gíven  
Tó the bréezes to díshével;  
Nákéd her knée, and ín a knót  
Her gárment's fúllness at the bréast,  
Tíed, and confíned from flówing:—

“What, hó! young mén”; she prior thús;  
 “Sáy, have ye chanced a síster mine,  
 With spótted lýnx-hide girt and quíver,  
 Thís way tó have séen a-stráying,  
 Ór with whoop-whóop-hallóo the cháce  
 Óf the wild fóaming bóar pursúing.”

So Vénus; and thus ánswered Vénus’ són:—  
 “No síster thine have Í or héard or séen,  
 O, hów shall Í salúte thee, máid? for nót  
 Mórtal those féatures, nór of éarth that vóice;  
 O Góddess cértain: árt Apóllo’s síster?  
 Ór of the nýmphs’ blood? ón us lóok propítious,  
 Ánd our toils líghten, whósoé’er thou árt;  
 And ’néath what ský we ’re tóssed abóut at lást,  
 In whát world-district, téach us: óf the pláce  
 And péople álike ignoránt we wánder,  
 Hither by winds compélléd and vásty wáves.  
 Mány the víctim whích, in thánks to thee,  
 By óur right hánd shall fáll befóre thine áltar.”

“Of súch high hónor”, Vénus thén,  
 “I déem me áll unwórthy.  
 ‘Tis the Týrian máidens’ úse  
 To béar the quíver ánd to láce  
 The midleg high with púrple búskin.  
 Hére thou behóldst the Púnic réalms,  
 A city of Agénor’s sóns,  
 A Týrian cóloný amidst  
 Líbya’s indómitáble tribes;  
 Dído the rúler, fróm her bróther  
 And Týrus cíty híther fléd.  
 ’Twere lóng through áll its róundabóuts



The stóry of her wróngs to fóllow:  
The príncipal points alóne I'll tóuch.

“A spóuse was hérs, by náme Sicháeus,  
Ríchest of Phóenícia's lándlords,  
And déarly díd the póor soul lóve him;  
To whóm her síre had gíven her spótless,  
Ánd in á first wédlock jóined.  
Bút Tyre's áutocrát, Pygmálion,  
Wórst of bád men, wás her bróther;  
Ánd, in the phrénsy of a feúd  
That róse betwéen him ánd Sicháeus,  
Th' unnátural bróther, blínd with góld-lust,  
Ánd of his sister's lóves regárdless,  
Came stéalthily upón, and sléw  
Th' unwáry húsband at the áltar;  
And lóng time thé deed híding, mócked  
With mány a wícked glózing líe  
And éempty hópe the lóving bríde's heartsíckness.  
Bút in a dréam the véry ímage  
Óf the unbúried húsband cómes,  
And, vísage wóndrous pále uplífting,  
Báres the gored bréast, and áll revéals;  
Her kí's dark críme, the crúel áltars;  
Then spéedily to flée advíses,  
And léave behind her fátherlánd;  
And, fúrtherance of her wáy, dísclóses  
An áncient hóard, híd in the éarth,  
A wéíght unknowón of góld and sílver.  
In déep emótion Dído flíght  
And pártners of her flíght prepáres;  
Who bítterly the týrant háte,  
Or shárpely féar, togéther méet,

Ships at hand séize, and lóad with góld;  
 Gripping Pygmálion's stréngth and súbstance  
 Awáy beyónd the déep are bórne;  
 A wóman héads the énterprise.  
 Yónder arrived, where nów the hùge  
 Strong-búlwarked tówers and citadel  
 Óf new Cárthage thóu see'st rising,  
 They buý — and from the circumstance  
 Cáll the place Býrsa — ás much lánd  
 Ás with a búll's hide théy may cómpass —  
 But yé, who áre ye áfter áll?  
 Hither from whénce come, whither bóund?"

With vóice drawn fróm his bósom's dépths,  
 He ánsvers her inquiry sighing: —  
 "O Góddess, hádst thou listening léisure,  
 And wére I from the first begining  
 The ánnals of our tóils to tráce,  
 The dáy wóuld clóse befóre my stóry,  
 And Vésper shút Olýmpus úp.  
 From áncient Tróy, if ón thine éars  
 Troy's náme perháps hath éver sóunded,  
 Through mány a fár sea vóyaging,  
 A témpest's chánce hath hére at lást  
 Upón the cóast of Libya thrówn us.  
 My náme 's Enéas, éther high  
 Fámous for déeds of chárity;  
 Acróss the séa I cárry with me,  
 Sáved from the fóe-midst, mý Penátes,  
 In séarch of fátherlánd Itália,  
 Ánd my kin sprúng from Jóve suprême.  
 Pursúing pré-appóinted fátes,  
 My Góddess-móther the way shówing,

With twice ten véssels Í embarked  
 Upón the Phrygian séa-plain;  
 Shattered by Eúrus and the wáves,  
 Scarce séven are nów surviving;  
 From Eúrope and from Ásia driven,  
 Mysélf unknowán and néedy hère  
 The Líbyan wástes am róaming."

Vénus, no fúrther pláint permissão,  
 Thús interrupts him midst his grief: —  
 "Not wholly únacceptable  
 Tó the celéstial pówers, I wéen,  
 Bréath'st thou the vítal air,  
 O thóu, whoe'er thou árt, that hère  
 Drawest nigh the Týrian city;  
 Ónly procéd, and hóld thee ón  
 Hénce to the précincts of the Quéén.  
 Fór, if the árt of áugury  
 Not vainly my fond párents táught me,  
 Í am the hérauld of the néws  
 Thát thy véssels with their créws  
 Bý the véering róund north-éaster  
 Háve been brought báck, and lódded in sáfety.  
 Yon tróop of twice six swáns behóld  
 Which but just nów the bird of Jóve,  
 From tráct ethéreal swóoping dówn,  
 Thróugh the ópen ský was driving;  
 How jóyous théy, in lóng arráy  
 Nów on the gróund alighting,  
 And nów upón the wing agáin,  
 Alréady séeming to look dówn  
 With scórn upón their pláce of réfuge:  
 Júst as those swáns on whirring wings

Áfter their sáfe retúrñ are spórtíng,  
And whéel their círcles róund the ský,  
And síng their sóng of júbilée,  
Thy shíps and créws are sáfe ín pórt,  
Or énter ín full sáíl the róad.  
Ónly procéed and lét thy stéps  
Fóllow the guídance of the páth."

She sáid: and as she túrned awáy,  
Her néck shone rósy bríght,  
Fróm her long háir and crówn of her héad  
Bréathed a dívíné ambrósíal ódour,  
Dówn to her fóot-sole flówed her róbe,  
Ánd her gait tóld the Góddess.

He récognised, and with these wórds  
His móther, as she fléd, pursúed: —  
"Ah crúel thóu too! whý thy són  
Móck'st thou so óft with shápes illúsvé?  
Why nót to jóín ríght hánds permítted,  
And cónverse hóld ín terms unféigned?"  
With súch wórds of repróach he túrns  
His fóotsteps tóward the cíty.

But Vénus róund them, as they gó,  
Thróws a thíck fénce of múrky áir,  
Ánd ín an ámple clóudy clóak  
The Góddess wráps them úp;  
That nó one sée or tóuch them máy,  
Or wórk them stóp or wórk them stáy,  
Or whý they cóme ínqúíre;  
Awáy for Páphus thén she sóars,  
Ánd the séats revísíts jóýful,

Whére of fresh wréaths  
 Her témples bréathes,  
 Ánd her húndred áltars glów  
 With fránkincénse Sabáean.

Meanwhíle, where the páth points the wáy,  
 They have hástily bóuned them alóng,  
 And alréady the gréat hill are clímbing,  
 That, óver the city immédiatey rising,  
 Looks dówn on the cítadel's ópposite tówers.  
 Enéas with wónder the vást fabric víéws  
 Which ónce was no móre than an Áfrican kráal,  
 With wónder the gátes víeús, and lóud noisy stréets;  
 The Týrians, they úrge their work árdently ón;  
 The wálls some are réaring, or rólling up stónes,  
 And búilding the cástle; selécting sítes sóme,  
 Or with a plough-fúrrow the whóle round enclósing.  
 They are búsy with láwgíving tóo, and eléct  
 The sácured sénate and mágistrátes;  
 Here sóme díg the hárbour, while óthers thére  
 The théatre's déep foundátions are láying,  
 And the húge columns quárry that shall the stáge  
 So lóftily órnamént hereáfter.

Só, through the flówery chámplain wide,  
 Toíl busy bees benéath young súnmer's sún,  
 The nátion's fúll grown prógeny brínging óut;  
 Or pácking in the célls, untíl they búlge,  
 The hóney's líquid ánd nectáreous swéets;  
 Or líghtening the arrívers of their lóads;  
 Or márshalling battálions, ánd awáy  
 Dríving the lázy dróne-crew from the stálls;

Wárm glows the wórk, and frágrant smélls of thýme  
The sávory hóney.

“Háppy, whose tówers alréady rise!”

Enéas sáys, the city súmmits  
Éýeing with úpward glánce;  
Thén, in his clóudy mántle wrápped,  
Énters, and mixes with the crówd,  
Wóndrous to téll! unséen of ány.

Amídst the city stóod a gróve  
Of móst delightful sháde;  
Where érst the wind- and- wáve-tossed Póeni  
The méttled cóurser's héad exhúmed,  
Tóken, by róyal Júnó gíven,  
That thére, a wéalthy wárior nátion,  
Áges on áges théy should flórish.

To Júnó hére Sidónian Dído  
A témples fábric vást was búilding;  
Rich in thank-ófferings was the fáne,  
Ánd in the Góddess' grácious présence;  
On brónze steps róse its frónt of brónze,  
With brónze doors ón their hínges gráting;  
Its brónze roof ón bronze píllars résted.

In this grove first présents itself  
A néw and féar-assuáging síght;  
Here first Enéas dáres to chérish  
A hópe of sáfety, and to trúst  
That áll perháps is nó yet lóst.



For whilst, in the huge fane, awaiting the queen,  
 He surveys every object around,  
 And with wonder reflects on the city's good fortune,  
 With wonder observes the harmonious result  
 Of the various artificers' skill,  
 And ponders the toil of the work;  
 He beholds there in series the Ílian battles,  
 And the wars by fame published now through the whole world;  
 The Atridae and Priam he there beholds,  
 And Achilles, the fell foe of both.

He stood still; and with tears said: "What place now, Achates,  
 What region on earth is not full of our toils?  
 See Priam: desert even here hath its guerdon,  
 Even here human misery touches the heart.  
 Fear not: for believe me this fame here  
 Will bring us some safety."

So saying, he fed his mind on the void picture,  
 Much groaning, and floods of tears wetting his face;  
 For he saw, in the war around Pergamus waging,  
 How here fled the Græïi, and Tróy's youth pressed on;  
 Whilst, by crested Achilles pursued in his car,  
 There the Phrygians were fleeing;

Nor far off, through his fast flowing tears recognises,  
 With their snow-white tent-sheets, the pavilions of Rhesus;  
 Which Tydides all bloody, and reeking with carnage,  
 In the first faithless sleep has surprised and laid waste,  
 And away toward his camp turns the fiery coursers,  
 Before they have tasted the fodder of Tróy,  
 Or drunk of the Xánthus.

And yónder see Tróilus; unfórtunate yóuth,  
 Who would cope, though no mách, with Achilles!  
 His árms they are lóst, and awáy he has fléd,  
 And his hórses they drág him alóng,  
 To the émpty car clínging, and hóliding the réins;  
 Nape and shóuldérs and lóng hair are swéeping the gróund,  
 And the póint of his spéar, traile'd behind, marks the dúst.

All súpliant, sád, with dishévell'd háir,  
 And smítting their bréasts with their pálm's,  
 To the témp'le of únjust Pállas meanwhile  
 The Ílian mátrons are wénding,  
 And the *Péplum* bear with them alóng:  
 But the Góddess awáy from them túrns, and her eýes  
 Keeps stéadfastly fixed on the gróund.

Round Ílium's wálls had Achilles  
 In fúry dragg'd Héctor thrice,  
 And for góld was now sélling the córpse.  
 Sore indéed was his gróan from the dépth of his bréast,  
 When the cháriot he sáw, and the spóils,  
 And the bódý itsélf of his friend,  
 And Priam forth-strétching his hélpless hánds.

With the chiefs of the Achívi in mélee  
 Himsélf too he récognised thére,  
 And bláck Memnon's árms, and the ránc's Eóan;  
 And Pénthesiléa leads fúriously ón  
 Her Ámazon bánds crescent-shiélded;  
 With a bélt of gold búckled benéath her bare páp,  
 She ráges and búrns midst the thóusands,  
 A wárrior máiden with mén coping féarless.

Whilst Dárdan Enéas these wónders is víewing,  
 And fixed in one gáze stands astónished,  
 With large éscort of yóuths to the témples the Quéen comes,  
 Most beáutiful Dído.

On Cýnthus' heights só, or the báńks of Eurótas,  
 Diána comes dńcing, with quíver on shóulder,  
 And áll overtópping her góddess tráin  
 Of a thóusand encíreling Óreads,  
 Whilst silent joy thrills Latóna's breást.

Such was Dído, and só through the mídst of the thróng  
 She bóre herself jóyous and státefully alóng,  
 And pressed ón with the wórks of her fúture kíngdom.

In frónt of the dóors of the Góddess' cell thén,  
 High ráised on a thróne, she tákes her séat  
 Undernéath the váulted dóme of the témples,  
 And fénced round with guárds, issues édicts and láws,  
 Into équal pórtions the wórks dívides,  
 Or by lóttory assigns to éach his pórtion.  
 When, áll on a súdden, Enéas sées,  
 Accompanied bý a great cóncourse, appróaching,  
 Ántheus, Sergéstus, and bráve Cloáanthus,  
 And thóse other Teúeri, whom óver the séa-plain  
 The bláck whirling témpest had scáattered abóut,  
 And quíte carried óff to óther shóres.

With gládness, and féar, and astónishment útter  
 Hímself and Achátes are bóth struck alike,  
 And, though éagerly búrning to clásp their friends' ríght hands,  
 Dare not vénture, in ígnorance hów stands the cáse;  
 They díssímulate thérefore, and wrápt in their clóud,  
 Reconnóitre what fórtune their friends has befállen,  
 On what shóres left their shíps, and why they come thíther;

For out of each ship representatives thére  
To the témples were hieing with loud cries for gráce.

So, when they have entered, and léave  
To spéak in the présence is gránted,  
With wórds, such as thése, from his cálm breast  
Ílioneus mighty begins: —

“O Quéen, on whom Jové has conférred  
The privilége to fóund a new cité,  
And with láw's curb restrain haughty tribes,  
Wé wretched Trójans, o'er ál seas  
Blown about by the winds, beg and pray thee,  
Save our ships from the thréatened flames' horrors,  
Spare a péople well móralled and hónest,  
And into our cáse look more clóselý.  
We cóme not with hávoc and sláughter  
To dévastate Líbya's hómesteads,  
Or dówn to the shóre drive a bóoty;  
To mén, like us cónquered, belóns not  
That violent high-daring spírit.

“There's an áncient land, wárlike and fértile,  
Hespéria the Gráii cáll it,  
Which ónce the Oenótriï tilled,  
Whose succéssors, fame sáys, name it nów  
From the náme of a chieftain, Itália.

“Thithér our cóurse was, when, rising  
With súdden surge, stórmy Orion  
With his bóisterous sóuth-westers whólly  
Dispérsed us, and cást us awáy  
On blind shóals and impássable rócks,

With the briny surf óver us bréaking:  
To these cóasts of yours wé few have flóated.

“But what ráce of men this? or what cóuntry  
So bárbarous a úsage permíts?  
They méet us with wár, and forbid us  
On the édge of the lánd to set fóot.  
If mén ye contémptuous spúrn,  
And mán’s retribútion, remémber  
At léast that the Góds keep accóunt  
Of what ’s ríghteously dóne, and what wróng.  
Enéas our Kíng was, than whóm  
None was éver in mártial deeds gréater,  
More corréct in his cónduct toward óthers,  
Or in life’s tender chárities richer:  
If, not yét to the crúel shades súnk down,  
That mán the ethéreal air bréathes,  
And the Fátés still présérve him alive,  
Fear nót thou shalt éver repént thee  
Of géttíng the fórehand of him  
In cóurtesy’s óffices kínd.  
In Sícily, tóo, we ’ve a city  
And fríends who know hów to wield árms,  
And of Trójan stock cómes famed Acéstes.

“Permit us our séa-shattered véssels  
On drý land to dráw up, some tímbers  
To fit in the wóods, peel some óars;  
That with jóy we may stéer for Itália,  
Should it bé in the fátés that once móre,  
With cómrades recóvered and Kíng  
For Itália and Látium we stéer;  
But if our salvátion ’s quite góne,

And the dépths of the Libyan sea hóld thee,  
O most éxcellent síre of the Teúcri,  
And lóst to us álso for éver  
The prómise we hád in Iúlus,  
At léast let's retúrn to the hóme,  
Left behind us on Sícily's cóast,  
And táke King Acéstes for Kíng."  
So Ílioneus; ánd the Dardánidae  
Shóuted with óne voice assént.

Her mind then briefly Dído thús,  
With módest, dówncast lóok delivers: —  
"Dismiss fear fróm your héarts, O Teúcri,  
Your ánxious cáres cast fár áway;  
A stérn necéssity compéls me  
To táke these méasures, ánd to guárd  
My néw-made réalms with wátech and wárd.  
Who knóws not thé Enéadáe?  
Troy's city únto whóm unknow'n,  
Ánd its heróic déeds and héroes,  
Ánd that gréat war's cónflagrátion?  
We Poéni béar not héarts so dúll,  
Nór from this our Týrian city  
Dóes Sol, whén he yókes his hórses,  
So túrn áway his fáce with hórror.  
Whéther your chóice be gréat Hespéria,  
Ánd the fields, called áfter Sáturn;  
Or Éryx' térritóries ráther,  
Ánd the domáins of Kíng Acéstes,  
I'll sénd you sáfely ón your wáy,  
Ánd with all nécessaries hélp you.  
Shóuld you préfér to séttle hére  
In thése my réalms alóng with mé,



Draw úp your ships upón the lánd;  
 Yóurs is the city Í am building;  
 Trójan and Týrian sháll by mé  
 On équal térms be tréated éver;  
 And wóuld that hére were présent nów  
 Your King Enéas, bý the sáme  
 South blást compélled; at léast I'll sénd  
 Trústy scouts óut alóng the shóre,  
 And bíd them séarch the whole léngth of Líbya,  
 Lést by some chánce, in wóod or city  
 A shipwrecked sáilor hé may wánder."

Chéered by these wórds, Achátes bráve  
 And sire Enéas fróm the clóud  
 To bréak forth fór some tíme were búrning,  
 And fírst Achátes to Enéas: —  
 "What thinkst thou nów, O Góddess-bórn?  
 That évery thing is sáfe thou sée'st,  
 Thy fléet and friends recóvered áll,  
 One ónly missing whóm oursélves  
 Behéld amidst the billows súnk;  
 All élse is ás thy móther prómised."

Scarce úttered wére the wórds, when áll at ónce  
 The circumámbient clóud dívídes itsélf,  
 And cléars awáy íntó the ópen éther,  
 And fórtH Enéas stóod in the clear líght  
 Refúlgent, fáce and shóuldérs líke a Gód;  
 For ínto the son's eýes the móther's sélf  
 Had bréathed bríght gládness, and his fáce adórned  
 With yóuth's fresh róseate húc and rínglets fáir;  
 Líke ívory he lóoked whích wórkman's hánds

Had pólished to the útmost, or like silver,  
Or Párian márble, sèt in yéllow góld.

The Quéén he thén addrésses, and to áll  
Thís, unexpécted, of a súdden spéaks: —  
“Hére in your présence ám I whóm ye séeK,  
Trójan Enéas, snátched from the Libyan wáves.  
O thóu, who sóle Troy’s crúel súfferings pitíest,  
Whó to be pártners of thy hóme and city  
Tak’st ús, poor rémnant by the Dánaí léft,  
Us, déstitúte of áll things, and exháusted  
By évery évil chánce of lánd and séa;  
Becóming th ánks excéed our pówer, O Dído,  
Excéed the pówer of the whole Dárdan ráce,  
Wheréver thróugh the wide world nów they’re scáattered.  
The Góds, if Góds there bé that lóok with fávor  
On húman déeds of chárity and kindness,  
If ánywhére at áll there is respéct  
For cónsciéntious úprightness of cónduct,  
Bestów a wórthy récompéce upón thee.  
So lóng as rivers rún intó the séa,  
And hólloWS in the bósom óf the móuntains  
Are slóWly cóursed round bý the móuntain sháadows,  
And bý the firmamént the stárs are féd,  
So lóng for éver lást thy náme, praise, glóry,  
Let mé be cálléd to wháte’er lánds I máy.”  
He sáid, and with his right hand clásped the hánd  
Óf his friend Ílioneus, Seréstus’ hánd  
Cáught with his léft; then gréeting like bestówed  
On Gýas bráve, brave Clóanth, ánd the rést.

Strúck with the first sight óf the héro,  
Ánd by his gréat misfórtune móved,

Thus answered thén Sidónian Dido : —  
 “What évil chance, O Góddess-bórn,  
 With áll these périls pursúes thee?  
 To thése uncóuth wild shóres of óurs  
 What fóree supérior drives thee?  
 Art thóu that sáme Enéas whóm  
 Boon Vénus tó Anchises Dárdan  
 Bóre beside Phrýgian Símoïs’ wáve?  
 And wéll I récolléct when Teúcer,  
 Fróm his nátive réalms expélled,  
 To Sídon ánd my fáther cáme,  
 In séarch of á new réal’m in Cýprus,  
 Frúitful lánd, just thén o’errún  
 Bý my fáther Bélus’ árms,  
 And át his ábsolúte dispósal.  
 From thát time fóρθ well knówn to mé  
 The Trójan city’s évil fórtune,  
 Thy náme, and thé Pelásgian Kíngs.  
 Himsélf, the fóe, used tó extól  
 With no cómmon práise the Teúcri,  
 Ánd from the áncient Teúcrian stóck  
 His ówn descént was fáin to tráce.  
 Come thén, young mén, my dwelling énter:  
 Hére in this lánd at lást to séttle,  
 Áfter long búffetíngs abóut,  
 A fórtune líke your ówn has wílléd me.  
 Expérienced in misfórtune, Í  
 Have léarnéd to hélp th’ unfórtunáte.”

She sáys; and into thé house róyal  
 Át the sáme time léads Enéas,  
 Át the sáme time in the témples  
 Tó the Góds bids thánks be óffered;

Nór meantime negligéts to sènd  
Tó the shóre down ánd his cómrades  
Twénty óxen, ánd a húndred  
Bristly bróad-chined swine imménse,  
Fát lambs with their dáms a húndred,  
Ánd the Gód's enlivening gift.

With spléndor, meanwhile, and lúxury róyal  
The hóuse far withín is laid óut for the bánquet;  
Of crimson supérb are the richly wrought clóths;  
The vast sèrvice, of sílver and góld;  
Where tráced in relief were th' explóits of their síres  
From the first ancient rise of the nátion dówn  
Through mány a héro in lóng, long arráy.

But Enéas — a fáther's love képt him unquiet —  
Beforehánd to the ships swift Achátes despátched,  
To acquáint, and conduét to the cíty, Ascánius;  
Ascánius, his déar parent's whóle thought and cáre:  
Gifts too bade him bring, snatched from Ilíon's rúins,  
The mántle all stiff with embróidered gold figures,  
And with sáffron Acánthus round bórdered the wimple;  
Attire ornaméntal of Árgive Hélen,  
Her móther Léda's gift, wóndrously fáir,  
And óut of Mycénae brought with her by Hélen,  
When for Pérgamus she bóuned her and núptials illicit.  
The scéptre too, whilom by Ílione bórne,  
Of the dáughters of Priam the éldest,  
Ánd the pearl cháin which she wóre on her néck,  
And dóuble gold córonet studded with jéwels.  
To despátch these commissíons Achátes  
His wáy to the ships was wénding.

Bút Cytheréa a nów scheme is plánníng,  
 A nów cunning schéme in her bréast,  
 How Cúpid his fígure and féatures should chángé,  
 And, góíng in swéet Ascánius's pláce,  
 Kindle to fúry the Quéén with the présents,  
 And into her ínmost bones wórk the fíre;  
 The fámily duplicity 'tís she 's afráíd of,  
 And the dóuble-tongued Týrians, I wéen;  
 And sórely atrócious Júnó fréts her,  
 And still with retúrning night cómes back her càre.  
 So in wórds, such as thése, winged Lóve she addrésses:—

“O són, my great stréngth and effíciéce;  
 O són, who alóne at nought séttest  
 The suprême Father's wéapons Typhóean,  
 To thée I fly súppliant, implóring thy Gódhead.  
 How thy bróther Enéas sea-tóst is thou knówst,  
 From shóre to shore róund by unfáir Júnó's spíte,  
 And óft with my sórrow thou hást sympathísed;  
 Him Dído Phoenícian has hóld of, and, cóaxíng  
 With sóft soothing wórds, makes to stáy;  
 And Júnó, I féar, plays not hóstess for nóthing,  
 And in só great a crisis will nó sit ídle.  
 To bé beforehánd with her thérefore I'm plótting,  
 And with súch a flame róund to encómpass the Quéén,  
 That with lóve strong as míne she may dóat on Enéas,  
 Beyónd any Gód's power to swérve her or chángé.  
 How bést thou mayst dó this now héar my opínion.

“The róyal bóy, my càre most espécial,  
 At his déar sire's súmmons to gó is préparing  
 To the cíty Sidónian, and béars with him gifts  
 Which the séa have survíved and the flámes of Tróy.

Ínto a déep sleep lethárgie I'll pút him,  
And on lófty Cythéra or Móns Idálius  
Within the sánctified précinets híde him,  
That by nó possibility he may knów,  
Or be áble to thwárt our strátagem.  
Thou, a bóy, the boy pérsonate, ánd for no móre  
Than óne single níght, his known féatures put ón,  
That, wén in the héight of the róyal repást,  
And flów of the líquor Lyáean,  
To her bósom most jóyous Dído shall táke thee,  
And hóg, and imprint with sweet kísses,  
Thou mayst into her bréathe the fire occúlt,  
And póison her únsuspécted."

Love obéys his dear párent's words, dóffs his wings,  
And wálks with the gáit of Iúlus, delighted.  
But Vénus the límbs of Ascánius bedéws  
With plácid sléep, and, cúddled in her bósom the Góddess  
Bears him úp to the high sacred gróves of Idália,  
Where soft márjoram wráps him abóut with its flówers  
And swéet odoríferous sháde.

And nów the behést of his párent obéying,  
Ánd to the Týrians the róyal gifts béaring,  
Cupid, léd by Achátes, hied jóyful alóng.  
The Quéén had her pláce at the héad of the táble,  
Befóre he came, táken, and ón the gold sófa  
Dispósed herself séemly benéath the supérb dais.  
Now arríves sire Enéas, and Tróy's youth arríve,  
And reclíne in their pláces on cóverlets crimson;  
Man-sérvants with wáter to wásh hands présent them,  
And fíne napless tówels; and sérve bread from báskets.  
Fifty máids are wíthín, charged to sét in due órder,



And preparé for the táble the lóng stock of viands,  
And tó the Penátes keep blázing the fire.  
Maids a húndred, and équal-aged páges as mány  
The plátes plenish héavy, and sèt down the wine-cups;  
And ín through the glád gates the Týrians come póuring,  
And on bróidered cloth cúshions reclíne each where bíd.  
With wónder they gáze on the gifts of Enéas,  
And ón the God's mímic lúlus with wónder,  
How flúshed are his féatures! how éager he táls!  
And thén on the mántle, and thén on the wímple  
With sáffron Acánthus embróidered all róund.

But, móre than the rést all, the hápless Phoeníssa,  
Doomed so sóon to that plágue to be victimised,  
By the bóy and the gifts alike fired, gazes ón,  
And, the lónger she gázes, the lónger would gáze.  
But the bóy round Enéas's néck having húng,  
Ánd his delúded sire's lóve gratified,  
Is áway to the Quéen, who, with her eyes, ón him,  
And áll her whole héart, doats, and tó her lap tákes him,  
And cúddles betwéen-whiles: Ah! little wots Dído  
What a míghty God thére of her láp sits posséssor.  
Then his móther's commánds Acidálian obéying,  
He begíns from her bósom to blót out Sicháeus,  
And tries from a déad love to túrn to a líving  
Her lánguid and lóng unaccústomed héart.

The sérvice remóved, and the féast at a páuse,  
They sèt the great wine-cups and crówn them;  
The dínn the whole hóuse fills, as thróugh the wide hálls  
They send rólling their vóices;  
Burning lámps hang suspéded from céilings of góld,  
And the flámbeau's flame cónquers the níght.

Here the Quén for the jewelled and héavy gold bówl calls  
 Which Bélus and Bélus' succéssors used éver,  
 And with the pure júice of the grápe fills it úp,  
 And sáys after sílence obtáined through the búilding: —  
 "O Júpiter, fór in ál things, appertáining  
 To the ríghts of the stránger, they sáy, thou art lórd;  
 May this day a dáy of jóy bé to the Týrians,  
 A dáy of jóy bé to our guésts here of Tróy,  
 And by thóse to come áfter us héld in remémbrance;  
 May jóy-giving Bácsus and bóuntífal Júnó  
 Be hére with us présent, and yé in this méeting  
 With warm héarts and kind wíshes, O Týrians, take párt."

Having thús sáid, she póured on the táble the hómage,  
 Then the bówl of libátion just tóuched with her líps,  
 And hánded to Bitias with chállenge and chiding;  
 Nor lóth at ál hé took the swílling gold bówl,  
 And drénched himself wéll with the fóaming líquor;  
 So one áfter anóther the rést of the nóbles.

And lóng-tressed Iópas sang tó his gold lúte  
 The lóre he had léarned of Átlas the míghty,  
 The móon's wanderings sáng, and the tóils of the sún,  
 Whence mén and beasts cáme, whence came wáter and fire;  
 Of Arctúrus he sáng, and the Hýades ráiny,  
 And óf the two Béars; and whý in such húrry  
 To díp in the ócean are mídwinter's sún,  
 While its níghts díp so slów — what ís ít deláys them?  
 Repéated the pláudits of Týrian and Trójan;  
 The fórmér the wáy lead, the láttér come áfter.  
 With várious discóurse, too, unfórtunate Dído  
 Protrácted the níght, and of lóve déeply dránk;  
 Abóut Priam ásking oft mány a quéstion,

And mány a quéstion abóut Hector óft;  
Now, the hórses of Diomedé whát were they líke;  
And nów, was Achíllés of státüre so míghty:—  
“Nay, cóme, guest, and téll us the whóle tale”, she sáys,  
“From the véry beginning; the Dánaï, their ámbush,  
Thy cóuntry’s misfórtunes, and hów, for seven sùmmers,  
Over áll lands and wáves thou art wándering abóut.”

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## II.

All gazed intént, and listened,  
When fróm the high sófa thús  
Enéas sire begán: —

“Thou bidst, O Quéén, revive  
That ágony of grief;  
How lámentáblý féll,  
By the Dánaï o’erthrówn,  
The puissant réalm of Tróy;  
What hárrówing síghts I sáw,  
Mysélf a súfferer chief.  
Who cóuld from téars refráin,  
Súch a thème discóursing,  
What Mýrmidon, or Dólops,  
Or hárd Ulýsses’ sóldier?  
And nów down fróm the ský  
Precípitous spéeds damp night,  
And stár-set cóunsels sléep;  
Yet, if to háve acquaintánce  
With óur misfórtunes’ stóry,  
And briefly héar reláted  
The clósing wóe of Tróy,  
So stróng be thý desire,  
I will the tásk attétempt,

Though with hórror mý sad sóul  
Shrinks from the récolléction.

“War-wórn, and bý the Fátes repúlsed,  
The chieftains óf the Dánaĩ,  
So mány yéars awáy now gliding,  
Build, with Palládian árt divine,  
A hórse with ribs of clóven pine,  
And húge as ány móuntain;  
Fór their retúrn préténd it vówed,  
Ánd that rúmor spréad abróad,  
Bút in its dárk side prívily  
Enclóse a bánd of sóldiers árméd,  
By lót selécted, ánd complétely  
Filling its vást cavérnous wómb.

“Within view óf the Trójan cóast  
Lies Ténédós’ most fámous isle,  
Weálthy, whilst Priam’s émpire stóod;  
Nów but a báý, and fáithless róadstead;  
Thithér they sáil acróss, and lie  
Enscónced on the desérted shóre:  
We máke no dóubt but théy have léft us,  
Ánd depárted fór Mycénae.

“All Teúcria hér long móurning nów  
Has thérefore cást aside:  
’Tis pléasant thróugh the ópened gátes  
To sállý fórch, and sée  
A désert áll, the Dóric cámp;  
Ánd the sea-cóast left frée: —  
‘’Twas hére the bánd Dolópián pitched,  
Dréadful Achíllés thére;

This was the státion for the ships,  
And thát the báttle field.'

"Sóme at the húge bulk óf the hórse,  
Vírgin Minérva's déadly présent,  
Gáze with astónishment and wónder;  
And fírst Thymóetes, éither guileful,  
Ór becáuse the fátes of Tróy  
Nów at lást that wáy were béaring,  
Exhórts withín the wálls to dráw it,  
And pláce it in the citadel.  
But Cápys and the wiser sórt  
Ínto the séa would héadlong thrów  
The strátagem of the Dánaï;  
Ór, with flámes set únderneath it,  
Thé suspicious présent búrn;  
Or élse bore into, ánd explóre  
The hóllow hidings óf its wómb.

"Divided bétwixt ópposite cóunsels,  
The uncértain crówd stands wávering,  
When fóremost thére befóre them áll  
Fróm the high citadel runs dówn,  
Bý a great crówd accópanied,  
Laócoon árdent, ánd excláims,  
While yét afár: — 'What só great mádness,  
O wrétched cítizens, is this?  
The fóe's depárture crédito ye?  
Or think ye thére can présents bé  
Óf the Dánaï, without guile?  
Is this your knówledge óf Ulýssez?  
Éither, shut úp withín this wóod,  
Concéaled Achivi lie,



Or 'tis an éngine théy have built,  
 Our hóuses to espý,  
 And ón our tówn, despite our wálls,  
 To cóme down fróm on hígh.  
 Trúst not, O Teúcri, in this hórse;  
 Some látent chéat is hére;  
 Howé'er it bé, with áll their gifts,  
 These Dánaí l féar.'

"He sáid, and 'gainst the cómpact síde  
 Óf the béast's well róunded bélly  
 Húrléd with pówerful stréngth his spéar:  
 Fíxed in the wóod  
 Quívering it stóod;  
 With a hóllo w groaning sóund  
 The womb's cáverns rebóund.

"Thén, had the Góds' fates bút permítted,  
 Nór infátuate béen our mínds,  
 He hád impélled us tó demólish  
 With rude stéel the láir Argólic,  
 And thóu, O Tróy, wert nów surviving,  
 And Príam's high cítadel stánding nów.

"But sée yon Dárdan shépherds drágging  
 With great clámor, tó the Kíng,  
 A yóuth with hánds behind his báck bound;  
 Whó, of his ówn accórd, himsélf  
 Unknówn had in their wáy présentéd,  
 This véry púrpose tó efféct,  
 And ópen Tróy so tó the Achívi;  
 Assúred of spírit, ánd álike  
 For éach altérnative prepáred;

Tó succéed with his impósture,  
Ór submit to cértain déath.

“The yóuths of Tróy on évery side  
Pour rúshing róund, to sée desírous;  
And strive, who móst will móck the cáptive.  
Now héar the strátagem óf the Dánaï,  
And fróm the síngle villainy léarn  
What villains théy are áll.

“For ás full in the géneral gáze,  
Confúsed and hélpless, thére he stóod,  
And lóoked round ón the Phrýgian bánds: —  
‘Alás! in whát land ór what sée  
Can Í take réfuge nów?’ he cries;  
‘Or whát resóurce left fór a wrétch  
Whose pláce amóng the Dánaï ’s lóst,  
Ánd for the fórfeit óf whose life  
Éven the Dardánidae cáll in ánger?’

“Chánged by that crý our minds, and áll  
Violence représsed: we úrge our prisoner  
To spéak, and lét us héar his stóry;  
What blóod flows in his véins, on whát  
Strong póint rests máinly his reliance.  
He thróws fear óff at lást, and sáys: —

‘Trúe conféssion óf the whole mátter,  
Lét it háve been whát it will,  
Í shall máke to thée, O Kíng.  
Ín the first place, Í dený not  
Thát I’m óf the Argólic nátion;  
Fór, though Fórtune máde him wrétched,

Néver shall that réprobate  
 Máke a chéat and liar of Sínon.

‘Tó your éars repórt perháps has  
 Bróught the glórious, wide-spread náme  
 Of Pálamédes, són of Bélus;  
 Whóm, when a fálse cry róse of tréason,  
 Á nefárious ínformation’s  
 Guiltless víctim, whose sole crime was  
 Thát he ráised his vóice agáinst war,  
 Thé Pelásgi sént to déath down,  
 Ánd lámént, now thát he ’s déad.

‘Mé, that Pálamédes’ kinsman,  
 Hither with him ás compánion,  
 Ánd to léarn to bé a sóldier,  
 Mý poor síre in éarly yóuth sent.  
 Lóng as hé stood fírm, and flórishéd  
 A prínce amóng consúltng prínces,  
 Í too bóre some náme and hónor;  
 Bút when Ulýsses’ cózening málice —  
 Wéll known áre the fácts I téll —  
 To quit this úpper wórld compélléd him,  
 Í, with shátttered fórtunes, drágged on  
 A lífe of glóom and misery;  
 And ó’er my guiltless friend’s misfórtune  
 Cháfed withín mysélf, indignánt;  
 Nor, mádman thát I wás, kept sílence,  
 But róused agáinst me bítter hátreds  
 With thréats of véngeance, shóuld chance óffer,  
 And shóuld I tó my nátive Árgos  
 Éver retúrñ with víctory.

“Héncé my first blight óf misfórtune,  
 Héncé Ulýsses with new chárge  
 Still térrified me; wórd's ambíguous  
 Still amíd'st the rább'le scá'ttered;  
 Still sought wéap'ons whérewithál  
 To éxecúte désigns close hídden  
 From ál' excépt his sécret cónscience;  
 Till at lást by méans of Cálchas —  
 But whý th' ungrá'teful tále  
 Thús repéat in váin?  
 Or whére'fore dá'ly?  
 For yóu, who thínk the Achívi  
 Are ál' of thé same kínd,  
 'Tis enóugh that ye have héard  
 I am óne of the Achívi;  
 Take the pénalty at ónce  
 Ye should lóng ago have táken:  
 'Tis the véry consummátion  
 Which Íthacus désires,  
 And whích at a gréat príce  
 The Atrídae fain wóuld púrchase.'

“Then, thén indéed, we 're ál' on fíre  
 To ásk him quéstions, ánd to héar  
 Some éxplanátion óf the má'tter;  
 Little awá're of thé deep guíle  
 And villáiny of thé Pelásgi.  
 Trémbling he góes on with his glózing.”

‘Oft tímes the wéary Dánaï  
 Désired to táke their flíght,  
 To léave Troy behind them,  
 And abándon the long wár;

And I wish to héaven, they hád;  
 But the róugh and stórmy sea  
 Intercépted óft the wáy,  
 And Áuster óft detérred them,  
 When ón the póint to gó.  
 Abóve all, whén of máple-planks  
 Fírmlý knít togéther  
 This hórse here was sèt up,  
 Óver the whole éther  
 Stórm-clouds bráttled.

‘Wé, in óur suspénse,  
 Send Eurýpylus to consúlt  
 The óracle of Phóebus;  
 And hé back fróm the shrine  
 Bríngs these wórds of sórrow: —  
 ‘With a sláughtered vírgin’s blóod  
 The wínds ye appéased,  
 When fírst to Ílium’s cóasts  
 Ye cáme, O Dánaï;  
 With the blóody sácrífice  
 Óf a lífe Argólic  
 Ye must púrchase your retúrñ.’

“As sóon as that wórd  
 Reached the éar of the públic,  
 All mínds were astóunded,  
 And thróugh the bones’ píth  
 Thrilled an icy-cold trémor: —  
 ‘For whóm prepares Fáte this?  
 Apóllo calls whóm?’

‘Here Íthacus drágs  
 Forth into the mídst,

With a great tumult,  
Soothsaying Cálchas,  
And to expound  
That blessed will of the Gods  
Impórtunate présses.  
And mány alréady  
Foretóld me the fúture,  
Or, ónlooking múte,  
The villainy réad  
Of the crúel intriguer.

‘Twice five days he ’s silent,  
And clóse housed refúses  
Any óne to denóunce,  
Or hand óver to déath;  
Till, bý the loud clámors  
Of Íthacus hárdly  
At lóng and last fórced,  
He speaks óut, as arráinged,  
And dooms mé to the áltar.  
All assént and on óne  
Poor wrétch’s head turn,  
And dischárge the destrúction  
Each had féared for himsélf.

‘The hórrid day ’s cóme;  
For the ríte they ’re prepáring;  
The méal ’s mixed with sált,  
The tíar ’s round my témples —  
Awáy from the sláughter  
I bróke, I dený not,  
And my bónds left behind me.



In an óozy moráss  
 Amóng the sedge lúrkíng,  
 All the níght I lay híd,  
 And awáited their sáilíng,  
 If háply they wóuld sail.

‘And nów I ’ve no móre hope  
 To sée my old cóuntry,  
 Or the síre I ’ve so yéarned for,  
 Ánd the sweet children,  
 Who perháps must accóunt  
 With their líves for my críme,  
 And wrétchedly éxpiate  
 This my escápe.  
 Bút, by the Góds above,  
 Ánd by those Déities,  
 To whóm truth is déar,  
 And who knów I speak trúth;  
 Ánd by whatever  
 Fáith uncorrúpted  
 Is stíll anywhére  
 Among mén to be fóund,  
 I práy you, take píty  
 On hárdships so gréat;  
 On a mínd, not desérving  
 Such hárdships, take píty.’

“These téars win his lífe,  
 And móre — even our píty —  
 And fírst Priam’s sélf  
 His mánacles tíght  
 Commánds to take óff,  
 And spéaks to him kíndly: —

‘Whoéver thou árt,  
Hencefóward forgét  
The Gráíï thou hast lóst,  
(For óurs thou shalt bé)  
And trúe answer gíve  
To the quéstions I ásk thee;  
This húge monstrous hórse  
For what púrpose set úp?  
By whóm? with what méaning?  
Is it éblem religious?  
Is it éngine of wár?’

“He sáid; and the wrétch,  
In Pelásgian arts vérsed,  
Toward the héavenly lights úpwards  
His úntied hands lífting,  
‘Bear witness’, excláimed,  
‘Ye fíres everlásting,  
Whose Gódhead ’s inviolate;  
Bear witness, ye áltars  
And hórrible kníves,  
From which I have fléd;  
And yé, sacred fíllets  
My víctim brows wóre;  
I sín not in bréaking  
The Gráían sánctions;  
I sín not in háting  
The Gráíï themsélves,  
And tó the light brínging  
Their évery sécret,  
Whaté’er it may bé;  
Nor ám I bound lóngér  
By láws of my cóuntry.

Only thóu to thy prómise  
 Stánd stedfast Tróy,  
 And thy sáviour sáve,  
 If I téll thee the trúth,  
 If I récompense ámply.

‘Éver in the áid of Pállas  
 Pláced the Dánaï theír whole hópe  
 And cónfidence of háppy íssue  
 Tó the wár they had úndertáken;  
 But fróm what time Tydides ímpious,  
 Ánd Ulýsses, crime ínvéntor,  
 Fróm the sácred fáne attétempted  
 To téar áwáy the wéird Palládium,  
 And sláying the high cítadel’s gúards,  
 Séized on the sácred éffigy,  
 Nór with blóody hánds not dáred  
 To tóuch the Góddess’ vírgin tíar:  
 Ébbed fróm that tíme the hópe of the Dánaï,  
 Bróken their stréngth, estránged the Góddess’ fávor.

‘Nor wás it bý ámbiguous pórtents  
 Thát Tritónia shéwed her ánger;  
 Scárce placed in the cámp the ímage,  
 Whén its eyes stáred, and spárkled fire;  
 A sált sweat bróke out ón its limbs,  
 And thrice, O wónderful to téll!  
 Úp fróm the gróund it spráng entíre,  
 Béaring its shield and quívering spéar.

‘Immédiately their flíght must bráve  
 The házards óf the séa’, chaunts Cálchas;  
 ‘For Pérgamús is nótt to bé  
 Bý Argolic árms demólished,

Until at Árgos háving taken  
 New áuspicsés, they cóme back híther,  
 Bringing with them thát same héavenly  
 Grâce and bléssing thát has nów  
 To Gréece sailed with them in their cúrved ships.'

'And nów that théy have tó their nátive  
 Mycénae sáiled home, théy 're prepáring  
 New wár, and wóoing Góds to escórt them;  
 Which dóne, they 'll cróss the séa agáin,  
 Ánd be hére when léast expécted.  
 Só adróit a hánd is Cálchas  
 Át the análýsis of ómens.

'To réconcile the Déity,  
 And éxpiate the mórtal crime  
 Óf the théft of thé Palládium,  
 Cálchas cóunselled thém to sét up  
 This státue hére, but át the sáme time  
 Tó so gréat a héight to eréct it,  
 And óf such stróng and mássy tímber,  
 That thróugh the gátes it cóuld not páss,  
 Nór be drawn úp intó the city,  
 Thére to succéed the fórmér ímage,  
 Ás the tútelar óf the péople.

'Fór, if your hánds did violence  
 Tó the gift óffered tó Minérva,  
 Great ruín — ón the próphet's sélf  
 Dischárge the próphecý, ye Góds! —  
 Would whéln Priam's émpire ánd the Phrygians;  
 Bút, if your ówn hands dréw it úp,  
 And pláced it high within your city,

Thén would Ásia in her túrn  
 Be'óme aggréssor, ánd agáinst  
 The Pélopéan rámparts cóme  
 With mighty wár: such wére the fátes  
 That wáited óur postérité.'

"By thése insídious árts of pérjured Sinon  
 The affáir is crédited, and thóse whom néither  
 Tydídes, nór Achilles of Laríssa,  
 Nór a ten yéars' siege, nór a thóusand shíps  
 Could súbjugáte, becóme the éasy préy  
 Óf an impóstor's wéll dissémbled téars.

"And hére a gréater, fár more áwful, sight  
 Fílls with alárm our míserable bréasts;  
 Laócoón, by lót drawn priest of Néptune,  
 At the sólemn áltars á huge búll was sláying,  
 Whén, behold yónder! 'cróss the tránquil déep,  
 From Ténedos, I shúdder to reláte it,  
 Come twó imménse-orbed snákes stémming the séa,  
 And máking, síde by síde, díréct for lánd;  
 Whose bréasts, amóng the wáves erécted, réar  
 Their blóody wáttles high abóve the wátters;  
 Whíle, in volúminous cóils, their bácks imménse  
 And hínd parts swéep the áudibly fóaming bríne.

"They 're ón the lánd: their blóodshot éyes glare fíre;  
 With swiftly tó and fró vibráted tóngues  
 They líck their híssing jáws: aghást we sée,  
 And flée in áll díréctíons: tó Laócoon .  
 They táke their márch díréct; and fírst the bódies  
 Óf his two líttle sóns both sérpents clásp,  
 And brówse upón, and bíte, their wrétched límbs;

Himself, then, coming to their aid with weapons,  
Lay hold on, and with huge coils bind; and now  
Twice clasping him about the middle; twice  
Circling his neck round with their scaly trunks,  
Above his head their heads and tall necks rear.  
Bespewed with black and venomous gore his tiar,  
As with his hands their knots he strives to sunder,  
And the same moment to the stars lifts high  
His shouts horrific; bellowing like a bull,  
That from his neck the unsteady axe has tossed,  
And from the altar with a wound escapes.  
But the two dragons away gliding flee  
To dread Tritonia's lofty citadel,  
And in the fane and at the feet of the Goddess,  
Behind her shield's orb, lie in covert close.

"'Twas then, indeed, that every breast  
Quaked with a new and thrilling fear;  
And righteously deserved, they said,  
The penalty Laocoon paid,  
Who, with pointed spear accursed  
Hurled against the side of the beast,  
Had harmed the sacred wood.

"To the Goddess' temple,  
All shout out together,  
The image must be brought,  
And the gracious clemency  
Of the blessed Déity,  
Humbly with prayer be sought.

"We breach the city walls,  
We throw the fortress open,



All gird their loins, and fall to work;  
 Beneath its feet, some, rollers set,  
 Some, hempen cords throw round its neck.  
 Teeming with its freight of arms  
 The fatal engine scales the walls;  
 Boys and girls sing hymns around,  
 And touch the rope, delighted.  
 It enters, and glides menacing  
 On through the city's midst.

"O Ílium! O my country!  
 Habitation of the Gods!  
 City of Dardánidae,  
 Valiant and renowned!  
 In the very entrance  
 Four times it stopped short;  
 Clanging within the womb  
 Arms four times were heard.  
 Onward, not the less,  
 Unheeding, furious, blind we press,  
 And in the consecrated high-place  
 Set up the unlucky monster.

"Then too Cassandra's mouth  
 To the coming fate gave utterance,  
 That mouth which, by the Gods' will,  
 The Teúcri believed never.  
 We, wretches who were not  
 Another day to see,  
 Deck with festal foliage  
 The shrines throughout the city.

“Round rólls in the méantime the héaven,  
And Night from Océanus rúshing,  
Enwráps in her gréat shade the éarth,  
And the ský, and the wiles Myrmidónian.  
And nów that, all óver the city,  
The Teúcri outstrétched lie and silent,  
And déep sleep their tíred limbs embráces;  
From Ténedos, fúllý equipped,  
To the shóres that it knóws so wéll,  
In the stíllý moon’s friendly sílence  
The ármament Árgive sails óver,  
When the Kíng’s ship has húng out its líght;  
And Sínon, safe in the protéction  
Of the Góds’ partial déstinies, lóoses  
All stéalthy the wómb’s piny shútter,  
And léts out the Dánaï.

“To the áir, the horse ópened, refúnds them;  
And fórth from the hóllow wood jóýful  
The chieftains Thessánder and Sthénelus come,  
Alóng the let-dówn rope glíding,  
And díreful Ulýsses, and Thóas,  
And Ácamas, ánd Meneláus,  
And Macháon the fóremost of áll,  
Neoptólemus, grándson of Péleus,  
And himsélf, the snare’s ártist, Epéus.

“They máke their attáck on the city,  
As it lies in sleep búried and wíne,  
Cut dówn the night-wáitch, and admitting,  
At the wide-opened gátes, all their cómrades,  
Unite into óne their leagued bánds.

"It wás the éarly hóur of sléep,  
 When thát most gráteful gíft of héaven  
 Begíns to stéal on cáre-sick mórtals:  
 Ló! in a dréam, befóre mine eýes,  
 Héctor, methóught, all wóe-begone  
 And wéeping tórrents, stóod beside me;  
 Frésh from the cháriot whéel, ..  
 As érewhile Í had séen him,  
 And áll begrimed with dúst and blóod;  
 Ín his swollen féet the thóngs.

"Alás me, whát a Héctor!  
 How gréat a chángé was thére,  
 From the Héctor thát retúrnéd  
 Clád in Achilles' spóils!  
 From the Héctor thát had húrled  
 Phrýgia's líghted bránds  
 At the shíps of the Dánaï!

"Squálid was his béard,  
 Clótted his lócks with blóod,  
 His bódý gáshed all óver  
 With the wóunds he had recéived  
 Befóre his nátive wálls.  
 I wéeping tóo, methóught,  
 Addréssed of my own mótion  
 These sád words tó the héro: —

'O líght of Dardánia!  
 O Teúcrian hope súrest!  
 What gréat delay képt thee?  
 Or whénce comest at lást?  
 O Héctor, expécted so lóng!

After hów many déaths  
Of thy friends look we ón thee!  
After hów many tróubles,  
And hárassing tóils,  
Both of péople and cíty!  
Thy visage seréne  
Why fóuled thus unséemly?  
And whát wounds are thése?’

“He ánswered nót my idle quéstions,  
He wróught me nó deláy,  
Bút from his bósom’s innermost  
Groaned héavily and sáid: —  
‘Ah! flée, O Góddess-bórn,  
And sáve thee fróm these flámes:  
The fóe is máster óf the wálls,  
And in ruín from its súmmít  
Down túmbles lófty Tróy.  
For Priam and thy cóuntry  
Enóugh hast thóu perfórmed;  
Had Pérgamus’ defénce  
In ány right hand láin,  
This ríght hand thé defénce  
Of Pérgamus had béen.  
Tróy to thy cáre comménds  
The óbjects shé holds sácred;  
Take thése Penátes with thee,  
To bé thy fátés’ compánions,  
With thése Penátes gó,  
And fóund the mighty cíty  
’Tis thy déstiný to fóund  
After mány a long wándering  
Áll the wide sea óver.’

“He said, and in his hands  
 Brought out, from the interior,  
 Potent Vesta, and the Fillets,  
 And the éverlasting Fire.

“Meantime within the city fár  
 ’Tis woe all ánd confusión,  
 And though my síre Anchíses’ hóuse  
 Stóod among shélfing trées retired,  
 Yet louder stíll, and louder gréw,  
 And néarer stíll and néarer dréw  
 War’s hórror, and the dínn of árms.

“Stárting, and róused from sléep  
 I clímb the róof’s steep rídge,  
 Ánd with pricked éars stand lístening.

“Twás as wén through stánding cón  
 By ráging sóuthwínds flámes are bórne,  
 Or móuntain tórrent’s rápid flóod  
 Próstrates fíelds and smíling cróps,  
 Próstrates the lábors of the óx,  
 And héadlong drágs with it the wóod.  
 Fróm the hígh top of a rók,  
 The shépherd, ígnorant wát has háppened,  
 Héars with astóníshment the sóund.  
 Then, thén indéed, the trúth was cléar,  
 The ámbush of the Dánaí ópen.  
 Nów has Deíphóbús’ large hóuse,  
 By Vúlcan óverpówered, fallen ín;  
 And nów Ucálegon ’s on fíre,  
 His néxt adjóining néíghbour;  
 And fár and wíde  
 Sigéum’s fríths

Refléct the gláire;  
And cláinging trúmpets,  
Shóuting mén,  
Their lárum ráise togéther.

“Distrácted Í take árms, though smáll  
The góod from árms to bé expécted;  
Bút my soul búrns to gáther róund me  
Some gállant hándful óf compánions,  
And thrów mysélf intó the cástle;  
Mádness and wráth impél me héadlong,  
Ánd, what a chárming thing it is  
To díe in árms, comes 'cróss my mínd.

“But sée, escáped out of the mídst  
Óf the Acháian wéapons, Pántheus  
Tóward our hóuse comes rúnníng wíldly;  
Pántheus Othrýades, the priest  
Óf the Phóebus of the cástle,  
Ín his own hánd the cónquered Góds  
Ánd *sacrárium* cárrýing wíth him,  
And drágging ón his líttle grándson: —  
‘Quite lóst? Or nót yet quáite lost, Pántheus?  
The cástle — cán we hólđ out ín ít?’

“Scarce hád I thé wórd úttéréd,  
Wheń wíth a gróan he áńswered: —  
‘Th’ ínévítáble dáy,  
Dardánia’s lást ís cóme:  
We Trójan’s áre no móre;  
Ílíum ’s déád and góne,  
Ánd the hígh Teúcrian glóry.  
Wíld and sávage Jóve  
To Árgos há’s tráfserred



Áll that ónce was óurs;  
 The Dánaí have fired,  
 And are másters óf the city;  
 Within whose véry córe  
 The tówinging hóse teems wárriors,  
 Ánd victórious Sínon  
 Flíngs his bránds, insúlting.  
 More númerous thóusands néver  
 Cáme from gréat Mycénae  
 Than are yónder at the gátes,  
 That stánd with bóth wings ópen:  
 Hére their bristling files  
 Besét the nárrow stréets,  
 With náked swórd in hánd,  
 Glistening, prépared for sláughter.  
 Scarce thóse upón the édge  
 And fórefront óf the dánger,  
 The nightwatch óf the gátes,  
 Attépt the dárkling fíght,  
 And óffer blind resístance.'

"Ínto the mídst of árms and flámes  
 By thése words óf Othréades  
 Ánd the Gods' will I'm bórne;  
 Whither sévére Erínnys cálls,  
 Whither the dín calls, ánd the shóut  
 High to the éther vólleyed.  
 By fávor of the móonlight,  
 Rípheus, and váliant Épytus,  
 And Hýpanis, and Dýmas  
 Gáther abóut and jóin me,  
 And Mýgdon's yóuthful són  
 Coróebus, whóm the víolence

Of his pássion for Cassándra,  
 Júst at that time, it chanced,  
 Had bróught to Tróy, to assíst,  
 With the árms of a sòn-in-láw,  
 Priam and the Phrýgians;  
 Unháppy! that not listened  
 To his éxtasied bride's wárning.

“Whóm when I sáw so bóld,  
 And bánded for the báttle,  
 To shárpen still their cóurage,  
 With thése words Í endéavour: —  
 ‘Yóuths of brávest héart,  
 Brávest I féar, in váin;  
 If résolute your desire  
 My désperate léad to fóllow,  
 Fórtune's áttitúde ye sée:  
 Forsáking shrine and áltar  
 The Góds have áll depárted,  
 That ónce sustáined this émpire:  
 ’Tis tó a búrning city  
 Thát ye bring your súccour.  
 Ínto the fight's thickest  
 Lét us rúsh and díe;  
 To cást awáy all hópe  
 Is the sóle hope óf the cónquered.’

“Tó the yóung men's cóurage  
 Fúry thus is ádded,  
 Ánd like wólves rapácious,  
 Rávening in a dárk fog,  
 Whén the villainous pinch  
 Of húnger hás enráged them,  
 Ánd their whélps expéct

With párched jaws their retúrn,  
 Ón through the mídst of fóes,  
 Ón through the mídst of wéapons,  
 Tówards no dóubtful déath,  
 We márch alóng the high street,  
 Únder the hóllo w sháde  
 Of dárk Night flitting róund us.

“Of thát night’s hávoc sláughter  
 Whó has wórds descriptíve?  
 For the sórróws of thát níght  
 Whó has téars suffícíent?  
 The áncíent cíty fálls  
 After mány a yéar’s dominíon;  
 Thróugh the stréets and hóuses,  
 And Góds’ religious témples  
 Dead bódíes évery whére  
 Lie strówn abóut in númer’s.  
 Nor páy the Teúcri sóle  
 The blóody pénalty:  
 Éven to the cónquered bréast  
 Cóurage at tímes retúrns,  
 Ánd in their víctory’s mídst,  
 The Dánaï are laid lów.  
 Cruel wóe is éverywhére;  
 Éverywhére is féar  
 And mány a shápe of déath.

“Andrógeos, fírst of áll,  
 Ín our wáy presénts hímsélf  
 With a gréat tróop of Dánaï;  
 And, ígnorantlý believing  
 Thát we ’re óf híis pártý,

Thus, of his own accórd,  
 With friendly wórds accósts us: —  
 ‘Make háste, my gállant féllows,  
 What láziness is this,  
 Thát so láte has képt you?  
 While your cómrades Pérgamus  
 With fire and swórd are sácking,  
 Yé, from the lófty ships,  
 Are bút just nów arríving.’  
 “He sáid, and ón the instant —  
 For óur reply was nót  
 Sufficíently straight fórdward —  
 Percéived that hé had fálled  
 Ínto the mídst of the fée,  
 And astóunded chécked his spéech,  
 And retréated on his stép.

“As óne, that ón a snáke  
 Ín a thórny bráke  
 Unexpéctedly has tród,  
 And báckwards in dísmáy  
 Stárts, and flées awáy  
 Befóre its rísing íre  
 And blúe and swélling górgé;  
 Just só, at síght of ús,  
 Andrógeos trémbling fléd:  
 We rúsh on, ánd aróund them  
 Póuring in dénse armed núbbers,  
 Róut them in áll díréctions,  
 Ígnorant óf the gróund  
 And strícken wíth a pánic.  
 Ón our fírst emprise  
 Fórtune breathes auspícíous.

"And hére, flushed with succéss.  
 Coróebus cries exúltíng: —  
 'Whére propítious Fórtune  
 Now first points óut the wáy,  
 That prómises to sáve us,  
 O cómrades, let us fóllo;w;  
 Lét us ínterchánge  
 Búcklers and appóintments  
 With these Dánaĩ hére,  
 And as Dánaĩ equip us.  
 Só the báttle 's wón,  
 Whó ever quéstions whéther  
 'Twas by ártifice or vátor.  
 Our énemies themsélves  
 Shall fúrnish us with árms.'

"Andrógeos' bushy hélm  
 And hándsóme emblémed shíeld,  
 So sáyíng, he put ón;  
 Ánd the Argíve swórd  
 Adápted to his síde;  
 Rípheus does the sáme,  
 Ánd the sáme does Dýmas,  
 And áll the jóyous yóuths;  
 Éach and évery óne  
 Ín the frésh spoils árms him.

"Then, with the Dánaĩ míngled,  
 We márch withóut the éscort  
 Of our ówn accústómed Góds;  
 Ánd in mány a clóse-hand fíght,  
 In the dárkness of the níght,  
 Full mány of the Dánaĩ

Despáitch to Orcus dówn;  
And sóme of them fly scátttered  
To the ships and fáithful shóre,  
And sóme, in a vile pánic,  
The húge horse climb agáin,  
And stów themselves awáy  
Ínto its wéll known páunch.

“Alás! there ’s nó succéss,  
If héaven ’s not só inclined:  
See whére, with háir dishévelled,  
Cassándra, Priám’s dáughter,  
Óut of the fáne is drágged  
And fróm Minérva’s shrine;  
Stráining, but áll in váin,  
Toward héaven her árdent eýes:  
Her eýes, for fétters hóld  
Her délicate hánds confíned.

“That sight Coróebus bróoks not,  
And in a fréncy flíngs him  
Ínto the mídst, to díe.  
We fóllo w in a bódý,  
And in amóng them rúsh  
With thíc and héavy báttle.

“Here first we ’re óverwhélmed  
Fróm the high top óf the témples  
Bý our ówn friends’ míssiles,  
Ánd a most píteous sláughter  
Arises fróm the fálse show,  
Máde by our Gráian árms  
And búshy hélmet-crésts.



Then, with gróans and indignátion  
 At the réscue óf the virgin,  
 From évery síde collécting,  
 The Dánaï fall upón us;  
 Ájax móst redóubted,  
 Ánd the twáin Atrídae,  
 Ánd the whole bánd Dolópián.

“So sómetimes á tornádo búrst,  
 And wínds with ópposite wínds conténd,  
 Zéphyrus and Nótus ágainst Eúrus,  
 Ín his éastern stéeds rejoícing:  
 The wóods screech, ánd, in his illhúmour,  
 Néreus with his trident fóamy  
 Stírs the séa up fróm the bóttom.

“Those too appéar whom in the dárk night  
 By’ our strátagem wé had róuted,  
 And húnted óver thé whole city;  
 The fírst are théy to récognise  
 Our árms and wéapons, ánd to márk  
 The discrepance betwéen our vóices,  
 Ánd the extérior wé assúmed.  
 That instant, númbers óverwhélm us,  
 And fírst Coróebus próstrate lies  
 Strétched by the right hand óf Penéleus  
 Beside the armípotent Góddess’ áltar.  
 Rípheus too fálls, by fár the jústest  
 Ánd most ríghteous óf the Teúcri;  
 Bút the Gods ótherwise decreéd.  
 And Hýpanís and Dýmas pérish,  
 Pierced by the wéapons óf their cómrades;

Nor shielded thee, as down thou sankest,  
Thy great and manifold piety, Pántheus,  
Ór the Tiára óf Apóllo.

“Bear witness, Ó ye Ílian áshes,  
Ye pyre-flames óf my friends, bear witness,  
I faced in thát your hóur of ruín  
Évery wéapon óf the Dánaï,  
Bráved unshrinking áll their táctics;  
Ánd had my fáll been in the Fátés,  
Bý my hands’ déeds well éarned my fáll.

“Our pártý ’s violently sévered:  
Pélias and Íphitus gó with mé;  
Héavy with yéars the látter, Pélias  
Slów with a wóund dealt bý Ulýsses:  
To Priam’s pálace bý the clámor  
Immédiately we ’re cálléd awáy.

“’Twas hére indéed the báttle ráged,  
As if elsewére were nóne,  
No déaths beside in thé whole city;  
So fúriously was rámping hére  
Indómitable Márs,  
So strénuously the Dánaï  
Úp the stéps were striving,  
And hóused benéath the slóping cópe  
Of shields compácted firm togéther,  
The véry dóor were síeging:  
Ánd up scáling ládders rúshing,  
With búcklered léft hand wárded míssiles,  
With right hand séized the párapets.

"Against them thé Dárdanidae,  
 For weápons óf defénce in this  
 Their hóur of útmost néed and déath,  
 Uptéar rooftóps and túrretíngs,  
 And gílt beams dówn upón them rólł,  
 Their fóresires' lófty órnaments.  
 Óthers belów in á dense bánd  
 Withín the dóor, drawn bládes in hánd,  
 Intént to guárd the éntance, stánd.

"To bring assistance tó the cónquered,  
 Ánd relieve the róyal pálace,  
 My spírit ríses frésh withín me.  
 Behínd there wás a sécret éntance  
 And pássage óf comunicátióh,  
 Neglécted ánd unúsed of láte,  
 Betwéen the párts of Priám's pálace.  
 Through this door, while the státe stood fírm,  
 Hápless Andrómache full óft  
 Was wónt to páss withóut atténdants,  
 Her fáther -and móther-in-láw to vísit  
 Ánd to his grándsire, in her hánd,  
 The bóy Astýanax conductéd.

"I énter, ánd the whóle way páss  
 Úp to the hígh roof sùmmít,  
 From whénce the wrétched Trójjans dówn  
 Their missiles váin were húrlíng.  
 Óut of the róof, hígh tóward the stárs  
 A tówer rose pérpéndicular  
 Óver the frónt wall óf the búíldíng;  
 From whénce there wás a próspect wíde  
 Of álł Troy, ánd th' Acháian cámp,

And óf the návy óf the Dánaï:  
Attácking it with crówbars róund,  
Where insecurely it was jóined  
Tó the roof-tér race, wé upheáve  
And púsh it fróm its high foundátion.  
With wide and súdden crásh it fálls  
Upón the squádróns óf the Dánaï;  
But óthers tó their pláce succéed,  
Nor is there, in the méan time, páuse  
Of stónes or ány fórm of wéapóns.

“Befóre the véry thréshold  
Óf the véstibúle itself,  
In his wéapóns’ brázen líght  
Exúltíng Pýrrhus glístens;  
As the Cóbra, that lay swóllen  
Únder the shéltéríng gróund  
Áll the cold winter thróugh,  
Now hávíng cást his slóugh  
And crópped his póísonous hérbs,  
Tó the líght comes fórwárd,  
Renéwed in yóuth and beauty,  
And ón his slímý spíres  
Cóílíng hímsélf eréct,  
His bréast réars tó the sún,  
And báck and fórwárd shóots  
His twínklíng tóngue trí-fúrrowed.

“Alóng with híim híge Périphas,  
And hé that dróve Achíllés’ stéeds,  
Ésqúíre-at-árms Autómedon,  
Alóng with híim th’ whóle Scýrían yóuth  
Úp to the hóuse come, ánd flíng hígh

The firebrands tó the báttlements.  
 Pýrrhus himsélf amóng the fóremost,  
 Séizing a dóuble-héaded póle-axe,  
 Búrsts the dóor's hard éntance ópen,  
 Ánd from the pivots of the hínges  
 Fórces the brázen-pláted dóorvalves.  
 And nów he has héwed the pánel óut,  
 Ánd a húge wide-yáwning lóophole  
 Ín the hárd wood éxcavated.  
 The intérior óf the hóuse stands ópen;  
 Expósed to víew are thé long hálls,  
 Expósed to víew the privacies  
 Of Priam ánd the áncient Kíngs,  
 Ánd they behóld men stánding árméd,  
 Immédiately ínside the thréshold.  
 But fár withín 'tis áll confúsióh,  
 And gróans, and miserable húbbub:  
 The whóle *caváedium* thróugh and thróugh  
 Wáils with the wáilings óf the wómen;  
 The clámor smítes the gólden stárs;  
 Affrighted mátrons éverywhére  
 Wildly róam thróugh thé vast búilding,  
 And húg and prínt the dóors with kísses.

"In the míght of his síre  
 Pýrrhus présses right ón:  
 No bárríers may stáy him,  
 No guárds may deláy him;  
 Befóre the ram's shóck  
 The báttéred door tótters,  
 Displáced from their pivots  
 Lie próstrate the válves;  
 Main stréngth bursts a pássage,

The éntrance is forced,  
Ín rush the Dánaï,  
Sláughter the fóremost,  
And the whóle place with sóldiery  
Fíll far and wide.

“Less fúriously the fóaming ríver,  
Whose gúshing flóod has óvercóme  
And búrst the dám’s oppósing máss,  
And léft its chánnel, ón the fields  
Rúshes ahéap, and drágs alóng  
Cáttle and stáll o’er áll the pláin.

“Mýself have séen upón the thréshold  
Neoptólemus ánd the twáin Atrídae,  
Fúrious, and réeking sláughter:  
Hécuba ánd her húndred dáughters  
Mýself have séen, and, mídst the áltars,  
Priam defíling with his blóod  
The fíres himsélf had cónsecráted.  
Low líe those fífty spóusal chámbers,  
So rích hope óf a téeming óffspring,  
Low líe those fífty dóors supérb  
With cónquered spóils and góld barbáric;  
The Dánaï ór the fire have áll.

“Thou ásk’st perháps the fáte of Príam:  
Whén he behéld his cíty cáptured,  
The éntrance óf his pálace forced,  
Ánd in his privacies’ mídst the fóe,  
The óld man his age-pálsied shóuldern  
In lóng dísed arms váinly cáses,  
Gírdn on the úseless swórd, and rúshes  
Ínto the thíckest óf the fóe, to díe.



"In the pálace cóurt intérior,  
 Benéath the báre ethéreal áxis  
 Stóod a great áltar, ánd beside it  
 A láurel óf most áncient grówth  
 Óver it bénding, ánd embrácing  
 In its sháadow thé Penátes.  
 Here in váin gathered róund the áltars,  
 Hécuba ánd her dáughters sát,  
 Clásping the images óf the Góds,  
 And clóse togéther cówered like dóves  
 Bý the black pélting témpet flúrried.

"But whén in yóuthful árms equipped  
 Priám himself she sáw: —  
 'Ah! whát so díreful ímpulse  
 Most wrétched spóuse', she cried,  
 'Hath gírt thee with these weápons,  
 Or whither rúshest?  
 'Tis nót of súch assistance,  
 Of sáfeguards súch as thóse,  
 The présent time has néed,  
 No, nót, if stánding hére  
 Wére my own Héctor's sélf.  
 Submít, I dó beséech thee,  
 And hither déign to cóme;  
 This áltar shíelds us áll,  
 Or with us thóu shalt díe.'  
 "The fúll of yéars, this sáid,  
 Untó hersélf she tóok,  
 And pláced in the sácred séat.

"But sée where yónder, thróugh the lóng  
 And émpty hálls and pórticoes

Fléeing disábled, fróm the midst  
 Óf the cárnage máde by Pýrrhus,  
 Fróm the midst of fóes and weápons,  
 Cómes Polites, són of Priam;  
 And, behind him, glówing hót  
 Pýrrhus with rábid stróke uplifted —  
 Now, nów, nay nów the clúth is ón him,  
 Néarer the spéar and néarer tó him,  
 Till, at the móment whén he énters  
 His párents' présence, dówn he fálls,  
 Ánd in a gúsh of blóod expires.

“Nor Priam thén, what thóugh he stóod  
 Alréady in the tóils of déath,  
 Abstáined from ire or spáred his wórds: —  
 ‘But máy the Góds in héaven,’ he cried,  
 ‘If ány ténder Góds there bé,  
 Who mind atrócities like this,  
 With wórthy thánk and guérdon dúe  
 For this audácious outrage páy thee,  
 Théé, who hast máde the sire eyewitnèss  
 Óf the son’s déath, and with his child’s blóod  
 Defiled the présence óf a fáther.  
 Far óther fóe was thát Achilles,  
 From whóm thou líest that thóu art sprúng,  
 Who blúshingly a súppliant’s right,  
 A súppliant’s sánctitý révéring,  
 Héctor’s pale córse réstored to Priam  
 For sépulture, and sént me hóme  
 In sáfety tó my réalms agáin.’

“Thús having sáid the óld man flúng  
 His pówerless inefféctual weápon,

Which made the shield's brass-plating ring,  
And, foiled at once, hung where it struck."

'Then to my sire Pelides post,'  
Pyrrhus replied, 'and bear these tidings:  
The naughty and degenerate deeds  
Of Neoptolemus be sure  
That thou remember well to tell him;  
Now die.' "The old man, with these words,  
He dragged to the very altar, trembling,  
And in the splash of his son's blood  
Slipping; twined in his hair the left hand,  
And with his right the flashing sword  
Uplifted high, and in his side  
Up to the hilt-guard buried.

"Such was the close of Priam's fates;  
Such the allotted bourne of him,  
Who, of so many Asiatic  
Nations and lands proud ruler once,  
Saw Troy in flames, and Pergamus fallen:  
Upon the shore he lies,  
The head lopped from the shoulders,  
A huge and nameless carcase.

"Then first in all its power I felt  
The horror that surrounded me;  
I stood aghast: my dear sire's image  
Rose to my mind, when I beheld  
The equal-aged King his life forth  
Exhaling at a cruel wound;  
Forlorn Creusa too rose to my mind,  
And my sacked house, and little Iulus' case.

"I cást a lóok round óf inquiry,  
 What fórcé there máy be yét abóut me.  
 All tíred out hád desérted me,  
 And éither léaped down tó the gróund,  
 Or thrówn intó the flámes  
 Their wórñ and févered frámes.

"And nów I wás alóne remáining,  
 Whén in Vésta's sécret séat  
 Týndarus' dáughter Í behóld,  
 A lúrking sílent visitant;  
 The bríghtness óf the cónflagrátion  
 Líghts me, ás abóut I wánder,  
 And éverywhére cast róund my éyes:  
 Shé, in dréad anticipátion  
 Of rétribútion fróm the Teúcri  
 For Pérgamus ó'erthrów and fáll,  
 In dréad no léss of chástisement  
 At the hánds of th' ángry Dánaï,  
 Ánd of hér desérted cónsort:  
 Tróy's and her cóuntry's cómmon Fúry,  
 Óbject óf the géneral hátred;  
 Óut of the wáy had pút hersélf,  
 And thére was sítting bý the áltar.

"With súdden fláming íre  
 My sóul is áll on fire,  
 To avénge my cóuntry's fáll,  
 Ánd the criminal chastíse:"  
 'And sháll this wretch unscáthed,  
 Spárta behold agáin,  
 And fátherland Mycénae?  
 In quéenly triumph hóme

Tó her spóuse and children,  
And tó her sires retúrn,  
By crówd's of Ílian dámes  
And Trójan serfs atténdeð?  
And Priam have been sláin?  
And Tróy in ashes láid?  
Ánd the Dardánian shóre  
So óft have sweated blóod?  
No, néver! for althóugh  
He wíns no glorious náme  
Who púnishes a wóman,  
Nor hás such victory práise,  
Still I shall bé extólléd  
For extírpating a núisance,  
And inflicting on the gúilty  
The chástisement desérved.  
Twill bé some comfort tóo,  
To have gíven myself enóugh  
Of the fiery flame of véngeance,  
And glútted my friends' áshes.'

“With súch ejáculátion,  
I was rúshing in a fúry,  
When, néver by mine eýes  
So bríght before behéld,  
My móst benignant móther  
Stood visible befóre me,  
Refúlgent in pure light,  
Midst the dárkness of the níght,  
A góddess undisguised,  
In such májesty and gréatness  
Ás to heaven's inhábítants  
She is wónted to appéar;

And caught me with her right hand,  
And held me back and added  
From her rosy lips these words: —

‘What fury ’s this, my son?  
What poignant pain excites  
This ungovernable ire?  
Or whither away fled  
Thy wonted care of us?  
Wilt thou not first a look  
Bestow where thou hast left  
Thine age-worn sire Anchises?  
Whether thy spouse Creusa,  
Whether thy boy Ascanius  
Survives yet? round all whom  
The Graian files are roaming,  
And whom the foeman’s sword,  
But for my care’s resistance,  
Had swept away ere this,  
Or the devouring flame.

‘Tis not the hateful fair face  
Of Lacedæmonian Tyndaris,  
Not criminated Paris,  
But the stern will of the Gods,  
The Gods’ stern will o’erthrows,  
And prostrates, from its summit,  
The power and might of Troy.

‘See here — for from thine eyes  
All the cloud I’ll take away  
Which, drawn across them, dulls  
And damps thy mortal vision,



And spréads thick dárkness róund:  
 And thóu, fear nót to dó  
 Every bídding óf thy párent,  
 Ánd to hér instrúctions  
 Refúse not thíne obédience —  
 Hére, where thóu behóldest  
 These húge dísrúpted másses,  
 These stónes áwáy from stónes forced,  
 These únduláting cólúms  
 Of míngled smóke and dúst,  
 Néptune is úndermíning,  
 And fróm their déep foundátions  
 With his great trident héaving  
 The wálls and thé whole cíty.  
 Hére, in her fiercest fierceness,  
 Júnó, fóremost léading,  
 Óccúpíes the Scáean,  
 And, swórd at síde, calls fúrious  
 Her állíes fróm the shíps;  
 Alréady óf the high Cástle,  
 Tritónian Pállas, (sée  
 Behind thee thére,) síts místress,  
 Ín a beamy clóud's  
 Effúlgent halo bríght,  
 Bríght with her fell Górgon.  
 The síre of héaven hímsélf  
 Fúrníshes the Dánaï  
 With succéssful stréngth and cóurage;  
 Stírs úp the Góds hímsélf  
 Agáinst the Dárdan árms.  
 Áwáy, my són, flee swíft;  
 Let thy lábors have an énd:  
 Éverywhere I'm with thee,

Until I sét thee sáfe  
 Ón thy patérnal thréshold.  
 Thús having sáid, she plúnged  
 Ínto the night's thick shádes;  
 Ánd befóre me pláinly  
 I sáw the díreful fígures  
 Óf the gréat divínities,  
 Ínimical to Tróy.

“All Ílium thén appéared to mé  
 To sink in flámes, and fróm its báse  
 Neptúnian Tróy to bé o'erthrówn.  
 'Twás as when hinds, with stróke on stróke  
 Of dóuble-héaded íron áxe,  
 Have nigh cut thróugh, and émulous strive  
 To óverthrów, an áncient ásh,  
 Sómewhere amóng the lófty móuntains;  
 With trémbling lócks, and crówn concússed  
 At évery stróke, it nóds its héad,  
 And thréatens still, till, grádually  
 With wóunds o'ercóme, awáy it 's tórñ,  
 Ánd, with a lóng and lóud last gróan,  
 Down túmbles ón the hílls, a rúin.

“Descéding thénce, I máke my wáy,  
 Únder the guidance óf the Gódhead,  
 Thróugh the midst of flámes and wéapons;  
 Wéapons give wáy and lét me páss,  
 The flámes retíre befóre me.  
 But whén the whóle wáy Í have tráversed,  
 And réached the óld patérnal mánshion,  
 My sire, whom first I sóught, and fáin  
 Had cárried first to thé high móuntains,

Refúses tó survive Troy's fáll,  
 Ór prolóng his life by éxile:—  
 'O yé, whose blóod is yóung and frésh,  
 Whose fírm strength ón itself relies,  
 Flee yé', he sáys; 'me tó live lónger  
 Hád the celéstial dénizens wished,  
 They hád préserved for mé this hóme.  
 Enóugh, more thán enóugh for mé  
 Ónce to have séen the city táken,  
 And ónce outlived its óverthrów.  
 Of this dead córse, this láid-out córse,  
 Take nów your lóng and lást farewéll:  
 I 'll fight until the fóe, in pity,  
 Ór to obtáin my spóils, despátch me.  
 Í can dispénse with tómb and búrial.  
 Ódious to héaven, and úseless hére,  
 This lóng time nów, my lágging yéars,  
 Since the Gods' sire and king of mén  
 Blew ón me with his thúnder's blást,  
 And strúck me with his fire.'

"Só he persisted sáying,  
 Unchángeable ánd resólvéd:  
 Wé, on the óther hánd,  
 With flóods of téars beséech him —  
 Í and my spóuse Creúsa,  
 Ascánius, ánd the whóle house —  
 Beséech him, the house-fáther,  
 Nót to súperádd  
 Préssure tó fate's préssure,  
 Nór with himsélf the hóuse  
 And áll of ús undó.  
 Ábsolute hé refúses,

And immóvable sits fixed  
In the same spót and púrpose.

“I rúsh to árms agáin,  
And in my misery’s dépth  
Wish déath; for nów what cóunsel,  
What chánce of sáfety ’s léft:—  
‘And hást thou hóped, O sire,  
That Í would stir one fóot,  
And thóu left hére behind?  
And fróm a fáther’s móuth  
Hath súch impiety fálled?  
Íf of so gréat a city  
The pówers abóve are pléased  
That nóthing sháll be léft,  
And if thou ’rt quíte detérmined,  
And think’st it right to ádd  
Thy fá mily ánd thysel’f  
To the fáll of fálling Tróy,  
That gáte to déath lies ópen;  
Pýrrhus will sóon be hére,  
Who mássacres the són  
In présence of the sire,  
And mássacres the sire  
Beside the very áltar.

‘Ís it for this, kind móther,  
Thou snátchest mé unhúrt  
Óut of the midst of flámes,  
Óut of the midst of wéapons,  
Thát I may sée the fóe,  
In the bósom of my hóme,  
And Ascánius and my sire  
And Creúsa, lýing bútchered,

And wéltering side by side,  
 Éach in the óther's blóod?  
 Bring árms, ye bráve, bring árms;  
 The lást day cálls the cónquered;  
 To the Dánaí gíve me báck;  
 To the fíght let mé agáin;  
 Let 's renéw once móre the báttle;  
 This dáy we sháll not áll,  
 Not áll díe únrevénged.'

"Then with my swórd new-gírt,  
 And ínto my shíeld's hándle  
 Insérting my left árm,  
 I was rúshing óut of dóors,  
 When, behóld! upón the thréshold  
 My spóuse clíngs róund my féet,  
 And ín her árms forth strétches  
 Little Iúlus tó his síre:—

'If to díe thou depártest,  
 Take ús with thee tóo  
 Into áll the worst dángers;  
 But íf thine expérience  
 Has hópe still in árms,  
 Defénd this hóuse fírst.  
 To whóm left thy síre,  
 And little Iúlus?  
 To whóm left am Í,  
 Whom thou ónce call'dst thy wífe?"

"With súch loud críes and gróans  
 She was fílling the whóle búilding,  
 When a pródigy rose súdden,  
 And wónderful to téll;

For thére, among the hánds,  
And befóre the very fáces,  
Óf the sórrowful párents,  
Ló! a light and póinted fláme  
From the típ top óf the héad  
Of Iúlus séemed to shéd  
A bláze of light aróund,  
And with innóxious tóuch  
Lick lightly his soft háir,  
And féed abóut his témples.

“In trémbling féar and flúrry  
We sháke the fláming háir,  
And búsily with wáter  
The sácred fire extinguish;  
But síre Anchises jóyful  
His eýes lifts tóward the stárs,  
And tóward the héaven dirécts  
His vóice and óutstretched hánds:—  
‘O thóu, almighty Jóve!  
If ány práyers may bénd thee,  
Dó but lóok upón us;  
And thén, if thóu shouldst find  
Our píety desérving,  
Give us thy hélp, O síre!  
And rátify this ómen.’

“Scárce had the óld man sáid,  
Whén with a súdden crásh  
It thúndered on the léft,  
And dárting from the ský  
A stár with lúminous tráin  
Shót acróss the dárkness.  
We sée it ó’er the hóuse top



Gliding along, and tracing  
 Its bright path, till it plunges  
 Into the Idéan wóod.  
 A lóng and lúminous stréak  
 Is léft where it has pássed,  
 And, fár and wide aróund,  
 The whóle place fúmes with súlphur.

“’Twas thén indéed that, vánquished,  
 The sire aróse, and wént  
 Fóρθ to the ópen áir,  
 And adóred the hólý stár,  
 And thús the Góds addréssed:—  
 ‘Now, nów, there ’s nó deláy;  
 I fóllow, ánd wheré’er  
 Ye léad, am présént thére.  
 Góds of my fátherlánd,  
 O! présérve my fâmy;  
 My grándson, O! présérve;  
 This aúgury is yóurs,  
 And Tróy ’s in yóur protéction.  
 I yíeld indéed, my són,  
 Ánd to kéepe thee cómpány  
 Refúse not ány lónger.’

“He sàid, and nów the fire  
 Sounds cléarer thróugh the city,  
 Ánd the cónflagrátion  
 Néarer rólles its tíde:—  
 ‘Then cóme, dear fáther, móunt  
 Upón my néck and shóuldérs;  
 To cerry yóu will bé  
 To mé no írksome tóil;

Betide what máy betide,  
For ús two thére shall bé  
One cómmon risk, one sáfety;  
Little Iúlus kéeps  
In cómpany with mé,  
And in my stéps far óff  
My spóuse Creúsa fóllows.  
Ye sérvants, gíve atténtion  
To whát I nów shall sáy:—

‘Fácing thóse who léave the city  
Thére ’s an ántique túmulus,  
And sólitáry fáne of Céres,  
Ánd, close bý, an áncient cýpress,  
Bý our síres religiously  
Presérvéd through mány a yéar:  
Át that spót from dífferent quárters  
We méet togéther: thóu, O síre!  
Táke in thy hánd the sácred óbjects,  
Ánd the fátherlánd Penátes:  
For mé, just frésh come fróm the cárnage  
Óf so gréat war, ít were ímpious  
To láy hand ón them, till I ’ve máde  
Ablútion in the rúnning stréam.’

“I sáid; and ón my shóuldérs bróad  
And bént neck first a gárment spréading,  
And thén a táwny líon’s skín,  
Pláce myself úndernéath my búrden.  
Little Iúlus in my ríght hand  
Intwínes hímsélf, and tó his síre,  
With a child’s shórtér stép, kéeps clóse;  
My wífe comes ón behínd.

"Through dárk ways wé move ón,  
 And Í, whom bút just nów  
 No shówering missiles rúffled,  
 Nor oppósing trúops of Gráii,  
 By évery áir am fríghted,  
 By évery sóund excited,  
 In ánxious féar alike  
 For my cómrade ánd my lóad.

"And nów I néared the gátes,  
 And thóught I hád made góod  
 The whóle way, whén, close bý,  
 Áll of a súdden, séemed  
 Upón our éars to fáll  
 The sóund of trámping féet,  
 And thróugh the sháde my síre  
 Forthlóoking cries:— 'My són,  
 O! flée, my són; they 're cóming;  
 I sée their búrning bráss,  
 I sée their fláshing shields.'

"I knów not whát malignant Pówer  
 Of récolléction hére deprived me,  
 And flúrried ánd confúsed my mínd;  
 For ás, the ród's diréction léaving,  
 I táke my wáy thróugh páthless pláces,  
 Alás! some víolent déath snatched fróm me  
 My spóuse Creúsa. Ít is dóubtful  
 Whéther she stópped, or lóst her wáy,  
 Or tíred sat dówn, but tó our éyesight  
 Néver sínce thén was shé restóred:  
 Nor díd I báckward túrn my lóok,  
 Ór of the lóss becóme awáre,

Until to thé old túmulus  
And Céres' sácred séat we cóme:  
When hére at lást we 're áll collécted,  
She ónly tó our númer 's wánting,  
And hád not éither bý her cómrades,  
Ór by her són, or spóuse been séen.

“Whóm of Góds or mén,  
Whóm did I nótr repróach  
In my ráving ánd delirium?  
What síght more crúel sáw I  
In the sácking óf the cíty?  
Ascánius, síre Anchíses,  
And the Teúcrian Penátes  
I hide in a curved válley,  
And comménd to my compánions.  
In glittering arms I'm gírt,  
And séek agáin the cíty,  
Résolute to bráve  
All chánces ónce agáin,  
Through the whóle of Tróy retúrn,  
Ánd to évery dánger  
Expóse my life once móre.

“First I séek the wálls,  
Ánd obscúre gate-pórtal  
By which I hád passed óut,  
Ánd my fóotmarks báckwards  
Explóre with séarching eýe,  
And thróugh the night retréad.  
'Tis hórror éverywhére;  
The véry sílence sélf  
Strikes térror tó the sóul.

"Thence hóme, if bý some chánce,  
 If bý some chánce that wáy  
 Her fóotsteps shé had túrned;  
 The Dánaï hád rushed in,  
 And were másters óf the building.  
 Úp to the highest róof-top  
 Bý the wind that instant  
 Rólléd the devóuring fire;  
 Abóve the hóuse rise high,  
 And cráckle tó the ský,  
 The ráging héat and fláme.  
 Thence ónward Í procéd,  
 And the résidénce of Priam,  
 And the citadél revisit.  
 Ín the vácant pórticoes  
 Of Júnó's fáne alréady  
 Phóenix and díre Ulýsses,  
 Gúards seléct, were wáatching  
 The héaped up piles of bóoty.  
 Thithér from all sídes,  
 Tórñ from the búrning shrínes  
 Troy's tréasures wére collectéd:  
 Thére wére the cáptured véstménts,  
 And sólíd gólden góblets,  
 And tábles óf the Góds.  
 Bóys and trémbling mátrons  
 In lóng arráy stand róund.

"I dáred even tó cry óut,  
 And thróugh the dárkness shóut,  
 And in sórrow cálléd "Creúsa",  
 Until I filled the stréets  
 With the óutcry óf her náme

Óver and óver agáin,  
And óver agáin in váin,  
And óver agáin, repéated.

“As thróugh the cíty’s hóuses  
Thus in éndless séarch I ráged,  
Befóre mine eýes appéared,  
Lárger than lífe, the sháde,  
Sémbulance, and imaged fórm  
Of Creúsa’s hápless sélf,  
And in these wórds addréssed me,  
And sólaced thús my cáre:—  
‘What aváils it, Ó sweet spóuse,  
Such mád grief tó indúlge?  
These evénts do nótt occúr  
Withóut the will divíne:  
To táke Creúsa with thee,  
Compánion óf thy trável,  
His órdinánce forbíds  
Who réigns o’er high Olýmpus.

‘Áfter á far éxile,  
Áfter thóu hast plóughed  
The vást tract óf the séa,  
Thou shált at lást arríve  
Át the Hespérian lánd,  
Whére with géntle cúrrént  
Lýdian Týber flóws  
Through rich and péopled fields.  
A róyal spóuse, and kíngdom,  
Ánd prospérity there wáit thee.  
Weep no móre for lóved Creúsa;  
Néver will Í, a Dárdan,



And Góddess Vénus' dáughter,  
 The háughty séats behóld  
 Of Mýrmidon or Dólops,  
 Or gó to bé a sláve  
 Tó a Gráian místress;  
 The gréat Gods'-móther mé  
 Hére in these shóres detáins.  
 And nów farewéll, and éver  
 Lóve our cómmon són.'

"Ínto thin áir, this sáid,  
 Desérting me she fléd,  
 And léft me wéeping múch,  
 And múch to sáy desíring.  
 Abóut her néck there thrice  
 I stróve my árms to thrów;  
 Thrice from my frústrate grásp,  
 Light as the winds, the sháde,  
 Swift as a dréam, escáped.

"So spént the níght, at lást  
 To my pártý Í retúrn:  
 And hére I find with wónder  
 Great núbbers óf new cómrades  
 From áll sides hád flowed ín;  
 Matrons and mén and yóuths,  
 A míserable crówd,  
 Réady with héart and súbstance  
 To fólloiw me to éxile,  
 Ínto whatever lánds  
 I might think fit to léad them  
 Áwáy beyónd the séa.

“And nów o’er Ída’s tóps  
Lúcifer was rising,  
And léading ón the dáy;  
Strong bódies of the Dánaï  
Had posséssion of the gátes,  
And évery hópe was lóst;  
I yield: uplift my síre,  
And my wáy take tó the móuntains.

### III.

“After the Góds  
Had thought fít to destróy,  
By a dóom it desérved not,  
The réalm Asiátic,  
And lineage of Priám,  
And próud Ilium féll,  
And áll Troy Neptúnian  
Smóked from the gróund,  
Divine áuguries drive us,  
To séek out far lánds,  
Desert pláces of éxile,  
And close únder Antándrus  
And Phrýgian Mount Ída,  
We build our fleet’s fábric,  
And our créw get togéther,  
All úncertain whither  
The fátes may convéy us,  
Where allów us to hált.

“’Twas the véry beginning  
And first of the súmmer,  
When fáther Anchises  
Gave órders to spréad out  
Our sails to the fátes;

And in téars I take léave  
Of the shóres of my cóuntry,  
And the pláins where Troy ónce was,  
And sáil out of pórt,  
And awáy to the high deep  
An éxile am bórne  
With my cómrades and són  
And the gréat Gods Penátes.

“From Tróy’s coast far distant,  
The Thrácians inhábit  
A lánd to Mars sácred,  
Vast wide-spreading pláins,  
By dóughty Lycúrgus  
In óld time reigned óver,  
And clósely united  
With Tróy in relátions  
Friendly and sócial,  
While Tróy was a city.

“I sail thither, and lánding  
By nó kind fate sánctioned,  
Amóng the shore’s windings  
Begin straight to build,  
And fróm my own náme,  
Call my péople Enéadae.

“A sléek, shining búll  
To the Kíng of the Góds  
On the shóre I was óffering,  
And práying the móther  
Dionéan to bléss  
The wórks I ’d begún:

It chanced that a túmulus  
Néar hand was stánding,  
O'ergrówn with shrub córnel,  
And stiff spikes of mýrtle.  
I went tó it, and stróve  
From the swárd to tear úp  
Some gréen wood for bóughs,  
To gárland the áltars,  
When a pródigy hórrid,  
And stránge to reláte,  
To my eýes was présentéd:  
For fróm the first sápling,  
Pulled óut of the gróund,  
Black dróps of blood dríp,  
Where 'twas bróke from the róot,  
And the éarth stain with góre.  
Cold hórror my limbs shakes,  
My blóod with fear fréezes.  
Procéeding to púll up  
Anóther tough withe,  
And the hidden cause sít  
And explóre to the bóttom,  
From the óther's rind tóo  
The black dróps of blood íssue.  
I búsy my mind  
With conjéctures, and óffering  
To the rúral nymphs hómage,  
And to fáther Gradívus,  
The Gétic plains' lórd,  
Beséech them to shéd  
On th' appéarance their bléssing,  
And avért the bad ómen:  
But whén I attépt

With a still greater éffort  
 The third rod to wrénch,  
 And with my knees, pushing  
 Agáinst the sand, stráin —  
 Shall I spéak out or húsh? —  
 I héard from the tómb's depth  
 A piteous groan issue,  
 And thús a voice ánsWER:—

‘Why lácerate só  
 A póor wretch, Enéas?  
 Dead and búried let rést;  
 And thy kind, tender hánds  
 With súch a crime stáin not.  
 Thine ówn Troy produced me,  
 And the blóod from this stálk  
 Drips not stránger to thée.  
 Ah! flée this land crúel,  
 These shores cóvetous flée,  
 For Í'm Polydórus,  
 And this spiky cróp  
 Has shot úp from the lánces,  
 Sharp-póinted and thícK-set,  
 That hére pierced me thróugh.’

“Then indéed I was frightened,  
 And stóod hesitáting  
 In dóubt and amázement;  
 My vóice to my thróat clave,  
 My háir rose eréct.  
 This Pólydore, érewhile,  
 With góld a great wéight,  
 To the Thrácian King's kéeping



Was privily sént  
By unfórtunate Priam,  
When he sáw the besiegers  
Invéstiting his city,  
And begán to distrust  
The Dárdan arms' strength.  
His hóst, when the might  
Of the Teúcri was bróken,  
And their fórtune at ébb,  
Takes párt with the cónquering  
Arms Ágamemnónian,  
And évery tie bréaking,  
Kills Polydórus,  
And clútches the góld.  
O cursed thirst of góld,  
To whát crime persuád'st not  
The bósom of mórtals!

“When the fright left my bónes,  
I reláte to selécted  
Chief mén of the péople,  
And fírst to my sire  
The pórtents celéstial,  
And ásk their advice.  
All are óf the one mind,  
To gíve the sails lóose  
To the bréath of the Áustri,  
And the wícked land léave,  
That bróke a host's fáith.

“We sólemnize thérefore  
The fúnéral of Pólydore,  
And the túmulus héap huge,

And pile up with éarth;  
And to the Mānes  
Raise áltars, festóoned  
With dárk violet fillets  
And sórrowful cýpress.  
The wómen of Ílium  
Stand róund, as of wónt,  
With lóng hair dishévelled.  
Foaming mílk-boats funéreal  
Of wárm milk we óffer,  
And bówls of blood sácred;  
Then invóke with a lást shout,  
And in the tomb búry,  
The sóul of the déad.

“Then as sóon as the winds  
And the séa had grown plácid,  
And séemed fair to prómise,  
And Áuster’s mild rústling  
To the hígh deep invited,  
Our créws o’er the shóres spread,  
And hául down the véssels;  
We sáil out of pórt;  
Lands and cíties recéde.

“Amidst the sea lies,  
Most delightful to dwéll in,  
A lánd consecráte  
To Néptune Aegéan  
And the móther of the Néreids;  
Which, in óld time wide flóating  
Abóut the coasts róund,  
The áffectionate Bówbearer

Bóund between lófty  
 Mýcon and Gýarus,  
 And stéadied secúrely,  
 That it might receive culture,  
 And at nóught set the winds.

“My cóurse I shape thither;  
 That móst placid ísland’s  
 Safe hárbour receíves us  
 Fatigued with our vóyage.  
 Disembarked, we bow dówn  
 With réverence befóre  
 Apóllo’s own cíty.  
 We are mét by King Ánius,  
 Ánius who Kíng is  
 And high priest of Phóebus;  
 With his témples encírcled  
 With láurel branch sácred  
 And díadem he méets us,  
 And sóon recognízing  
 His óld friend Anchíses,  
 Clasps the hánds of his guésts,  
 Who clasp his in retúrn,  
 And we énter the dwélling.

“In his tíme-worn stone témples  
 I wórshipped the Gód:—  
 ‘O gránt us, Thymbréus,  
 A hóme of our ówn;  
 To our wéariness gránt  
 A fórtified stróngthold,  
 A pérmanent cíty,  
 And nátionál líne.

Tróy's second Pergamus  
Ó save in ús,  
In ús, the poor résidue  
Léft by the Dánaĩ  
And rúthless Achilles.  
Whóm bidst us fóllow?  
Which wáy shall we túrn?  
Or whére shall we sèttle?  
Advise us, O síre,  
And glide into our minds.'

..Scárce had I sáid,  
Whén of a súdden  
All things seemed to róck,  
And be pút into mótion,  
Both the flóor of the témples,  
Ánd the God's láurel,  
And the whóle mountain róund;  
The shrine was thrown ópen;  
And from únder its cúrtain  
Forth béllowed the Tripod.  
To the gróund we fall próstrate;  
A vóice to our éars comes:—

'Hárdy Dardánidae,  
That lánd, whence the primitive  
Stóck of your râce came,  
Will wélcome with jóy  
Your retúrn to its láp:  
Search ón, till ye find out  
Your áncient móther:  
Enéas' house thére  
And his children's children

For éver and éver  
O'er áll lands shall réign.'

"So Phóebus; and gréat joy  
In áll rose tumultuous;  
And whére may that lánd be,  
They ásk one anóther,  
To which Phoebus bíds them  
Their stráy footsteps túrn,  
And thére found their cíty.

"Then my síre, turning óver  
The óld-time tradítions,  
Says:— 'Chieftains, give éar;  
And from mé learn your hópes,  
In the séa's midst lies Créte  
With its móuntain Idéan;  
The isle of great Jóve,  
And the crádle of our ráce;  
A rich teeming réalm  
With a húndred great cíties,  
From thénce came of óld  
Our míghty síre Teúcer,  
If whát I have héard  
I récollect rightly,  
And chòse for his réalm's site  
The séacoast Rhoetéan.  
In the váles' depths they dwélt then,  
And as yét was no Ílium,  
No Pergámean tówers.  
Hence bórrówed those rites,  
That may nótt be discússed,  
Of the Móther that lóves

The háunts of Cybéle;  
Hence the Córybants' cýmbals,  
Hence Ída's grove bórrówed,  
And the líons yoked únder  
The cár of our Lády.  
Cóme then, let 's fóllo  
Whither the Góds lead;  
Let 's propítiate the winds,  
And the Gnóssian realms séek,  
No léngthy run dístant:  
With Júpiter's hélp,  
The third dáy sets our fléet  
On the séa-bord of Créte.'

“He sáid; and the Góds  
With due ófferings hónored;  
To Néptune a búll slew,  
To thée, fair Apóllo,  
A búll on the áltar;  
To Hiems, a bláck sheep;  
A whíte, to fair Zéphyrs.

“Expélled out of Créte  
And the réalms of his síres  
'Twas repórted that chieftain  
Idómeneus had fléd,  
And léft us a hóme there,  
And nóne to molést us.  
Ortýgia's port léaving  
We skim swiftly óver  
The island-sown séa,  
Through the clústering Cýclades,  
By Oléaros alóng,

And snówy-white Páros,  
And vérdant Donýsa,  
And the Bácschanal-révelled  
Móuntains of Náxos.  
Chéerily sáilors call;  
Búsy the hánds of all:—  
'For the lánd of our fóresires,  
For Créte,' is the cry.  
A wind rises áft,  
And goes with us alóng,  
Ánd to the shóres  
Of the áncient Curétes  
At lást we come glíding.

"I sét about thérefore,  
And éagerly wórk at,  
The wálls of the cíty  
I 'd so lónged to see rísing;  
And cáll it Pergámea;  
And my péople exhórt  
To cling clóse to a hóme  
By so déar a name cálléd,  
And réar high their cástle.

"But scárce were the ships  
On the dry shore drawn úp;  
And the yóung people búsy  
With fármíng their nów lands,  
And márríage contráctíng;  
And with láw-gíving, Í,  
And assígning of dwéllíngs;  
When ón the límb súdeen,  
And ón trees and cróps,



From the póisonous áir  
Of the únhealthy séason,  
Came a péstilence pútrid,  
A wretched diséase,  
That killed the sweet life  
Or léft the frame sickly.  
Burning Sírius the gráss  
And the fields shrivelled úp;  
And the drý, blasted cróp  
No nóurishment yielded.  
O'er the séa back agáin,  
My síre bids us méasure  
Our wáy to Ortýgia;  
There to bég Phoebus' gráce,  
And the óracle ásk,  
To whát quarter nów  
Is our cóurse to be sháped,  
Whére may our wéariness  
Hópe to find rést,  
What énd, what relief  
He appoints to our lábors.

“’Twas night; and all things  
That had life were asléep;  
When the Phrýgian Penátes,  
Whose images sácred  
I bróught with me óut  
Of the midst of Troy's flámes,  
Seemed, ás I lay sléeping,  
To stánd manifésted  
In múch light befóre me,  
Where the fúll moon was thróugh  
The wide-ópen sash stréaming,

And thus to address me,  
And solace my cares:—

‘What Apóllo would téll thee  
Arrived at Ortýgia,  
Behóld! he sends ús,  
Of his ówn free accórd,  
To decláre to thee hére.  
Since the fire of Dardánia  
Thy fórtunes we ’ve fóllowed  
And thóse of thine árms;  
We have sáiled in thy shíps,  
And alóng with thee méasured  
The swóllen sea acróss;  
’Tis wé that shall émpire  
Confér on thy city,  
And ráise to the stárs high  
The héirs of thy líne.  
But thóu, from thy trável’s  
Long lábour not shrinking,  
Prepáre a great cíty  
For gréat men to dwéll in:  
It wás not on thése shores,  
It wás not in Créte,  
The Délian Apóllo  
Báde thee to séttle;  
Thou must séek other quárters.

‘Hespéria ’s the náme  
Which the Gráii bestów  
On an óld warlike lánd,  
Of a rich fruitful glébe,

By th' Oenótriï ónce tilled,  
Ánd at the présent time  
Cáalled, it is sáid,  
By the yóung race, Itália,  
From the náme of a chief.  
There our ríghtful abóde;  
Thence Dárdanus spráng,  
And fáther Iásius,  
The héad of our ráce.  
Úp, up, and jóyfully  
Téll thine aged síre  
These trúths beyond quéstion.  
Let him Córythus séek,  
Ánd th' Ausónian lands;  
Jóve to thee gránts not  
The fields Dictéan.'

“By the vision astónished,  
And vóice of the Góds,  
(Nor wás it mere sléep,  
For I pláinly obsérved  
The filleted háir,  
And lóok of the Déities  
Présent and spéaking;  
And the cóld sweat wás stréaming  
My whóle body óver,)  
I spring from the cóuch,  
And my vóice, and the pálms  
Of my úpward-turned hánds,  
Dirécting towards héaven,  
Póur on the héarth-fíre  
The unmixed - wine libátion.

“The wórship compléted,  
I téll the whole cáse,  
With jóy, to Anchíses.  
He admítted the twófold,  
Ambíguous, extráction;  
Ánd that he hád now  
A sécond time érred  
Abóut these old pláces;  
Then sáys:— ‘O my són,  
So by Ílium’s fates hárrassed,  
Cassándra alóne  
Such advéntures foretóld me.  
I récollect nów,  
Her próphecies prómised  
These réalms to our ráce,  
And oft cálléd them Itália,  
Hespéria oft cálléd them.  
But whó could believe  
That the Teúcri would cóme  
To the cóasts of Hespéria?  
Or whó had faith thén  
In Cassándra’s foretéllings?  
Let us gíve way to Phóebus,  
And, táught by this léssoñ,  
Do bétter in fúture.’

“He sáys; and we áll,  
Huzzáing and jóyful,  
Obéy his commánd;  
This séttlement too  
Desért, and a féw  
Behínd in it léaving,  
Set sáil, and awáy

In our hóllow shìps scúid  
The vást sea-plain óver.

“And nów o’er the high deep  
We were hólding our wáy on,  
And no lánd was in sight,  
But on évery side róund us  
Sky ónly and séa,  
When, right óver our héads  
And the dárk curling wáves,  
Stood a livid cloud lówering,  
With night charged and témpet.  
In an ístant the winds  
Raise the vást raging séa,  
And dispérse us and tóss us  
Abóut on the billows.  
Through rifts in the stórmclouds  
That hide from our sight,  
And láp in damp night,  
The ský and daylight,  
Shoots the lightning in vólleys.  
We are dríven from our cóurse,  
And drift about blindly  
Óver the wáters.  
Palinúrus himsélf  
Protésts he ’s unáble  
Dáy in the ský  
To distínguish from night,  
Ór, in the midst  
Of the séa, find his wáy.  
Three dáys dim-distínguished,  
Three stárless nights, só  
In blind dárkness we drift;

On the fourth day at lénth  
Land is first seen to rise,  
And brings into view móuntains  
Awáy in the dístance,  
And shóws curling smóke.  
Dówn drop our sáils,  
To our óars we rise up,  
And withóut more adó  
Awáy pull the créw,  
And twirling the drípping foam  
Swéep o'er the blúe.

“The Stróphades’ cóasts  
Are the first to recéive me,  
Sáved from the wáters;  
The Stróphades, só  
By a Gráian name cálléd,  
Are íslands that líe  
In the gréat sea lónian,  
Where díreful Celéno  
And the rést of the Hárpies  
Dwéll ever sínce  
From their fórmér caróuse  
They were fríghted awáy,  
And agáinst them was clósed  
The pálace of Phíneus.  
More fóul pest than théy  
The Góds’ wrath sent néver;  
Néver from Stýgian wave  
Róse dírer mónster.  
Fáces of dámsels,  
Bódies of bírds,  
With fóulest dung-dróppings,

And hánds crooked to tálons,  
And visages éver  
Pállid with fámine.

“When, híther arrived,  
We hád the port éntered,  
Lo! we sée, everywhére  
In the fíelds, without kéeper  
Glád herds of óxen  
And flócks of goats grázing.  
Sword in hánd we rush ón,  
Ánd to a sháre  
Of the préy call the Góds,  
And Júpiter’s sélf;  
Then ráise dining cóuches  
Upón the curved shóre,  
And spléndidly féast;  
Bút, on a súdden,  
Dówn from the móuntains  
The Hárpies are ón us,  
With hórrible clápping  
And clánging of wíngs,  
Maráuding, despóiling,  
Ánd with uncléan touch  
Pollúting the víands;  
Screaming díre all the while,  
And a nóisome stench shédding.

“Agáin we lay óut,  
In a pláce far remóte,  
Undernéath an o’erhánging  
Rock’s shéltér, our tábles,  
With trées closed all róund



And thiek branching úmbrage,  
Ánd on the áltars  
Agáin place the fire.  
Agáin come the cláinging pack  
Óut of their hídings,  
Ánd from a différent  
Quárter round glíding,  
Pollúte with their tálons  
And fóul mouths the viands.  
I thén bid my cómrades  
Betáke them to árms,  
And that wár with the díre crew  
Múst needs be wáged.  
They dó as commáded,  
Ánd in the hérbage  
Swórds hide and shíelds.  
Só when the whirr  
Of their dównward flight sóunded  
Alóng the curved shóre,  
And Misénus with trúmpet-blast,  
Fróm his high lóok-out,  
Has gíven them the sígnal,  
My cómrades rush ón,  
And the nóvel fight trý,  
To wóund with their swórds  
The séa's birds obscéne.  
But théy take no húrť  
Or on plúmage or bódý,  
And awáy toward the ský  
In rápid flight glíding,  
Their hálf-eaten préy  
Leave behínd and foul tráces.  
On a lófty-browed róck

One, Celéno, her pérch takes,  
And, ún lucky sóothsayer,  
Cróaks forth these wórds:—

‘And wáge ye war tóo,  
O Laómedon’s sóns,  
War tóo for the óxen  
And stéers ye have sláughtered?  
And will ye the innocent  
Hárpies expél  
From their cóuntry and réalm?  
Hear thérefore my wórds  
And ín your minds fíx them.  
What the Fáther almíghty,  
To Phóebus Apóllo,  
What Phóebus Apóllo  
To mé hath foretóld,  
I, the chief of the Fúries,  
Revéal now to yóu.  
For Itália you ’re bóund,  
Ánd to Itália.  
Áfter your vóws  
Ye have máde to the wínds,  
Ye shall sáfely arrive,  
Ánd to land ón it  
Sháll be allówed you;  
But ye sháll not wall róund  
Your appóinted cíty,  
Until áfter díre fámíne.  
Avénging this úndeserved  
Ónslaught on ús,  
Has compélled you to nibble  
And gnáw round your tréenchers.’

“She said; and fled off  
To the wóod on her pinions.

“Then with súdden fear fréezes  
The blóod of my cómrades,  
Their cóurage is fálLEN,  
Nor will they on árms  
Relý any lónger,  
But with práyers and entréaties  
The góod will implóre  
Of those béings, whatever  
Their náture may bé;  
Góddesses whéther,  
Or díre birds obscéne.  
And fáther Anchíses  
With pálms wide spread óut,  
As he stánds on the shóre,  
Invókes the great Góds,  
And ordáins the due hónors:—  
‘Avért, ye kind Góds,  
The catástrophe thréatened,  
And your wórshippers sáve.’  
Thén bids them lóosen  
And sháke out the rópe coils,  
Ánd the stay cáble  
Haul óff from the shóre.  
South bréezes our sáils stretch,  
And, fólloving the cáll  
Of the stéersman and wínd,  
We scud óver the fóam.

“And nów midst the wáves  
Shrub Zacýnthus appéars,

And Dulíchium, Sáme,  
And Néritos' stéep cliffs:  
We flée far away  
From Láërtian Íthaca's  
Rócky domáins,  
And déep curse the lánd  
That núrned fell Ulýsses.  
By and bý Mount Leucáta's  
Súmmit tempéstuos,  
And the fáne of Apóllo,  
The térror of sáilors,  
Upón our view ópens.  
Our wéary course thither  
We túrn, and heave tó  
Beside the small city.  
From the prów drops the ánchor,  
The stérns line the shóre.

“And só of firm lánd,  
Beyond ál·expectátion  
At lást in posséssion,  
We perfórm our lustrátions,  
And Jóve's altars kindle;  
And sólemnize gámes  
In dischárge of our vóws,  
And let Áctium's shores witness  
The pástimes of Ílium;  
Our fólk (in delight  
To have máde good their flight  
Through the midst of the fóe's  
Many cities Argólic),  
Enácting with náked

And óil-besmeared shóuldern  
Their nátive gymnástics.

“In the méantime the sún  
Round the gréat year is rólled,  
And frore winter’s north-éasters  
Róughen the séa.  
I bid them their pláces  
Take ón the row-bénches,  
And sét out from pórt.  
But first in the frónt  
Of the gáte I set úp  
The cóncave brass búckler,  
Great Ábas once cárried,  
And with this scroll inscribe:  
*From the conquering Dánaï  
Enéas these spóils took.*  
Then évery oar stríves  
Which will smíte the sea stóutest,  
And brávely we swéep  
O’er the fáce of the déep.

“Straightwáy from our viéw  
Slip awáy the Pheácian  
Cítadels áiry.  
Alóng by the cóasts  
Of Epírus we skím,  
The Chaónian port énter,  
And líe to befóre  
Buthrótus’ high cíty.

“An increíble rúmour  
Here réaches our éars,

That of Phrygian Eácides'  
Cónsort and scéptre  
Nów in posséssion,  
Priam's son Hélenus  
Rúled far and wide  
O'er the Gráian cíties,  
Ánd that Andrómache  
Cálléd once agáin  
A compátriot, lórd.  
I was strúck with amázement;  
My bréast was inflámed  
With a wóndrous desire  
To spéak with the héro,  
And héar from himsélf  
Of advéntures so stránge;  
I léave fleet and shóre,  
And walk úp from the pórt.

“It chanced, in a sácred grove  
Óutside the cíty,  
By the side of a mimic  
Simois' wáters,  
Andrómache wéeping,  
To the cinders of Héctor  
Was póuring libátion,  
The Mánes invóking,  
And óffering the sólemn  
And sád viand-óffering,  
At the Cénotaph túmulus,  
And twó sácred áltars,  
She had built of green túrf.

"When she saw me approaching,  
 And about me men armed  
 With the armour of Tróy,  
 Seized with wild fright  
 At the marvellous sight,  
 She grew cold and stiff,  
 And sank down in a swoon;  
 And, after a long time,  
 Thus hardly at last said:—

'Is it a real face,  
 And com'st thou thyself,  
 Substantial and living,  
 Ó Goddess-born?  
 Or if unsubstantial  
 And not of this world,  
 Then why comes not Héctor?'  
 "She said; and with tears  
 And laments the whole place filled.

"With mind discompósed,  
 And stammering utterance  
 I can scarce to her raving,  
 In syllables broken  
 These few words reply:—  
 'I live indeed — doubt not,  
 For real what thou see'st —  
 And through all extremities  
 Drag on existence.  
 O thou that hast fallen  
 From a wedlock so high,  
 Ah! what 's thy lot now?  
 Is Pýrrhus thy lord still?



Ór does a súitable  
Fórtune at lást  
Visit hér that was ónce  
Héctor's Andrómache?

“She cást down her lóok,  
And with húmble voice sáid:—  
‘Oh! háppy was shé,  
Above áll Priam’s dáughters,  
Who benéath Troy’s high wálls,  
At the énemy’s tómb  
Was commáded to díe;  
No lotcásting for cáptives  
Had shé to endúre,  
No béd ever tóuched  
Of a cónqueror and máster.  
But Í, made a sláve  
When my cóuntry was búrned,  
Over fár seas must trável,  
And the pród humors béar  
Of the háughty young shóot  
Of the stóck of Achilles;  
Who áfter a child’s birth  
Transférred me, his bóndsmaid,  
To Hélenus his bóndsman,  
And awáy went a-wóoing  
Ledéan Hermíone’s  
Hand Lácedemónian.  
But Oréstes, inflámed  
By the lóss of the bríde  
He so ténderly lóved,  
And his thóughts’ even ténor

Disturbed by his own crime's  
 Retributive Furies,  
 Pounces on him unwary,  
 And slays him in front  
 Of the altar domestic.

‘Neoptólemus déad,  
 A párt of his émpire  
 To Hélenus féll;  
 Who, from Cháon the Trójan,  
 These pláins called Chaónia  
 And the náme of Chaónia  
 Bestówed on the kingdom;  
 Ánd with this Pérgamus’  
 Stróng castle Ílian  
 These híll tops compléted.  
 But whát winds have blówn thee  
 To thése coasts of óurs?  
 Or whát fate hath léd thee,  
 What Gód driven thee, híther,  
 In ígnorance tótal  
 Of áll that has háppened?  
 And hów does Ascánius?  
 Is stíll the boy líving  
 Whom while Tróy was a cíty —  
 Is the lóss of his párent  
 A gríef to him sómetimes?  
 Does his bréast ever glów  
 With the óld martial spírit?  
 Does he éver reméber  
 He ’s són of Enéas,  
 And néphew of Héctor?’

“As thús she was póuring  
Her lóng lamentátion,  
And áll in vain weéping,  
Forth óut of the fórtress,  
By a gréat suite escórted,  
Comes Priám’s son Hélenus,  
His friends recognises,  
And léads with joy ín;  
And with éach word he útters  
Sheds mány a téar.  
I obsérve on my wáy  
How like to great Tróy  
Their mimic Troy city  
And Pérgamus tiny,  
With the scánty dry stréamlet  
They cáll after Xánthus,  
And clásp to my bósom  
Their Scáean gate’s pórtal.

“Nór, at the sáme time,  
Enjóyed not the Teúcri  
Their city of friends;  
The Kíng entertained them  
In pórticoes ámple;  
In the mídst of the háll  
Stood the gólden-served bánquet;  
And with bówls in their hánds  
They libáted to BÁCchus.

“And só, as awáy  
Fleeted dáy after dáy,  
And the bréezes of Áuster,  
Infláting the lint-sheet,

Invited to saíl,  
I accóست in these wórds,  
And inquire of, the séer:—  
‘O thóu Trojan-bórn,  
Who intérpret’st the Góds;  
Who Phóebus’ divíne will  
Percéivest and féel’st;  
Who expóundest the Clárian’s  
Láurels and trípodس,  
The sígns of the stárs,  
And the lánguage of bírds,  
And the ómens derived  
From the swift-flying wíng,  
O sáy — for the Góds,  
With one ónly excéption,  
To Ítaly cáll me,  
And the lánds reserved fór me  
Commánd me to try;  
And relígion my whóle course  
Has prómised me prósperous,  
Only Hárpy Celéno  
With áwful wrath thréatens,  
And predicts us a fámíne,  
Foul, stránge, and prodígíous,  
And súch as no píous soul  
Dáre even spéak of —  
Say whát ’s the chief dánger;  
These díffículties hów  
Shall I bést shun or cónquer.

“Here Hélenus, first  
Having sláughtered the stéers

By the ritual required,  
Entréats the heaven's gráce;  
And, unlóosing the tiar  
From his sánctified héad,  
Me, in ánxious suspénse  
And áwe of the Gód's  
Great mánifestátion,  
Leads himsélff, in his hánd,  
To thy dwélling, O Phóebus.  
Thén in prophétic strain  
Fróm his divine mouth  
Thús sang the priést:—

‘O bórn of a Góddess!  
Since the gréatness is pláin  
Of the áuspices which  
O'er the high deep escórt thee —  
Since the mónarch of Góds  
Appóints the Fates só,  
So dispóses evénts  
In succéssion and órder —  
Sóme out of mány points  
Í'll expláin tó thee,  
That thou máy'st with more sáfety  
The séa take for hóst,  
And secúrely at lást  
In Ausónian port séttle.  
To knów more than this,  
Or móre than this téll,  
The bán of the Párcae  
And Júnó Satúrnian  
Hélenus hinders.

‘First of áll, that Itália  
Thou déem’st near at hánd,  
And whose pórts thou prepár’st,  
As if clóse at the dóor,  
(Ah how líttle thou knów’st!)  
All at ónce to inváde.  
Beyond mány a lánd’s  
Wide impássable tráct  
Lies fár far awáy.  
Thine óar thou must tóg  
In Trinácria’s wátters,  
The bríny Ausónian  
Must náavigate róund,  
The Inférnal Lakes visit,  
And páss by the island  
Of Círce Eéan,  
Befóre thou canst séttle  
On sáfe land thy cíty.  
I ’ll téll thee the tókens:  
Keep them stóred in thy mínd.

‘When thóu, in the midst  
Of thy tróuble and cáre,  
Benéath the holm óaks  
That bólder the báńks  
Of a ríver retired,  
A great whíte sow shalt fínd  
Stretched at léńgh on the gróund,  
Giving súck to her fárrow  
Of thirty young pígs,  
Each as whíte as hersélf,  
That spót ’s thy sure rést  
And the síte of thy cíty.

Nor lét thy flesh créep  
At that gnáwing of tréenchers;  
The Fátes will a wáy find,  
Apóllo when cálléd on  
Will cóme to thine áid.

‘But avóid the edge néxt us  
Of Ítaly’s shóres;  
Wicked Gráii inhábit.  
And fill with their cíties.  
All that tráct which is wáshed  
By this séa-surf of óurs;  
Here the Lócric Narýcian  
Their cíty have built,  
Ánd with his sóldiery  
Lýctian Idómeneus  
Óccupies wide  
The Sállentine pláins.  
Here too on the stréngth  
Of her wáll Philoctétian  
Relies with all cónfidence  
Chief Melibóeus’s  
Little Petília.

‘Even whén on the óff side  
Thy fléet has arríved,  
And ón the seashóre  
Thou art ráising thine áltars  
And páying thy vóws,  
Thy lócks thou must shróud,  
And thy fáce cover úp,  
With a wrápper of púrple,  
Lest, whilst at the blázíng



And sánctified áltars  
Thou art hónoring the Góds,  
An ényemy's fáce  
By some chánce meet thine eýe,  
And már all the ómens.  
Let thysélf, let thy cómrades,  
This cústom obsérve,  
Thy postérity éver  
In hóliness kéep,  
And abide by, this ritúal.

‘But whén on thy wáy  
Thou hast sét out from hénce,  
And the wind wafts thee néar  
To the cóast of Sicília,  
And the stráits of Pelórus  
Begin to grow wide,  
Keep awáy from the wáters  
And shóre on the stárboard,  
And, awáy to the lárboard  
In lóng cúrcuit tácking,  
The léft shore sweep róund.

‘They sáy that these lánds,  
At first óne and continuous,  
Have, at sóme time or óther,  
With mighty convúlsion  
And vást wreck and ruín  
In twáin leaped asúnder,  
(So powérful is tíme's lapse  
To bring about chánges,)  
And thát the sea, fórcibly  
Ín between rúshing,

Cut Ítaly óff  
From the side of Hespéria,  
Só that an interposed  
Fríth's narrow wáters  
Now wash ópposite cíties  
And ópposite fields.

‘The right side by Scýlla  
Is gárrisoned stróng;  
Charýbdis implácable  
Síts on the léft,  
And into her whirlpool,  
Sheer dówn perpendicular  
Three times in succéssion  
Each vást billow súcks,  
Ánd to the úpper air  
Thrice aloft flíngs each,  
And láshes the stárs:  
But Scýlla the fáce has  
Óf a fair máiden,  
And húman her búst is  
As fár as the gróin,  
Where it énds in a mónstrous  
Huge trúnk of a grámpus,  
To a wólf's belly knit  
And the táil of a dólphin:  
And óut of the dárk  
Cavern-hóle that conceáls her  
She thrústs her face fórch,  
And drags ships on the rócks.  
Far bétter to cómpass,  
Althóugh it deláy thee,

Trináerian Pachýnus.  
 With lóng circuit róund,  
 Than one síngle look cást  
 On uncóuth shapeless Scýlla  
 In her vást cavern cróuching,  
 Or the rócks that resóund  
 With her blúe cub-wolves' bárk.

‘Besídes, (if in Hélenus  
 Áught be of wísdóm,  
 If ány relíance  
 May be pláced in the séer,  
 And if but with trúth  
 Apóllo his mínd fílls,)  
 Of this póint, Goddess-bórn,  
 This one póint I'll forewárn thee,  
 This one póint above áll,  
 And óver and óver  
 And óver agáin  
 Will repéat and impréss it;  
 To Júnó's gréat Gódhead .  
 Addréss thy first vóws,  
 To Júnó thy gífts bring,  
 To Júnó thy práyers sing,  
 And, with héart and soul póured forth  
 In húmble entréaties,  
 Subdúe to thy wíshes  
 The pówerful dónna:  
 So shált thou at lást  
 From Trináeria be pássed  
 To Ítaly's cónfines,  
 Succéssful, victórious.

‘When Itália thou ’st réached,  
And the city of Cúma,  
And rústling Avérnus’  
Divine woods and lákes;  
Thou shalt sée the crazed máid  
That benéath the coved róck  
Writes her vérses prophétic  
On plúcked leaves of trées:  
So lóng as the dóor  
Of the cáve remains shút,  
These présérve their due órder,  
Arráinged as she léft them;  
But whén the door ópens,  
The first puff of wind  
Sends the ténder leaves flitting  
The whóle cave abóut,  
And the máid never cáring  
To cáteh, and dispóse them  
Anéw in their órder,  
Inquirers awáy go  
As wise as they cáme,  
And túrn with disgúst  
From the cáve of the Sibyl.

‘Here listen not thóu,  
Though thy cómrades may chide thee,  
And a fáir wind may cáll thee,  
And préss thee to sáil;  
Nor the time lost to trável  
Estéem of such válué,  
As nót to go páy  
Thy respécts to the séer,  
And bég she may pléase

Her closed lips to open,  
And give to her prophecies  
Utterance oral.

‘Duly worshipped, the priestess  
Will clearly explain thee  
The nations Italian,  
The wars that await thee,  
And how thou may’st best  
Flee or bear every toil;  
And on thy way prosperous  
Forward will send thee.  
With these admonitions  
My voice is permitted  
To warn and advise thee.  
Now go, and aloft  
With thy brave deeds exalt  
Mighty Tróy to the éther.’

“The séer, when with friendly mouth  
Thus he had spoken,  
Bids massy gold presents  
Be brought to the vessels,  
And on board of them great store  
Of silver plate stows,  
And ivory fillagree,  
Bowls Dodonéan,  
And the linked coat of mail  
Neoptólemus wore  
Of triple gold wire,  
And his helmet so splendid  
With horse-tail appended  
To high towering crest.

Gifts appropiate, too,  
He bestows on my sire;  
And presents us with horses,  
Presents us with pilots,  
The number of rowers  
Fills up complete,  
And with rowing implements  
Rigs us out new.

“Meantime to get ready  
Our masts and our canvas,  
And not lose the fair wind,  
Anchises gives counsel:  
And this, with much honor  
Addressing him, says  
The prophet of Phœbus:—

‘O thou, worthy deemed  
Of Vénus’ high nuptials,  
Special care of the Gods,  
Anchises, twice rescued  
From Pérgamus’ ruins,  
Behold stretched before thee  
The land of Ausónia;  
Sail away for it straight.  
This near side, however,  
Skirt along without touching;  
Far from it apart  
Lies that district Ausonian,  
Apóllo throws open.  
On, on, of a duteous son  
Ó happy father:  
The Áustri are rising,

What need of more talking?  
 Or why should I longer  
 With préaching delay thee?’

“Andrómache too,  
 Sad at pártng for éver,  
 Has bróught for Ascánus —  
 Nor is the boy lóth  
 With the gift to be lóaded —  
 A Phrygian-wrought Chlámys  
 With figures embróidered  
 Upón a gold gróund;  
 And thús to him sáys:—

‘Take this too, my bóy;  
 Let this wórk of my hánds  
 Remínd thee sometimes  
 Of the cónsort of Héctor,  
 Ánd of the lóng love  
 Andrómache béars thee.  
 Take thy rélatíve’s lást gift,  
 O thóu, the sole ímage  
 On éarth to me léft  
 Of Astýanax nów;  
 Like thine were his féatures,  
 Like thine his hánds’ móvéménts,  
 His eýes glanced like thine,  
 And he wóuld be, if líving,  
 Just nów the same áge,  
 Such a stripling as thóu.’

“With gúshíng tears thús  
 I addréssed them at pártng:—  
 ‘Live in háppíness yé,



Who already your fortunes  
Have made and completed.  
While we out of one fate  
Are called to another,  
Rest 's provided for you:  
No wide-spreading sea-plain  
Have ye to plough over;  
No fields of Ausonia,  
Still fleeing before ye,  
Have ye to pursue.  
Ye have here, in your sight,  
An image of Xanthus,  
A Troy which your own hands  
Have built, let me hope,  
With auspices better  
Than those of the old one,  
And to the Græi  
Of access less easy.  
If ever the stream  
Of the Týber I enter,  
If I ever arrive at  
The Týberine fields,  
And see the strong city  
That 's granted my people,  
We 'll blend and unite  
Into one Troy in spirit  
The two sister cities,  
The two kindred peoples,  
This in Epirus,  
And that in Hesperia,  
Both from one forefather  
Dárdanus sprung,  
And the selfsame misfortune;

Ánd may our children  
The bónd preserve éver.'

“Whilst alóng by the néighbouring  
Ceraúnians we stéer,  
Whence shórttest the pássage  
Acróss to Itália,  
The sún sets, and dárkness  
Falls thícK on the móuntains:  
Then dividing amóngst us,  
For tént-poles, our óars,  
We láy us full léngth  
On the lánd's welcome láp,  
And rést and refrésh us  
Alóng the dry béach  
At the édge of the wáter,  
Till déwy sleep sóftly  
Steals ón our tired límbs.

“Borne alóng by the Hóurs,  
Night hád not yet réached  
The mid arch of héaven,  
When úp from his cóuch  
Alert springs Palinúrus,  
And in his ear's hólloW  
Each bréath of air cáatching,  
Tries hów the wind blóws:  
Notes áll the stars, sílently  
Ín the sky glíding,  
The twáin Bears, Arctúrus,  
And Hyádes ráiny,  
And cásts his eye róund  
On Orion's gold tráppings;

Then séeing the whóle sky  
For fáir weather séttled,  
From the póop gives loud signal:  
We decámp, spread our sáils' wings,  
And éssay the vóyage.

“And nów from befóre  
The first réd of Auróra  
The stárs had retréated,  
When, dímin in the dístance,  
The hills of Itália  
And lówland, we sée.  
'Itália!' Achátes  
Is first to cry óut:  
Itália the whóle crew  
Salúte with glad shóut.  
Then fáther Anchíses  
Tákes a great béaker,  
And fílls it with púre wine,  
And gárlands it róund,  
And ón the high póop standing  
Cálls to the Góds:—

‘Ye Góds that rule óver  
Lánds, seas, and témpests,  
Gránt us a fáir wind,  
And próspér our vóyage.’  
The wished-for breeze rises,  
And wáfts us on stéady.  
The hárbour, as néar we draw,  
Ópens, and gíves us  
Full view of the témples  
Of Cástrum Minérvæ.

We fúrl sail, and tóward the shore  
 Túrñ our ships' bóws in.  
 The créscent-shaped hárbour,  
 Scooped óut by the fórcé  
 Of the éasterly billows,  
 Lies hid from the viéw  
 By a lédge of rocks, éver  
 With sált sea-spray fúming.  
 The túrret-crowned cliffs  
 Send dówn to the shóre,  
 On this side and thát,  
 Their lóng flanking wáll.  
 Betwéen, in the dístance,  
 The témples 's seen rising.

"Here I sée the first ómen;  
 Four hórses snow-white  
 In the ópen fields grázing:  
 And fáther Anchíses:—  
 'These hórses bode wár,  
 For hórses are párt  
 Of the équipage wárlíke:  
 O lánd, thou receívest  
 Our vísit with wár.  
 Yet there 's hópe of peace too,  
 For these véry same cáttle  
 Are at óther times wónt  
 To be yóked to one cár,  
 And to dráw in one hárnés  
 Harmónious togéther.'

"Then váiling our héads  
 With a clóse Phrygian múffle,

We bég, at armisonant  
Pállas's áltars,  
The bléssing and gráce  
Of the déity hóly,  
That héard the first jóyous  
Hurráhs of our lánding;  
And Hélenus' strictest  
Injúctions obéying,  
In due fórm offer úp  
To Júnó of Árgos  
The hónors commánded;  
Then, as sóon as compléted  
Our vóws' presentátion,  
Turn séaward the hórn  
Of our shéeted yard-árm,  
And the fields leave behind  
And suspícious abódes  
Of the bórn of the Graïi.

“Seen on óne hand the báy  
Of Hercúlean Taréntum —  
If fáme trully súrnames  
Taréntum, Hercúlean —  
While ópposite rises  
The témples Lacínian,  
And Cáulon's hill fórtress,  
And Scylacéum's  
Shíp-wrecking héadland.  
And awáy in the distance  
We sée from the billow  
Trinácrian Étna:  
And héar from afár  
The lóud, broken róar

Of the sea on the shore,  
 As with all its sands seething,  
 And billows exulting,  
 It beats on the rocks.

“Then father Anchises:—  
 ‘This can be no other  
 Than that same Charybdis;  
 These here are the reefs,  
 These the horrible rocks,  
 Of which Helenus warned us:  
 Bear away, hearty fellows,  
 And evenly on your oars  
 Rise all together.’

“They obey the command;  
 And first Palinurus  
 Round to the larboard  
 The braying prow tugs;  
 Round to the larboard,  
 With oars and sails tacking,  
 The whole squadron veers.  
 On the crest of the swell  
 We rise up to the sky,  
 Then sink in its deep trough  
 Down, down to the Mænes.  
 The hollow rocks thrice  
 We heard roaring below,  
 Thrice with the spirted spray  
 Saw the stars dripping.

“In the meantime the wind,  
 With departing day, leaves us;

Ánd to the Cýclops' coasts,  
Óf the way ignorant,  
Wéary we glide.  
The pórt itself 's spácious,  
And fróm the wind shélted;  
But, with ruín horrífic,  
Close bý thunders Étna;  
Sometimes, with tornádo-burst,  
Úp to the éther  
A pitchy cloud thrówing  
Of smóke and red áshes,  
Ánd the stars lícking  
With vólumes of flámes:  
Sometimes to the ský aloft,  
With a roar, bélching  
Mólten rocks rént  
From its ówn stony bówels,  
And vólleys of splinters,  
Ánd from its lówest depths  
Séething and bármíng.

“The rúmour is rífe,  
That benéath this huge Étna  
Squéezed lies Encéladus'  
Half thúnder-burnt bódý;  
Which has búrst itself flúes,  
And blázes out thróugh  
The mass súperincumbent,  
Ánd with a smóky web  
Wéaves the whole ský:  
And thát, every tíme  
He túrns himself óver  
To rést his tired síde,



All Trinácria rúmbles,  
And tó the core trémbles.

“Of the nóises unéarthly  
We héard all that níght,  
As we láy in the wóods,  
No cáuse could we sée;  
For the ský's bright Ethéreal,  
And stárfires were ábsent,  
And through thícK murky ráincloúds  
Dead mídnight's moon wáded.

“And nów in the éarly east  
Mórning was rísing,  
And Dáwn had the díim shade  
Dispélled from the ský;  
When óut of the fórest  
A stránge apparition  
Comes súddenly fóward;  
A mán, to the lást degree  
Wásted and hággard,  
And tó us a stránger;  
Ánd, in most píteous plight,  
Tóward the shore strétches  
His súpliant hánds.

“We túrn our look tóward him:  
Long béard, and filth shócking;  
Clothes with thórns stuck togéther;  
In áll else a Gráïan,  
And érst to Troy sént  
In his fátherland árms.

“But hé, still afár,  
At the sight of Troy’s árms  
And our cóstume Dardánian,  
Checked his stép all at ónce,  
And a while stood affrighted:  
Then, áfter a líttle,  
Rushed dówn to the shóre,  
With téars and entréaties:—

‘Bý the stárs I adjúre ye,  
Bý the pówers supérnal,  
Bý the áir we ’re bréathing,  
And the líght of héaven,  
Táke me with ye, Teúcri,  
Tó whatéver lánds;  
Tó whatéver lánds,  
Só from this ye táke me.  
I dený not Í am  
Óf those Dánaĩ óne  
Whó with wár inváded  
Thé Penátes Ílian.  
Óf which misdemeánour  
Íf so gréat the crime be,  
Ín the vást sea drówn me,  
Tó the bíllows flíng me,  
Scátter mé, pieceméal;  
To pérish Í objéct not,  
Só it bé by mén’s hands.’

“He sáid; and róund our knées  
Clúng, and rólled, and twisted:  
His náme and his advéntures,  
Ánd what stóck he ’s cóme of,

We bid him boldly téll:  
 And síre Anchises' sélf  
 Óffers his hánd at ónce,  
 And with the immédiate plédge  
 Assúres the yóung man's mínd,  
 Who cónfidént at lást says:—

‘By bírth I ám of Íthaca;  
 My náme is Ácheménides,  
 Unfórtunate Ulýsses' cómrade;  
 To Tróy, to séek my fórtune, sént  
 Bý my poor fáther Ádamástus —  
 Áh, that we stíll had póor remáined!  
 My cómrades, in their trépidátion  
 And hásty quítting óf the vást  
 And crúel cávern óf the Cýclops,  
 Have hére forsáken ánd forgót me.  
 Huge, góry, dárk, that bándquet-háll;  
 Himsélf knocks át the stárs, so táll:  
 Góds, from súch a mónster sáve us;  
 Íll to lóok at, íll to accóst;  
 A cánnibál, that ón the flésh  
 And grim blood óf poor wrétches féeds.  
 Mysélf have séen, where, ás he láy  
 Strétched on his báck in thé cave's mídst,  
 He séized with his broad hánd, and smáshed  
 Agáinst the rók two óf our númer,  
 And sét the flóor all róund abóut him  
 Swimming in a splásh of sánies.  
 Mysélf have séen undér his téeth  
 The wárm limbs quívering, ás he chámpe'd them  
 Óozy, and drípping with black góre:  
 Nót with impúnitý howéver;

Nor wére such pránks tamely endúred  
 By Íthacús; nor did Ulýsses  
 Forgét himsél'f in thát conjúcture.  
 Fór on the ístant thát dead-drúnk,  
 And górged with fód, he dróoped his héad,  
 And láy, imménse, stretched thróugh the cáve,  
 Erúcting in his sléep a másh  
 Of wine, and blóod, and hálf-chewed flésh;  
 We, áll at ónce, (beséeching first  
 The gréat God's hélp, and tó each mán  
 By lótt his séveral párt assignng,)  
 From évery síde round póur upón him,  
 Ánd with a shárp stake bóre the eýe,  
 The óne, huge, súnk eýe, thát, as róund  
 As Phoébus' lámp or shield Argólic,  
 Gláred from benéath his lówering fórehead;  
 And só, with jóy, revénge at lást  
 The ghósts of óur compánions.  
 But flée, O wrétched béings, flée,  
 And bréak the rópe off fróm the shóre:  
 For éverywhére these cúrved coasts róund  
 A húndred óther Cýclops dwéll,  
 Ór in the lófty móuntains wánder,  
 Each óne as úgly, húge and mónstrous,  
 As thát same Pólyphéme, that péns  
 His wóolly flócks in cávern hólloiw,  
 Ánd from their údders thé milk squéezes.

'The móon is nów her hórn with light  
 The thírd time fílling, sínce amóng  
 The wíld beasts' désert háunts and hómes,  
 Hére in the wóods, I drág exístence,  
 Eýe the vast Cýclops ón the rócks there,

And stárt at their voice-sound and footsteps.  
 Upón upróoted wéeds I féed,  
 And with the córnel's stóny bérries  
 Eke óut a pítifúl subsistence.

‘As áll things róund I réconnoítred,  
 Thís fleet tóward the shóre appróaching  
 Mét my view first; to ít, whatever  
 It might be, Í ’ve consigned myself,  
 Cárless by yóur hands hów I pérish,  
 If I escápe that créw accúrsed.’

“Scárce had he sáid, when wé behóld  
 Upón the híll-top, mídst his shéep,  
 The shépherd Pólyphéme hímsélf,  
 Unwíeldilý his vást bulk móving  
 In the shóre’s well knówn diréction,  
 A hórríd, shápeless, húge, blind mónster.  
 A póllard pine-trunk, ín his hánd,  
 Stéadies ánd dirécts his stéps;  
 Alóng with híim keep cómpány  
 The wóolly shéep, his sóle delight,  
 And ónly sólace óf his wóe;  
 His pástoral pípe hangs fróm his néck.

“Whén he had cóme down tó the wáter,  
 Ánd of the hígh waves félt the cóntact,  
 The brúised and clótted góre straightwáy  
 He wáshes fróm his éyeless sócket,  
 Gnáshing with his téeth and gróaning;  
 And thóugh far ín the séa he ’s wálking,  
 No wáve has báthed his táll flank yét.

“Wé, upon óur part, silently  
The cáble cút, and táking with us  
The súpliant whó so wéll desérved it,  
Spéed awáy in trépidátion,  
And bénding fórward ón our óars,  
Strive whó will swéep the séa-plain fástest.

“He héárd; and in the sóund’s diréction  
His fóotsteps túrned; but wén he cóuld not  
Lay hánd upón us, ór pursúe  
Fást as the Íonian wáves retréated,  
He ráised such án imménse loud shóut  
As máde the séa with áll its wáves,  
Ánd the whole lánd of Ítaly trémble,  
Tó its inmost córe affrighted,  
And Étna’s cróoked cáverns bellow.

“Thén from the wóods and lófty móuntains  
Dówn to the pórt excited rúshing,  
The clán of Cýclops fills the shóres.  
With grim-scówling lówering eýe,  
Disappóinted thére they ’re stánding  
Ín full viéw, the Etnéan bróthers,  
A hórrid divan, high to héaven  
Their táll heads réaring, like a gróup  
Of lófty-tópped aérial óaks,  
Or cýpressés coníferous,  
High sácred-gróve of Jóve or Dían.

“To lóose our sáils out tó the bréezes,  
Ánd flee héadlong ány whither,  
The shárpness óf our féar impéls us;  
But wárned by Hélenús’ instrúctions

Nót to attépt the nárrow pássage,  
 Séparáting déath by Scýlla  
 Fróm Charybdis' néighbouring déath,  
 To stéer our cóurse back wé detérmine —  
 Whén from Pelórus' stráits — behóld!  
 Bóreas comes dówn, and sóuthward béars us  
 Pást Pantágia's rócky móuth,  
 And Mégara's inlet, ánd low Thápsus:  
 These pláces Ácheménides,  
 Háplless Ulýsses' cómrade, shówed us,  
 Ás we bóre him báck alóng  
 The cóasts he fórmérly had sáiled up.

“An island — cálléd of óld, Ortýgia —  
 Strétches acróss the báy Sicánian,  
 In frónt of billowy Plemmýrium.  
 Fame sáys that híther Élis' ríver  
 Alphéus wróught his hídden wáy  
 Únder the séa's bed, ánd is nów  
 Thróugh thy fóuntain, Árethúsa,  
 Mixed with thé Sicílian wáves.  
 Tó the great lócal Déities hére  
 The réverénce prescribed we rénder;  
 Then léave behínd the sóil enriched  
 Bý the o'erflówing óf Helórus,  
 And, únder thé tall précipíces  
 Óf Pachýnus' rócky héadland  
 Álong cóasting, sée, far óff,  
 Cámarína, bý the Fátes  
 Ínterdicted fróm all móvement,  
 And Géla — só called fróm its ríver —  
 Wild Géla, ánd the pláins Gelóan.  
 Steep Ácragás, the bréeder ónce



Of génerous hórses, thén displáys  
Ín the dístance íts vast rámparts.  
Thee too, with á fair wínd, we léave,  
Pálmy Selínus, ánd scud ón  
Óver the díffícult Lilybéum's  
Réefy wáters. Drépanum's pórt,  
And jóyless shóre receíve me thén.  
Hére, after áll my búffetíngs  
With the tempéstuous séa, I lóse,  
Alás! I lóse my síre Anchíses,  
Sólace of áll my tóils and cáres;  
Hére thou desértest thý tired són  
O bést of síres, alás! in váin  
Snátched from the mídst of só great dángers.  
Néither síre Hélenús this gríef,  
Though mány a hórror hé predicted,  
Nor díre Celéno éver tóld me.  
Thís was the lást of áll my tróubles,  
The góal of mý long trávels thís.  
Whén I depárted thénce, a Gód  
Lánded me hére on yóur sea-bórd."

Só, while all lístened, síre Enéas  
Reláted thé dívíné ordáinments,  
Ánd his trávels' hístory tóld;  
And hére at lást came tó an énd,  
And céased álike from wórd and áction.

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## IV.

But áll this lóng while thé Queen 's sórely fréttíng,  
The póison óf the wóund works in her véins,  
A slów and smóulderíng fire wastes hér awáy;  
Óft to her mínd recúrs how éxcellént  
The mán himsélf, honóred how múch the nàtion;  
His lóoks and wórds adhére fixed in her bréast,  
Nór to her fráme allóws care plácíd sléep.

Mórrów's Auróra hád from héaven remóved  
The húmíd shádw, ánd with lámp Phoebéan  
Was súrveyíng the éarth, when, síck at héart,  
She thús accósts her sóul-accórdíng síster:—  
“O síster Ánn, what térrífíng vísions  
Dístráct and fíll me with anxíetý!  
What nów-sort guést this, tó our séats arríved!  
How dígnífíed the expréssíon óf his fáce!  
How stróng and stálwart áre his chést and árms!  
I thínk, nor váín the thóught, he 's óf the Góds' race,  
For tímorous éver ís the lów-born mínd.  
Alás, by whát fates hé was tósséd abóút!  
What wárs fought tó the drégs he sáng! Wére 't nó  
My mínd's fíxed ánd ímmútáble resólvé  
No móre with ány óne in márriáge bónd  
To assóciate mé, sínce óf my fírst attáchment

I wás by Déath so chéated ánd beguiled —  
 With útter tédium túrned I nóť from wédlock,  
 I might perhaps to this one fáult succumb.  
 Ánna — for Í 'll conféss it — since the time  
 My spóuse Sichéus mét his wrétched fáte,  
 Ánd the Penátes with a frátricide  
 Were sprinkled, this man sóle my résolution  
 Hath máde to tóťter, ánd my féelings biassed:  
 I knów the márks of the óld fámilíar fláme.  
 But ráther lét the yáwning éarth ingulf me,  
 Or with his thúnder thé omnípotent Sire  
 Tó the shades húrl me — Érebús' pále shádes,  
 And níght profóund — than thát, O Módesty,  
 I violate thée or sín agáinst thy láws.  
 Hé that first jóined me tó him bóre áwáy  
 My lóves at his depárture; lét the sáme  
 Still háve, and in his sépúlchre presérve, them.”  
 She sáid; and filled with gúshing téars her bósom.

Ánna replies:— “O thóu, than líght more déar  
 Untó thy sístér, shált thou lónely píne,  
 And wáste áwáy in célibáte perpétual,  
 Nor children swéet, nor Vénus' guérđons knów?  
 The cinders, trówest thou, ór sepúlchred Mánes  
 Have thát care? Gránt, no súitors érst thy síck  
 Despónding mínd have influénced, in Líbya  
 Or prévious Týre; Iárbas wás despised,  
 And tríumph-téeming Áfric's óther chiefs;  
 Múst thou fíght thérefore éven with a lóve that pléases?  
 Bethink'st thee nóť in whóse fields thóu hast settled?  
 How hém thee ín on this síde thé Getúlian  
 Cíties and tribes invincíble in wár,  
 The bítless Númid ánd waste kíndless Sýrtes;

On thát the thirsty désert, ánd Barcéi  
 Maráuding wide? see'st thóu no wárs in Týre's  
 Horizon rising, héar'st no bróther's thréats?  
 With Júnó's áuspicés ánd fávoring Gódhead,  
 I dóubt not, háve the Ílian véssels héld  
 Their híther cóurse; O síster, whát a city  
 Shált thou behóld this! whát a kíngdom sée  
 Rise out of súch a márriage! Cómpánie'd  
 By Teúcrian árms to whát vast héights shall réach  
 The Púnic glóry: ónly thóu the Góds' gráce  
 Beg dúly ánd obtáin with sácrífice;  
 Then gíve thy hópitalítý free scópe,  
 Ánd with excúse upón excúse deláy him:  
 Ships crázy — stórmý sée — watrý Orion —  
 In súch rough wéather whó wóuld think of sáiling?"

Her lóve-sick mínd with thése words shé inflámed,  
 And bléw to kíndling, ánd in the pláce of dóubt  
 Put firm hope, ánd turned módesty adrift.  
 First to the fánes they gó, and mídst the áltars  
 Seek gráce with wónted ófferings óf seléct  
 Sécond-year shéep to Législátive Céres,  
 Phóebus and síre Lyéus; ábove áll  
 To Júnó, pátronéss of márriage bónds.  
 Óut of a pátera, in her ríght hand héld,  
 Hérsélf, most lóvely Dído, póurs the wine  
 Betwéen the twó horns óf a bríght white ców,  
 Ór in the mídst of thé fat áltars páces  
 Befóre the présent Góds, and sólemnising  
 The dáy with ófferings, ánd re-sólemnising,  
 Intént pores ón the béstial's ópened bréasts,  
 And cóunsél ásk of thé still bréathing éntails.  
 Ah, líttle knéw the sóothsayers! vóws what úse,

What úse are têmes to her in her fréncy?  
 The fláme eats hér soft mårrow áll the while,  
 The vóiceless wóund benéath her bósom ránkles.  
 Stúng to a fúry, hápless Dido spéeds  
 Érrant and áimless ó'er the tótál city:  
 Thróugh the Dictéan wóods and bóskey gládes  
 So flées ahead the hind that shépherd's árrów  
 Hath pierced from fár mid Crétan wóods, unwáry,  
 And cårries in her flánk the déadly réed,  
 Nor wóts the húnter thát his shót has táken.  
 Now thróugh the fórts she léads Enéas with her,  
 Shéws him the wéalth Sidónian, city réady;  
 Begins to spéak out, stóps in the midst of the séntence;  
 Nów at day's fáll reséeks the féast, and crázed  
 Intréats to héar once móre the Ílian tóils,  
 Once móre hangs ón the líps of thé narrátor;  
 Áfter, when áll are góne, and in her túrn  
 The móon goes dówn, and stárset cóunsels sléep,  
 Lone móurning in the éempty hóuse, she léans  
 Óver the cóuch where látely hé reclined,  
 And sées him présent still, and héars him spéaking;  
 Or chårmed with thé resémblance tó his sire,  
 Hólds in her láp Ascánius, tó beguile,  
 Íf at all póssible, the miscreant pássion.  
 The túrrets háve ceased rising; thé young mén,  
 Práctising árms; ports áre no móre prépared,  
 Or militáry búlwarks sáfe and súde;  
 The wóorks hang interrúpted óf the húge  
 And frówning wáalls, and éngines hígh as héaven.

That súch a pést had hóld of hér, so sóon  
 As Jóve's dear spóuse percéived, and thát her pássion  
 Befóre it swépt the bárrier óf fair fáme,

Satúrnia in these wórds addrésses Vénus:—  
 “Nótable praise, indéed, and ample spoils  
 Ye cárry óff, thou ánd thy són — a gréat  
 And mémorable náme — by ártifice  
 Of twó divinities if one wóman ’s cónquered;  
 Nor só purblínd am Í as nó to sée  
 That dréad of whát my cápitál may yét be  
 Mákes thee suspícious óf high Cárthage’ hómés.  
 But whát shall bé the bóund? or tó what púrpose  
 So gréat conténtions? why not ráther stúdy  
 Péace everlásting bý a márriage cóntract?  
 Whát with thine whóle soul thóu hast sóught is thine:  
 Dído ’s in lóve — on fire — through áll her bónes  
 The pássion ráges — lét us thén this péople  
 Góvern in cómmon, ánd with áuspiceés  
 Équal: let hér obéy a Phyrýgian húsband,  
 And hánd the Týrians ó’er in dówer to thée.”

To hér — for shé percéived the spéech was féigned  
 With púrpose tó divért to Líbya’s cóast  
 Th’ Itálian émpire — Vénus thús replíed:—  
 “Whó so insénsate tó refúse such óffer,  
 And chóose in préférence a wár with thée,  
 Might ónly fórtune tréad in the stéps of the déed?  
 But Í ’m kept vacilláting báck and fórward,  
 Unáble Fáte’s inténtion tó discóver,  
 And whéther it be Jóve’s will tó permit  
 The Týrians ánd Troy’s travellérs be blént  
 Ínto one péople, with one cómmon cáuse,  
 One city cápitál: his cónsort thóu,  
 The privilége thine to try’ what práyers may dó:  
 Ón; I will fóllo.” Róyal Júnó thén:—  
 “That tásk be míne; and nów — give héed — I ’ll téach thee



In féw words hów to a háppy clóse may bést  
 Be bróught this bússiness: théy prépare to gó —  
 Enéas ánd most wrétched Dido with him —  
 Ínto the wóods to hún't, soon ás the béams  
 Of rising Titan háve tomórrow's wórl'd  
 Uncóvered. Dówn upón them, át the móment  
 Óf the extrémest húrry óf outriders  
 To inclóse with néts the brákes where thé game pástures  
 Amóng the wóods, I 'll póur a bláckening stórm  
 Of háil and ráin, and róuse the whole ský with thúnder;  
 The cópany, with dim night cóvered, flée  
 On áll sides. Dído ánd the Trójan chief  
 Méet in the sáme cave. Í 'll be présent thére,  
 And Hýmen with me; ánd, on thy good will  
 Íf I may cóunt sure, thére I 'll jóin her tó him,  
 And with a lásting márrriage máke her his."  
 Not lóth yields Cýtheréa thé consént  
 Required, and smiles at thé device ingénious.

Mórn hath arisen meanwhile, and léft the ócean;  
 Fórh, at the first blaze óf the stár of dáy,  
 Póur from the gátes the chósen prime óf the yóuth,  
 With néts, and gíns, and hún'ting spéars broad-bláded,  
 Rider Massýlian, ánd quick-scénted hóund.  
 The élite óf the Póeni róund the pálace  
 Awáit the Quéen, who língers in her chámber;  
 In críimson ánd in góld capárisoned stánding,  
 The méttled chárger chám্পs thé bít to fóam.  
 At léngth with á large éscort shé sets fóward,  
 Clád in Sidónian chlámys with limned bórder:  
 Of góld her quiver; tied her lócks in góld;  
 Gólden the cláspings óf her púrple vést:  
 The Phrýgians tóo set óut, and glád Iúlus,



And, hándsomést of áll, Enéas' sélf,  
Whose cóming jóins the twó troops into óne.

As whén Apóllo Xánthus' stréams desérting  
And Lýcian wínter, tó matérnal Délos  
Pays visit, ánd new stáblishés his chóirs;  
And róund the áltars rise the míngled vóices  
Of Crétan, Dryops ánd dyed Ágathýrse;  
Himsélf walks frée upón the slópes of Cýnthé,  
Móulding his flówing lócks, and wíth soft fóliage  
Bínding, and góld impláiting; ón his shóuldérs  
The dárts clang; nó less lívely móved Enéas,  
Nó less surpássing gráce beamed fróm his féatures.

Whén to the lófty móuntains théy have cóme  
And déns imprácticáble; ló! the wíld goats,  
Dríven fróm the híghest óf the crággy súmmit's,  
Run dówn the stéep slópes; in anóther quárter,  
Acróss the ópen pláins, in dústy gróups  
The déer scour fúgítive, and quít the móuntains.  
Bút in the válleys' mídst the bóy Ascáníus  
Jóys in his méttled stéed, and nów past thése,  
Past thóse now ráces, ánd wóuld fáin to his vóws  
'Móngst the dull béasts some fóaming bóar were gránted,  
Ór fróm the móuntain cáme dówn thé tawn líon.

Begíns meanwhile confúsió in the ský  
Ánd a great rúmbling; fóllows háil-and-ráin-storm;  
The Týrian cómpány, Trójan yóuths, and Vénus'  
Grándson Dardánian, fríghted, várious shéltér  
Séek everywhére the fíelds thróugh; fróm the móuntains  
Rush rívers; Dídó ánd the Trójan chíef  
Arríve at thé same gróttó; primal Télius

And Júnó Prónubá give signal; cóncscious  
 Éther upón the márrriage fláshes lightning,  
 Ánd from the tóp o' th' crág the nýmphs cry "wóe!"  
 That dáy was óf her déath first órigin,  
 First órigin óf her tróubles; récks no lónger  
 Appéarancés or réputátion Dído,  
 Nor is 't a stólen amóur she méditates nów:  
 She cálls it wédlock; scréens her fáult with thát name.

Incóntinént through thé great Líbyan cities  
 Goes Rúmor; Rúmor spéediést of ills:  
 Whose life lies in activity; who gáins  
 Vigor by móving ón; fear kéeps her smáll  
 At first; but býe and býe she réars hersélf  
 High toward the áir, and wálking ón the gróund  
 Her héad amid the clóuds pokes. Párent Téllus,  
 In ánger át the Góds, they sáy, producéed her,  
 Encéladús' and Coéus' yóunger síster,  
 Swift-footed ánd strong-winged; huge, hórrid mónster,  
 That cúnts for évery féather ón her bódý,  
 O wónderfúl! a wátchful éye benéath,  
 A tóngue, a gárrulous móuth, a pricked-up éar.  
 By night, no líd to swéet sleep droóped, she flíes  
 I' th' dárk, mid-wáy betwixt the ský and éarth,  
 Whirring; by dáy sits séntinél on róof-top  
 Or lófty tówer, and térrifies great cíties,  
 No léss of fálse and slándéros tenácious,  
 Than trúth-annóuncing. Shé the pópular mind  
 With mánifóld discóursings nów was filling,  
 Jóyous; and fáct alike and nó-fact brúited:  
 That Trójan-sprúng Enéas hád arrived,  
 And béauteous Dído déigns to máte to táke him;  
 And nów the lívelong winter with each óther

They while away in luxury and riot,  
 Thoughtless of empires, slaves of a base passion.  
 Such import the foul Goddess everywhere  
 Spreads amongst men's mouths; then toward king Iarbas  
 Incontinent her course turns; with her words  
 Kindles his spirit, and heaps high his ire.

Hé was the son of Ámmon by the rape  
 Of the nymph Gáramántis, and had raised  
 Through his wide realms a hundred temples huge  
 To Júpiter, and on a hundred áltars  
 Lighted eternal watchfires to the Gód.  
 Rich was the floor around with blood of cattle,  
 Blooming the dóors with variegated wréaths.  
 Fired by the bitter rumor, hé is said  
 To have uplifted suppliant hands supine  
 Before the áltars, in the holy présence,  
 And thus besought Jove much in his distraction:—

“Almighty Jóve, in honor of whom now  
 The Móorish nátion, rising from the féast's  
 Embróidered cushions, pours the wine-libátion,  
 Behóld'st these things? Or, when thou húrl'st thy thunder,  
 Áre there no grounds, sire, wherefore wé should shúdder,  
 And is the bólt that frights our sóuls all áimless,  
 Émpty the nóise in the clóuds? A wándering wóman  
 Who built in our confines a tiny tówn  
 On purchased síte; to whóm we gránted léave  
 Our cóast to till, and áct the petty Quéén,  
 Hath spúrn'd our próffered wédlock, and ta'en hóme  
 Enéas to be lórd of sélf and réalm;  
 And nów yond Páris, with his hálf-man suite,  
 Chin-stayed Méonian mítre, and moist trésses,

Enjoys his plunder: to thy temples we  
Bring gifts forsooth, and fondle an empty name."

Him praying so, and holding by the altars  
Th' Almighty heard, and toward the royal-fortress,  
And lovers, of a better fame forgetful,  
His eyes turned; then to Mécurý thus said,  
And gave commission:—"Gó, son, call the Zéphyr;  
Glide on thy wings down; and to the Dárdan chief  
Who now in Týrian Cárthage whiles his time,  
Reg'rdless of the cities the Fates grant him,  
Béar through the supple air my words:—"Not such  
Promised him to us his most lovely móther,  
Nór for such purpose twice from Gráian arms  
Snatched him; but to be who should rule Itália  
Grávid with émpires, róaring wild with wár;  
Who should perpetuate Teúcer's lofty line,  
And réign lawgiver ó'er the tótal wórld.  
If cold he turns from so great glórious próspect,  
And will not for himself moil, cán a síre  
Grúdge to Ascánius the tówers of Róme?  
What mákes he? ór amidst a hóstile nátion  
With what expéctance lingers; nóre one lóok  
Cásts toward Ausónian prógeny, and fields  
Lavínian? Lét him sáil; this is the súm;  
Of this our méssage bé ambássador."

'Twas said; and hé the mándates of his gréat síre  
To obéy prépared; and first ties on his féet  
The gólden ánklets, which, or óver lánd  
Or óver séá-plain, béar his flight sublíme,  
Swift as the blást; then tákes the wánd with which  
From Órcus hé evókes the pállid sóuls,  
Ór to sad Tártarús dismisses dówn,

Gives sléep and wáking, ánd dead éyes unséals.  
 By virtue óf this wánd he márshalled nów  
 The wínds to his wíll, and wíth them flóated smóoth  
 The múrky clóuds acróss; and nów he kéns,  
 Dówn as he flíes, the súmmit ánd steep sídes  
 Of hárd-endúring Átlas, whó the ský  
 Próps wíth his crówn; Atlás, whose héad piníferous  
 Black clóuds perpétual gírd, and wínds and ráins  
 Bátor; wíth snów mantléd his shóuldérs; rívers  
 Rúsh fróm his áged chín dówn; stíff and brístling  
 His béárd wíth íce. Hére fírst Cylléníus stáyed  
 His éven-winged flíght; hénce tóward the wátérs dówn  
 Flúng hím precípítóus. As flíes a bírd  
 Abóut the shóres, the fishy rócks abóut,  
 Lów, néar the wáter; só fróm his matérnal  
 Grándsire descéding, thé Cyllénian óffspring  
 Fléw betwíxt éarth and ský, and cút his wáy  
 Alóng the wínds, by Líbya's sándy cóast.  
 Sóon as his wínged soles tóuched the Líbyan kráals,  
 Enéas méets his víew, housés erécting  
 And fóundíng pálacés; a swórd he wóre  
 Wíth aúburn jásper stárred; and fróm his shóuldérs  
 A clóak, the présent óf rích Dído, húng,  
 Whose gólden wóof was bý her ówn hands thrówn  
 Acróss a wárp of glówing Týrian púrple:  
 In wórds líke thése immédiate hé accósts hím:—  
 "Thóu the foundátions óf híg Cárthage láy'st,  
 And réar'st uxórious á fáir city? áh,  
 Forgétful óf thy réalm and ówn affáirs!  
 Fróm bríght Olýmpus sénds me dówn to thée  
 Hímself the rúler óf the Góds, who túrns  
 Éarth and the ský wíth his déity; hímself  
 Bids béar this méssage thróugh the súpplé áir:

What mak'st thou, or with what expectation linger'st  
 Idle in Libyan land? If cold thou turn'st  
 From so great, glorious prospect, and moil'st not  
 For thine own proper praise, regard Ascanius,  
 Regard thy rising heir, hopeful Iulus;  
 To whom are due the kingdom of Itália  
 And Róman land." So having said, Cyllénus  
 The mortal vision left abrupt, and far  
 Into the thin air vanished from the eyes.

Enéas at the sight stood dumb and witless;  
 His hair with horror bristled, and the voice  
 Clave to his throat. Astonished at so great  
 Monition and commandment of the Gods,  
 He burns to flee away, and leave that sweet land.  
 Ah! how proceed? with what accost now dare  
 Come round the raging Queen? make what exordium?  
 And hither now his supple mind he hurries,  
 Now thither, and toward every side divides;  
 Tries every way, and, vacillating long,  
 At last thus fixes. Mnéstheus and Sergestus  
 And brave Serést he calls, and bids, the fleet  
 In silence fit out; to the shore the crews  
 Down gather; the sea implements prepare;  
 And what the occasion of the move dissemble.  
 Himself meanwhile, since unware excellent Dido,  
 Nor breach of so great love expecteth aught,  
 Will try how best to approach her; which the softest  
 Times for discourse; what the propitious method.  
 To the commander all yield glad obedience,  
 And quick perform the orders. But the Queen —  
 Who may deceive the lover? — fearing danger,  
 Because there seems to be none, is the first



To cách an ínkling óf the inténded móvément,  
 And wáres the guile befórehand. Thé same héartless  
 Rúmor has sét her ráging with the néws  
 Of óutfit óf the fléet, and préparátions  
 For sáiling. Fúrious, tó a fréncy kindled,  
 She bácel'nals thróugh th' whole cíty, líke a Thyías  
 Whóm the retúrn of thé triénial órgies  
 Góads to delíríum, whén the sácred stóres  
 Are áll put ínto móvément, ánd at níght  
 Cíthéron 's vócal with the shóut of "Báechus!"  
 At lást, of hér own mótion, shé accósts  
 Enéas thús:— "And hást thou hóped, perfídious,  
 Thou míght'st so gréat enórmy díssémbles,  
 Ánd, not one wórd said, fróm my lánd depárt?  
 Our lóve — thy plighted ríght hand — nót detáins thee;  
 Nor Dídó léft to díe a crúel déath?  
 Áye! thou must éven benéath the stárs of wínter  
 Ríg out thy fléet; must húrry, tó the hígh-deep  
 Éven in the Nórth wínd's téeth, thou crúel! Whát?  
 If áncient Tróy were stánding, ánd 'twas nót  
 For hómes unkñown and fóreígñ lánds thou sáil'dst,  
 Wóuld'st thou for Tróy sáil cróss the billowy séa-pláin?  
 Is't mé thou flée'st? By thése téars ánd thy ríght hand  
 (Mysélf have léft my wréched sélf nought élse) —  
 Bý our connúbials — bý our úndertáken  
 Márríage — if áught of thée I háve desérved well —  
 If áught of míne was éver tó thee déar —  
 Take píty ón a fálling hóuse, I práy  
 (If práyers may yét aváil), and dó that mínd off.  
 Becáuse of thée the Líbyan nátions háte me,  
 And Nómád Kíngs; becáuse of thée, in chóler  
 The Týrians; thróugh the méans of thé same *thée*  
 Extínet my módestý, and (ónly páth



Which led me toward the stars) my former fame.  
 To whom desert'st me in my dying need,  
 Guest, since the name of spouse thou know'st no longer?  
 Why prolong life? Is it until my brother  
 Pygmalion overturn my city's ramparts,  
 Or the Getule Iarbas lead me captive?  
 Had I but had of thee, before thy flight,  
 Some progeny; played but in my pavilion  
 Some little Enéas, not resembling thee  
 Except in features, I should not, methinks,  
 So wholly overraught seem and deserted."

She said. He, of Jove's admonition mindful,  
 His eyelights held unmoved, and struggling pressed  
 Down to his heart the care; then answered brief:—  
 "Never shall I deny, O Queen, that great  
 Are thy deserts toward me as thou canst find  
 Words to express; nor ever aught but joy  
 Shall the remembrance of Elisa bring me,  
 So long as I hold memory of myself,  
 So long as o'er these limbs the spirit rules.  
 Few words the case requires; I never hoped  
 (Invent it not) to hide a stealthy flight;  
 Of spousal torch I never made profession,  
 Nor to a compact of that kind was party.  
 I, if the fates permitted me to live  
 Self-governed, and make settlement of my cares  
 As I might choose, would pay my first attentions  
 To the sweet relics of my Trojan home;  
 Priam's high dwelling should have permanence,  
 And I would rebuild Pergamus for the conquered.  
 But now to great Italia the Gynéan  
 Apollo bids betake me, to Italia

The Lýtician fáte-lots; thére then is my lóve,  
 My cóuntry thére. If Cárthage' citadéls,  
 This Libyan city's smíle, have charms for thee,  
 For thee Phoenician, whérefore tó us Teúerians  
 Grúdgést a sèttlement in the Ausónian lánd?  
 Ours the same right as thine to séeke far kingdoms.  
 Mé, oft as night with húmid sháde the éarth  
 Cóvers, oft ás the fiery stárs arise,  
 The tróubled image óf my síre Anchíses  
 Admónishés in dréams and térrifies;  
 Me mónishés my són Ascánus' wróng,  
 Whose déar self Í defráud of thé Hespérian  
 Réalm, and the lánds pronóunced by fáte his ówn.  
 Even nów the Góds' ambássadór, despátched  
 From Jóve himsélfe — wítnéss be bóth our héads —  
 Bóre through the súpple áir his mándates dówn;  
 Mysélfe behéld the Gód in mánifest líght  
 Éntering the wálls, heard with these éars his vóice.  
 Céase with thy pláints to infláme both mé and thee;  
 Nót of my frée will Í pursúe Itália."

Him, as he speáks, she lóng time víews askánce,  
 Rólling her éyeballs hítherwárd and thíther,  
 And wíth her sílent éyeglance scáns all óver;  
 Then thús, inflámed, speáks óut:— "Nor Góddess-párent,  
 Nor Dárdanus áuthor óf thy ráce had'st thóu,  
 Tráitor; but hórrid, hárd-rocked Cáucasús  
 Begát thee, ánd Hyrcánian tigressés  
 Héld thee their dúgs. For — whý should Í dissémbles?  
 Résérve me fór what wórse? — at mý lámént  
 Gróaned he? bent hé his éyeglance dówn? or, sóftened,  
 A téar shed, ór took píty ón the lóver?  
 Whát shall I gréater óutrage cáll, what léss?

Cértaín nor gréatest Júnó, nór the síre  
 Sátúrnia, ón these dóings lóoks appróval.  
 Nówhere on éarth can cónfidence be pláced:  
 Shipwrecked, in néed, I tóok him ín, and máde him,  
 Fóol that I wás! the pártner óf my kíngdom;  
 Restóred his lóst fleet, sáved his créws from déath.  
 Háh! Furies fíre — transpórt me. Nów it is  
 Áugur Apóllo; Lýcian fáte-lots nów;  
 Nów bears the hórrid mándate thróugh the áir  
 The Góds' ambássador, by Jóve himsélf sent.  
 A líkely lábor thát for thé immórtals!  
 A líkely cáre that tó distúrb their quáiet!  
 I hólđ thee nót; thy wórds refúte not; gó —  
 Set sáil for Ítalý — rush thróugh the wátters  
 In séarch of kíngdoms — Sóme hope stíll is míne,  
 That mídst the rócks — if nót quíte ímpotént  
 The Góds' retributive jústice — thóu shalt féel  
 Púnishment pierce thee, ánd shalt óft ínvoke  
 The náme of Dído. With dark smóuldering fíres  
 My mémory sháll pursúe thee, ánd when déath  
 Hath cóldly séparáted sóul and bódý,  
 My spéctre háunt thee whéresoé'er thou góest —  
 Wrétch, thou shalt háve thy méed; and Í shall héar,  
 Ánd the news wélcóme ín the inférnal Mánes.”  
 With thése wórds bréaking óff, she túrned áwáy,  
 And flúng her óut of síght, and fléd the líght,  
 Sicked; and there léft him hésítant, ánd afráíd  
 To spéak the wórds that tó his tóngue were crówdíng.  
 Her máidens hér collápsed límbś ín their árms  
 Receíve, and tó her márbled bédchambér  
 Béar, and place ón the cóuch. But kínd Enéas,  
 Thóugh gréat be híś desíre her gríef to sóothe,  
 Ánd her cares túrn áwáy with wórds of cómfort,  
 Yet éxecútes — not wíthout mány a gróan,

And lóvesick wávering of résolútion —  
The Góds' hest, ánd his fléet visits once móre.

Then, thén indéed, the Teúerians plý the wórk,  
And óver thé whole séa-bord thé tall ships  
Draw dówn, and with hulls nów-tarred sèt aflóat;  
And in their zéal for flíght bring fróm the wóods  
Uncárpentered títber with the léaves and bráanches.  
Thou migh'tst behóld them mígrating, and fórth  
Fróm the whole cíty rúshing: ás when émmets,  
Míndful of winter, plúnder á huge córñ-heap,  
And úp in stóre lay; ó'er the pláin they gó,  
A bláck troop, ánd alóng the nárrow páth  
The bóoty thróugh the gráss bear tó one céntre;  
Sóme, with the whóle strength óf their shóuldérs strúggling,  
Púsh the great píckles fórward, óthers kéepe  
The trúop togéther, ánd chastíse délay.  
Évery path 's hót with wórk. What félt'st thou thén,  
Dído, that síght behólding? thíne what gróans  
Whén, out of thíne hígh cástle, thóu hadst próspect  
Óf the wíde shóre round ín one bústling férment,  
And sáw'st befóre thíne éyes there thát commótíon,  
That míghty shóuting óver thé whole séa-pláin.  
O cáítiff Lóve, to whát compéll'st thou nót  
Poor mórtals' bréasts! To téars she is fórced once móre;  
Once móre to trí the pówer of práyers, and húmbly  
To lóve submít her spírit, thát ín váin  
She díe not, wíle resóurce remáins untríed:—

“Ánna, see'st óver thé whole shóre what hástening?  
Fróm évery quárter róund they have cóme togéther;  
The línt-sheet cálls the bréezes, ánd alréady  
The jóyful sáílors ón the póops have pláced  
The córonáls. As sùre as Í have hád

Strength to anticipate this weight of sorrow,  
So surely, sister, I'll find strength to bear it.  
Yet for me miserable this one thing  
Dó, Anna; for to thee alone that traitor  
Pays court, thou only hast his confidence,  
Know'st his soft times, and how best to approach him.  
Gó, sister; to the proud foe, suppliant say:—  
'I never with the Dánaí at Aúlis  
Conspired the Trojan nation to extirpate;  
Never sent fleet to Pérgamús, or tore  
The sire Anchises' cinders from the tomb;  
Into his hard ears why my words admit not?  
Whither so hasty? On a wretched lover  
Let him bestow this last grace; let him wait  
Till a fair wind facilitates his flight.  
'Tis not that ancient wedlock he played false to,  
I now beg; or that his fair Látian realm  
He should renounce; mere time I ask; some space  
To let subside my passion, and the lesson  
Of resignation learn from my misfortunes.  
Pity thy sister begging this last grace,  
Which when he hath accorded me, I'll give  
Trouble no longer; more than dead, though living.'

Such were her prayers, her tears; conveyed to him  
And reconveyed by her most wretched sister;  
But he is by no tears moved, by no words  
Persuaded; the fates hinder; and the Gód  
Obstructs his placid hearing; and as when  
Bóreases Alpine strive whose blasts shall first  
O'erthrow an oak, by many a year stout-timbered,  
And now from this side whistling through the branches,  
And now from that, the ground strew deep with leaves,



And sháke the trúnk, which yét clings firm to the cliff  
 With róot that dówn toward Tártarus as fár  
 Strétches, as tóward the éthereal áir its tóp:  
 Só on the héro béat the assíduous vóice  
 On éither síde; so cáre his gréat breast thrilled:  
 Unáalterable stánds his résolútion,  
 And téars (alás, what úse!) roll dówn his chéeks.

'Tis thén indéed that, át the fátes dismáyed,  
 Unháppy Dido práys for déath; heaven's cónvex  
 Behólds with wéarinéss. More tó persúade her  
 To éxecúte her púrpose, ánd the light leave,  
 She sáw, when ón the incense-búrning áltars  
 Plácing her ófferings, (hórrible to téll!)  
 The sácred líquors blácken, ánd the póured wines  
 Túrn into góre obscéne; this síght to nóne,  
 Not éven tó her síster's sélf she tóld.  
 Fúrther; there wás benéath her róof a chápél  
 Of márble, tó her fórmer húsband sácred,  
 Much hónored óbject óf her spécial cáre,  
 With féstal frónd and snów-white fléecy fillet  
 Gárlanded; hénce her spóuse's vóice she thóught  
 She héard artícúlate cálling, whén dark níght  
 Cóvered the éarth, and his funéreál díрге  
 The móping ówl upón the róoftop chánted;  
 And pláined and pláined in lóng-drawn nótes of woe.  
 Mány predictions tóo of píous séers  
 Hárrow her sóul with térrible monítion.  
 Himsélf, saváge Enéas, in her dréams  
 Pursúes, to mádness dríves her; évermóre  
 She séems to bé alóne left; évermóre  
 To trável á long ród uncómpánied,  
 And séek her Týrians in a désert lánd:

As when crazed Péntheus thé Euménides' bánds  
 Sées, and the twó suns, ánd a dóuble Thébes;  
 Or ás when, ón the tráigic stáge, Orést  
 Ágamemnónian flées befóre the firebrands  
 And lúrid snákes of his pursúing móther,  
 And in the dóorway sit the avénging Dírae.

Só when at lást by ánguish óvercóme,  
 Posséssed by fúries, shé resólves to díe;  
 The tíme and mánnér with hersélf she fíxes;  
 Thén under cléar brow and a lóok of hópe  
 Híding her púrpose, thús her sorrowing síster  
 Addrésses:— "Sístér, Í have fóund a wáy,  
 (Congráatuláte thy síster) which shall éither  
 Bring me my lóver báck, or frée me fróm him.  
 Ón the confínes of ócean, nigh the súnset,  
 The Éthiópians' útmost dwélling líes,  
 Whére on his shóulder gréatest Átlas spins  
 The áxis stúdded bright with búrning stárs.  
 A priestess thénce of thé Massýlian tribe  
 They have shówn to mé; the sáme that wás caretáker  
 Óf the Hespérides' fáne, and úsed to kéepe  
 The sácred bóughs intáct upón the trée  
 By méans of a drágon whóm she cóaxed to stáy near  
 By sprinkling dáinty hóney ón his fóod,  
 Ánd the sweet séed of thé somniferous póppy.  
 The sáme profésses íncantátions pótent  
 To éase the héart of tróuble, ánd to lóad  
 With héavy cáres whatever héart she wíll,  
 To stóp the flówing rivers, túrn the stárs báck,  
 Ráise the noctúrnal Mánes: thóu shalt sée  
 The ásh come dówn the móuntain; héar the gróund  
 Béllow benéath thy féet. I cáll to wítness



The Góds, and thée, and thy sweet héad, dear sister,  
 Ágainst my will I pút the mágic árt on;  
 Be sécret thóu, and in the intérior cóurt  
 Éréet a pýre; and lét them ón it pláce  
 The árms which thé coldhéarted mán left hánging  
 Ín my bedcháamber; with whatever élse  
 Belónged to him; and thé connúbial béd  
 Whereón I pérished: 'tis some sátisfáction  
 Áll the memórials óf th' iniquitous mán  
 To abólish; and the priestess só dirécts."  
 These wórds said, shé was sílent; and her fáce  
 Grew súdden pále: yet Ánna, thát her sister  
 With thése new rites masks déath's préparátive,  
 Not dréams, nor hás a nótion óf such fúry,  
 Nor cónsequénce aught gráver ápprehénds  
 Thán at Sichéus' déath; so dóes her bídding.

Nów has the Quéen withín the ínmost cóurt  
 A pýre érécted húge, of hólm-oak bíllet  
 And tórch-pine, and the pláce with flówer-festóon  
 Hung róund and cháplet óf funéreal léaf:  
 Ánd, knowing wéll what is abóut to bé,  
 The cóuch placés on tóp, and ón the cóuch  
 His éffígy, the swórd he léft behind,  
 Ánd whate'er élse was his; áround stand áltars;  
 Ánd with dishévelled háir and vóice of thúnder  
 The priestess thrice the húndred Góds invókes,  
 And Érebus, and Cháos, and the thrée  
 Fáces of Vírgin Dían, tríple Hécate.  
 Aspérson shé had máde too, with factítious  
 Avérnus' wáter, and had sóught for hérbs  
 Dówny and bláck-bane júiced, and réaped by móonlight  
 With brázen síckle; sóught too thé love-philtre,

Tórn (ere the dām's tooth cǫuld lay hǫld on it)  
 Fróm the just-bórn colt's fǫrehead. Ín ungirt  
 Véstment, hersélf, and with one fǫot unshód,  
 Ánd in devótional hánds the sáltmeal hǫlding,  
 Beside the áltars, cálls, from the édge of déath,  
 The Góds to béar her witness, ánd the stárs  
 That sée her fáte, and if there bé a pówer  
 Has cǫgnisánce of únrequited lóve,  
 Implóres that ríghteous, thát remémbering pówer.

'Twas níght, and évery wéary fráme on éarth  
 Was sǫund asléep: the fǫrests wére at rést,  
 Ánd the fell séas; the stárs in míd course glíding:  
 Húshed were the fields, and flócks, and páinted bírds,  
 And fár and wíde the líquid láke's indwéllers,  
 And évery ténant óf the bósk and bráke,  
 In slúmber's árms at thé dead hǫur of níght  
 Sóothed their heart-sórrors, ánd their tóils forgót:  
 But nó sleep, nó forgétfulness, no níght  
 Wrétched Phoenissa ón her eýes receíves  
 Ór in her bréast; redóubling cóme her cáres;  
 Agáin love rises in his míght and fierceness,  
 Agáin in á great súrf of íre she flúctuátes,  
 Insísting thús and with hersélf revólving:—  
 “Wéll! what to dó? Mocked thús, my fǫrmer súitors  
 Sháll I agáin try ánd a Nómád márríage,  
 And súppliant wóo whom Í so óft have spúrnéd? —  
 Then lét me tó the Ílian fléet betáke me,  
 The Teúcrians' húmblest, móst obédíent sérvant:  
 Becáuse forsóoth the fǫrmer áid I gáve them,  
 So stéads me nów? such míghty grátítude theírs  
 Fǫr my past sérvicés? But gránt, I wóuld;  
 Whó will permít me? Ínto theír prǫud shíps

Whó will receíve me háteful? Áh! thou lóst one,  
 Not yét knowst, féelst not yét the pérjuries  
 Óf the Laómedon tribe? What thén? in sóle  
 And sécret flight shall Í accópany  
 The exúlting sáilors? ór bear dówn upón them,  
 By áll my Týrian sóldiery escórted;  
 And drive to séa, and bíd set sáil agáin,  
 Thóse whom I scárce could téar from Sídón city.  
 Náy, but avért pain with the knífe, and díe  
 Ás thou hast méritéd. Thou, síster, thóu first,  
 Tó my tears yílding, thréw'st me tó the fée,  
 And héap'dst my mádness with this lóad of tróuble.  
 I hád not léave to léad a síngle life,  
 And, cóy as fórest wildíng, kéep me cléar  
 Of mátrimónial cóuch and cáres like thése;  
 I 've bróke the tróth pledged tó Síchéus' cínders."  
 Súch was the gréat wail ínto whích she búrst.

Súre of his jóurney, ánd all thíngs prépared,  
 Enéas nów on thé high stérn was sléeping,  
 Whén, in a dréam, the Gód-form with same lóok  
 Présénts ítsélf retúrning, ánd agáin  
 Séems to admónish; líke, in áll respécts,  
 To Mércury; face, cólor, gólden lócks,  
 And yóuthful límb decórous:— "Cánst thou thén,  
 O Góddess-bórn, in súch conjúcture sléep,  
 And nót percéive what cónsequent rísks surróund thee,  
 Mádmán! nor héar'st the zéphyrs blówing fáir?  
 Búsy is hér breast with a wórk of guíle  
 And díre íníquity, and fíxed to díe  
 She flúctuates ín a chángeful súrf of ánger.  
 Fléest thou not hénce précipítate, whílst flée  
 Précipítate thou máyst? All ín commótion

The séa with shíps and thé stern firebrand's gláre,  
 Alive the shóre with flámes, thou shált behóld,  
 If mórn but tóuch thee in these lánds deláying.  
 Áwáy, áwáy, this ístant: várious éver  
 And mútable is wóman." Só he sáid,  
 Ánd with the dárk night mingled. Thén indéed  
 Enéas, át the súdden ápparítion  
 Térrified, stárts from sléep, and his compánions  
 Wórries:— "Awáke, men, ístant, ánd in áll haste  
 Táke your seats ón the rów-bench; lóose the sáils quick.  
 A Gód, despátched from thé high éther, spúrs us,  
 Behóld! a sécond time, to spéed our flíght,  
 And cút the twisted cábles. Théé we fólloiw,  
 O hólý déity, whoé'er thou árt;  
 A sécond tíme thine órders wé obéy  
 With jóyous éxultátion. Gránt us thóu  
 Thy présence ánd seréne aid, ánd stars rísing  
 Propítious in the ský." He sáid, and fórth  
 Snátched from the shéath the líghtning bláde, and smóte  
 With the bare stéel the háwser. Thé same árdor  
 At ónce possésses áll; they ráp and rúsh,  
 And háve the shóres desérted; thé fleet hídes  
 Víew of the séa-plain: with stout-túgging árms  
 They whirl the fóam, and thé cerúlean swéep.

And nów leaving Tithónus' sáffron cóuch,  
 Auróra príme the éarth with néw light sprinkled;  
 The Quéén — when fróm high lóok-out shé behéld  
 The first grey dáwn, and with squared sáils the fléet  
 On-móving; ánd the éempty shóre percéived,  
 And rówerless pórt — her lóvely bréast three tímes,  
 And fóur tímes smóte, and tóre her áuburn háir:—  
 "He *will* go thén, by Júpitér," she cried,

"This interlóper! áfter hé has máde  
 Mé and my réahns his spórt! Why dónt they árm  
 Áll through the city's bréadth: why don't they téar  
 The véssels fróm the dócks down, ánd pursúe?  
 Gó, get the flámes quick; weápons hére; row, rów; —  
 What sáy I? ór where ám I? ór what mádness  
 My bráin turns? Háplless Dido, tóuch thee nów  
 Thy héartless dóings? Thé fit time was thén,  
 Whén thou didst scéptre him. Behóld how hé,  
 Whó, they say, béars with him his fátherlánd's  
 Penátes — hé, who ón his shóuldérs cárried  
 His áge-worn sire — his fáith keeps, ánd pledged right-hand.  
 Could I not táke and téar his bódy piecemeal,  
 And scáttér it tó the wáters? his compánions —  
 Ascánius' sélf could Í not stáb to déath;  
 And cóok and sérvé up tó the fáther's táble?  
 Bút the fight's fórtune hád been dóubtful — Hád it,  
 Of whóm was Í, so sóon to díe, afráid?  
 Firebrands and flámes intéo his ármamént —  
 Ínto the mídst of his décks — I wóuld have bórne;  
 Wóuld have extérmináted són, sire, ráce;  
 And lást, mysélf intéo the ruín flúng.  
 O sún, whose éye of fláme behóldést áll  
 That 's dóne in thé whole wórld — and thóu, O Júnó,  
 That knów'st my súfferings wéll, béing thysélf  
 Ágent of théir inflietion — ánd thou, Hécate,  
 To whóm the cróss-ways óf the cities ráise  
 The mídnight cry — and yé, avénging Dírae,  
 And Góds of díying Elísa — héar my práyer,  
 O héar, and lét the méritéd rétribútion  
 Pursúe the cúlprit: if 't be nécessáry  
 Thát the arch-críminál shóuld vóyage sáfe,  
 And réach port, ánd Jove's Fátés will háve it só,



And this a términús may nó be móved;  
 Lét him at léast by thé belligerent árms  
 Óf a bold péople hárrassed — fróm his cónfines  
 Expátriáte — torn fróm Iúlus' émbraçe —  
 For hélp beg, ánd behóld his fóllowérs  
 Dishónored díe; nor w hén he háth submitted  
 To térms of péáce disádvantágeous, lét him  
 Enjóy his scéptre, ór that wished-for dáy;  
 Bút prematúre fall, ánd unbúried lie  
 Ín the sands' mídst: my práyer this; with my blóod  
 I póur these lást words fórt h: and yé, O Týrians,  
 Plágue and detést the whóle stock, róot and bráñch;  
 Be thát the présent yé shall sénd our cín-ders.  
 Betwíxt the péoples lét there bé no lóve,  
 No léague. Out óf my bónes arise, avénger,  
 That shált the Dárdan cónonists pursúe  
 With fíre and swórd; now, láter, w hénsóé'er  
 Thou máyst and cánst. Oppósed — my práyer and cúrse is —  
 Be shóres to shóres, to wáves waves, árms to árms;  
 Sélves, sons, and sóns' sons, cómbatánt for éver."

She sáys; and cásts o'er ín her mínd on áll sídes,  
 Hów from the háted líght to bréak awáy  
 Séonest: then bríefly thús addrésses Bárcé,  
 Síchéus' núrse, for ín old síre-land láy  
 Her ówn nurse, á black cín-dér: — "Híther, núrse déar,  
 Sénd me my síster Ánna: lét her quíckly  
 Sprinkle her with the stréam's límph, ánd bring with her  
 The atónements fróm the flóck that háve been shówn her.  
 And thóu thýsélf with píous fillet váil  
 Thy témples; mý intén-tion is, to pérfect  
 Those sácred rítes I háve comménced ín hónor  
 Of Stýgian Jóve; and énd my cáres, by gíving

The pyre of that Dardanian to the flames."  
 She said; and zealously the aged nurse  
 Makes such speed as she can.

But Dido — fluttered  
 With her wild darings — in a savage transport —  
 With bloodshot rolling eyes, and tremulous cheeks  
 Spotted with hectic, paled by death's high view —  
 Into th' interior precincts bursts, and furious  
 Mounts the high pyre, and bares — not for such use  
 Had she obtained that gift — the Dardan sword:  
 But when the Ælian vestments met her view,  
 And the known bed, a little while in tears  
 And thought she lingered, leaning on the bed,  
 And these, her last words, uttering:— "Sweet remains, —  
 For sweet ye were while heaven and fate permitted, —  
 Receive this soul, and free me from these cares:  
 I 've lived; I 've run the race that fortune set me;  
 And great 's the image of me that shall now  
 Beneath the earth go; I 've a noble city  
 Founded; seen my own battlements rise round me;  
 Avenged my spouse; punished my hostile brother;  
 Happy, alas! too happy, if but only  
 A Dardan keel had never touched our shores."

She said; and with a kiss the couch impressing:—  
 "Though I die unavenged, I 'll die," she says;  
 "My downward journey, so — aye, so, precisely —  
 Becomes a pleasure; let the cruel Dardan  
 Gaze from the high-deep on these flames, and with him  
 My death take for the omen of his voyage."  
 She said, and while she yet spake the attendants  
 Behold her sink stabbed; the sword reeking blood,



Her hands flung powerless from her. Tó the háll's heights  
 The shout goes; the repórt runs báccanál,  
 Sháking the city; with lámént and gróan  
 And wóman's cries the hóuses áre in úproar;  
 Loud rings the éther with the gréat hand-cláppings,  
 Breast-smítings: júst as if the fóe had rúshed in,  
 And Cárthage áll, or áncient Týre were fálling,  
 And ó'er the highest tóps of húman dwéllings  
 Ánd of divine, the ráging flámes were rólling.  
 The sister héars — more like a córpse than líving —  
 And thróugh the mídst runs — rúshes — in dísmáy  
 And trépidátion, smítíng ón her bréast,  
 Téaring her fáce, and ón the dýíng cállíng  
 By náme:— “And wás 't for this then, síster? mé  
 Sóught'st thou to óverréach? wás 't this, this pýre,  
 These fíres, these áltars wére prepáring fór me?  
 Whát shall I móst compláin of, Í forlórn,  
 Spúrnéd and desérted bý my dýíng síster?  
 Thou shóuldst have hád my cómpany, have cálléd me  
 Tó the same fáte; with óne death-wóund we twáin,  
 Ánd at the sélf same móment, shóuld have pérished:  
 Búilt I it with these hánds for thee? for thee  
 Invóked I with this vóice our cóuntry's Góds,  
 Then, crúel, fróm thee strétched here, stáid awáy?  
 Thou 'st rúined, síster, bóth thysélf and mé,  
 Péople, and síres Sidónian, ánd thy city.  
 Give wáter hère, and lét me wásh her wóunds,  
 Ánd her last bréath, if ány lást breath still  
 Hóvers abóut her, gáther with my móuth.”

So sáying shé had scáled the lófty stéps,  
 Ánd her half lífeless síster in her bósom's  
 Embráce was hóldíng cúddled, gróaning múch,

And drying with her garment the black gore;  
 But she, her heavy eyes to lift endeavoring,  
 Again faints; grides beneath her breast the infixed wound:  
 Thrice, on her elbow leaned, she raised herself;  
 Thrice on the couch fell back; with wandering eyes  
 Sought high heaven's light, and, having found it, groaned.

Omnipotent Júpiter then, her long pain pitying  
 And difficult departure, from Olympus  
 Sent Íris down to free the struggling soul,  
 And the knit limbs relax; for as 'twas neither  
 By fate she perished, nor her own deserving,  
 But premature and wretched, in a sudden  
 Kindling of fury, Proserpine had not  
 The auburn lock disparted from her crown,  
 Nor to the Stygian Orcus doomed her yet.  
 Down therefore through the sky on saffron pinions  
 Flies dewy Íris, thousand various tints  
 Borrowing from th' opposite sun; and standing nigh,  
 Over her head:— "This consecrate to Dis  
 I bear as bid, and from that body free thee,"  
 She says, and shears the lock; and life away  
 Fléd to the winds, and cold became the body.

## V.

in the méantime through wáves that with nóthwinds were bláckening,  
néas détérmined was cútting his wáy,  
back cásting his lóok on the tówers which alréady  
were all lit up with hápless Elísa's pyre-flámes.

Though hidden the cáuse of so gréat conflagrátióh,  
préséntiment sád thrills the bréasts of the Teúcri,  
Then they think, of a lóve-cross how bitter the pángs are,  
and whát a vexed wóman can dó in her fúry.

And nów that the véssels are óut on the wide sea,  
and lánd is nowhére any móre to be séen,  
at éverywhere róund them the séa and the ský;  
ghóst óver his héad hangs a lívid cloud lówering,  
with night charged and témpést; and into dark wrinkles  
the séa-surface cúrls; and thús Palinúrus  
the stéersman himsélf, from the héight of the póop:—  
ah! whát art thou át, father Néptune, and whérefore  
cómpass such stórmclouds the éther abóut?"

This said, he commands them  
To gather their óars up,  
And with might and main rów;  
Sets the sáils at a táck,  
And to this effect spéaks:—  
“Magnánimous Enéas,  
I wóuld not believe  
Even Júpiter’s sélf,  
That with ský such as this  
We could still make Itália;  
The áir to mist thickens;  
The winds have changed quárter,  
And, in their might rising  
From the óvercast súnset,  
Roar right thwart our cóurse;  
Nor with áll our endéavor  
Can we hólđ our diréction,  
Or máke head agáinst them.  
Since Fórtune ’s victórious,  
Come, lét ’s follow Fórtune,  
And túrn at her cáll;  
Nor fár distant hénce  
Are the sáfe shores, I wéen,  
Of brótherly Éryx,  
And the hárbour Sicánian,  
If ónly my mémory  
Pláys me no fálse trick,  
As I cóunt my course báck  
By my nótes of the stárs.”

Then géntle Enéas:—  
“I tóo observe sùrely  
The winds are this lóng time

Detérmined upón it,  
And áll to no púrpose  
Agáinst them thou strivest.  
Tack abóut; could there lánd  
To mé be more gráteful,  
Or to whích with my tíred ships  
I 'd more gládly run dówn,  
Than that lánd which presérves for me  
Dárdan Acéstes;  
Than that lánd which holds lápped  
In its bósom the bónes  
Of my fáther Anchíses?"

When thús he had sáid,  
They máke for port stráight:  
Fair zéphyrs the sáils stretch,  
And swiftly the fléet  
O'er the rólling flood cárry,  
Till at lást to the knówn strand  
With jóy they turn ín.

But fróm the high hill-tóp afár,  
Acéstes hád obsérved with wónder  
The véssels óf his friends appróaching,  
Ánd all brístly ó'er with jávelins  
And Líbyan béar-skin, cómes to méet them;  
Ánd, for bý a Trójan móther  
Hé was són of stréam Crimísus —  
Ánd his párents' mémory hónored —  
Jóyful wélcomes théir retúrñ,  
Ánd with stóre of tréasures rúral  
And friendly fúlness éntertáins  
And sólacés their wéarínéss.

As soon as in the early east  
 Bright morn the stars had routed,  
 Enéas from the coast all round  
 Summons his comrades to assembly,  
 And from the tumulus' mound thus speaks:—  
 "Mighty Dardánidæ, descended  
 From the high blood of the Gods,  
 The year its circle has achieved,  
 And one by one its months completed,  
 Since my divine sire's last remains  
 Duly in the ground we laid,  
 And consecrated the sad altars;  
 And now, unless I err, is come  
 That day which I shall ever hold  
 A day of bitterness, shall ever —  
 Your will be done, O Gods! — hold honored.  
 Whether I pass this day in exile  
 Amid the Syrtes of Getúlia,  
 Or by stress of wind and weather  
 Driven into Mycenæe city  
 Out of the Argolic main;  
 Gifts anniversary on this day  
 I'll carry in procession solemn,  
 And with due offerings heap the altars.  
 So much the more then let us come —  
 Now that we've entered friendly port,  
 And find ourselves upon the spot,  
 Not, as I think, without the Gods'  
 O'erruling will and providence,  
 Beside my parent's bones and ashes —  
 Let us all come, and joyfully  
 Celebrate the festal day,  
 And beg the God to grant us winds,

And to allow that in a temple,  
To his service dedicated,  
In my city I may offer  
Every year a similar honor.  
To each ship's crew Troy-born Acestes  
Makes present of a pair of bees.  
Bring to the feast your own Penates  
And those your host Acestes worships.  
Besides, when the ninth radiant morn  
Shall raise the standard of boon day,  
And unveil the globe to mortals,  
I'll give the Teucri a regatta,  
To commence their games withal.  
And then let all who are good runners,  
And every one whose bold proud step  
Tells of his skill to speed the dart,  
Or the light arrow, or whose strength  
Ventures the gauntlet's crude encounter,  
Be present and expect the prize  
That shall reward the conqueror.  
Lend me your favoring voices all,  
And bind your brows with foliage."

He says, and with his mother's myrtle  
At the same time veils his temples;  
So Helymus, ripe-aged Acestes,  
And so does too the boy Ascanius;  
The others the example follow.  
Direct from the assembly then,  
Amidst a great encircling bevy,  
He takes his way to the tumult,  
Accompanied by many a thousand;  
There on the ground in due libation



Pours twó bowls óf unmixed wine, twó  
 Of nêw milk, twó of sâcred blóod,  
 And flings bright púrpling flówers and sâys:—

“Sâctified párent, háil once móre!  
 Áshes, sóul, and shâde patérnal,  
 Sáved to no púrpose, háil! all háil!  
 ’Twas nót to bé, that wé should sêek  
 Itália’s fâted fields togéther,  
 And thát unknowñ Ausónian Týber;  
 ’Twas nót to bé.”

Scarce hâd he sâid,  
 When, tráiling fórth  
 Out óf the déep  
 Intérior cêll  
 Its sévenfold ról  
 Of séven huge cóils,  
 A slimy snáke  
 The túmulús  
 Benígnantly  
 Encómpassés,  
 And glídes abóut  
 Amidst the áltars.  
 Its scály báck  
 Was áll one bláze  
 Of glówing góld  
 With spóts of blúe  
 And púrple fléckered,  
 Bright as the thóusand  
 Várious húes  
 Cást in a bów

Upón the clóuds  
Frónting the sún.

    Ín amázeмент  
Gázed Enéas,  
Whilst the sérpent,  
Midst the pólished  
Cúps and góblets  
Lóng time glíding,  
Sipped at lást,  
And áfter sipping  
Léft the viands  
Ánd the áltars,  
Ánd innóxious  
Tó the túmulus'  
Dépths retúrned.

    Dóubtful, whéther  
Tó estéem it  
A lócal Géníus,  
Ór the atténdant  
Óf his síre,  
He célebrátes  
So múch the móre  
The rites begún  
Ín his síre's hónor,  
Ánd, complying  
With the cústom,  
Sláys two shéep  
Whose twó broad téeth  
Show twó years óld;  
Álso two swíne  
Ánd a like númer  
Óf black cáttle;

And from bówls  
 Pours wine-libátion,  
 And invokes  
 The sóul and Mánes  
 Of gréat Anchises,  
 From Ácherón,  
 On léave, retúrned.  
 His cómrades too,  
 As éach has méans,  
 Bring gifts with jóy,  
 And sláughter stéers,  
 And lóad the áltars;  
 And sóme at éase  
 Stretch ón the gráss,  
 And sóme in órder  
 Sét brass cáldróns,  
 Or pláce live cóals  
 Benéath the spíts,  
 And róast the flésh.

And nów the stéeds of Phäetón brought in  
 The mórning óf the nínth, the expécted dáy,  
 Seréne and bright; and rúmor ánd the náme  
 Of fámed Acéstes hád the shóres all róund  
 Filled with reúnion jóyful óf the néighbours,  
 Thrónging to sée th' Enéadáe, and sóme  
 Prepáred too tó compéte. The prizes fírst  
 Are full in víew placed in the círcus' mídst;  
 Religious trípod — córonáls of gréen —  
 And pálm, the méed of victorý — and árms —  
 And vésts all crímsóned ó'er — and góld and sílver,  
 Of éach a tálent. Thén, from the mídst of the móund,  
 The trúmp procláims the amúsements háve comménced.

The first gáme is betwéen  
Four weíghty-oared bóttoms,  
Selécted as máatches  
From the whóle of the fléet.  
With his stóut rowers Mnéstheus  
Impéls the swift Grámpus,  
Mnéstheus who sóon shall be  
Mnéstheus Itálian,  
First of the ráce  
That shall cáll themselves Mémmi.  
With his thrée complete bénches  
Of rówers Dardánian  
In tríple rows ráising  
Their óars simultáneous,  
Fórward drives Gýas  
The huge city-like máss  
Of unwíeldy Chiméra.  
Ín the great Céntaur  
Is cárried Sergéstus,  
From whóm takes its náme  
The fámily Sérgian;  
Ánd in blue Scýlla,  
Cloánthus, from whóm  
Thy ráce is derived,  
O Róman Cluéntius.

Óver agáinst the fóaming shóre,  
Fár in the séa there is a rók  
Which, óverwhélmed and búffettéd  
By swélling billows át such tíme  
As wintry Córi híde the stárs,  
Lífts sílentlý, in tíme of cálm,  
Óver the stíll and wáveless déep,

Its lével field, the fávorite háunt  
 Óf the súnshine-lóving séamew.  
 Fáther Enéas hére erécts  
 A vérdant góal of léafy ílex,  
 Sígn to the sáilors hére to túrn,  
 And whéel from hénce their lóng course báck.  
 Their pláces thén they chóose by lót;  
 Effúlgent fróm the stérns afár  
 The cáptains' sélves distínguished shíne  
 In órnáménts of góld and crímson;  
 The óther yóung men háve their náked,  
 Glístening shóuldérs sméared with óil,  
 Their bróws with wréaths of póplar sháded.

On the rów-benches séated,  
 Arms strétched to their óars,  
 Hearts pít-a-pat béating,  
 Exúlting and bréathless  
 With kéen greed of glóry,  
 All alive, all atténtive,  
 They wáitch for the sígnal.  
 Then whén the shrill trúmpet  
 Its lárúm has sóunded,  
 From the bárrier awáy  
 Withóut stop or stáy  
 They áll leap togéther;  
 Sailors' húrrah's strike éther;  
 Turned úp by the sínewy  
 Túg of their árms  
 The séa-surface fóams;  
 All alike, all togéther  
 They plóugh up, they téar up,  
 They shátter with óars

And with tridentéd bóws  
The whóle yawning séa-plain.  
Less precipitous rúshing  
And tó the race dáshing  
Páir-in-hand cháriots  
Búrst from the bárrier,  
And scóur o'er the pláin;  
Less impetus spéeds  
The caréer of the stéeds,  
Though the drivers the wávy reins  
Sháke to them lóose,  
And óver the lásh  
Lean their whóle bodies fóward,  
And háng on each stróke.

With handclápping and shóut  
And pártisan róut  
The enclósing shores róund  
And wóodlands resóund,  
And with péals of hurráhs  
The hills rebóund.

Amidst the crówd and dín  
Fóremost scúds awáy  
Gýas ó'er the wátters;  
Cloánthus, bétter rówer,  
But bý his héavy tímbers  
Retárded, fóllovs áfter.  
Céntaur thén and Grámpus,  
Behind at équal distance,  
Conténd which sháll be fóremost:  
And nów 'tis Grámpus hás it,  
And nów huge Céntaur cónquers,  
And pásses Grámpus bý;

And nów with bóws abréast  
 They dásh alóng togéther,  
 And síde by síde with lóng keels  
 Fúrrow thé sea brine.

And nów to the rók  
 They were fást apróaching,  
 And júst at the góal,  
 When fóremost, victórious,  
 In the midst of the swéll  
 To his stéersman Menoétes  
 Thus cálls aloud Gýas:—  
 “Whíther awáy to the right so fár?  
 Hítherward, híther;  
 Húg the shore clóse,  
 And lét your oar-bládes  
 Graze the rókks on the léft;  
 Leave to óthers the déep.”

He sáid, but Menoétes,  
 Súnken rocks féaring,  
 Wrésts the prow séaward:—  
 “Whíther awáy stray’st  
 Óut of the stráight course?  
 For the rókks make, Menoétes.”  
 So a sécond time shóuted  
 And cálléd him back Gýas,  
 And revérting his lóok,  
 Lo! behind him Cloánthus  
 Close préssing upón him  
 And táking the néar way.

Brushing bý in the ínterspace  
 ’Twíxt the resóunding rocks



And the lár-board of Gýas,  
In a twinkling Cloánthus  
Is out on the sáfe sea,  
And behind has left Gýas,  
Behind left the góal.

Then indéed the youth's bónes  
With kéen anguish búrned,  
Nor wére his cheeks téarless;  
And óf his crew's sáfety  
Forgétful no léss  
Than óf the respéct  
Which he ówed to himsélf,  
Headlong into the séa  
From the high poop he húrled  
Dull plódding Menoêtes;  
Himsélf takes the rúdder,  
Himsélf becomes stéersman,  
And chéers the crew ón,  
And shóreward the hélm turns.

But, whén from the bóttom  
At lást he 's come úp —  
And not éasily éither  
From yéars and the wéight  
Of his wét dripping gárments —  
Heavy-láden Menoêtes  
Makes fór the rock's tóp,  
And thére on the dry stone  
Séts himself dówn.  
The Teúcri laughed át him  
Both fálling and swimming,  
And láugh at him nów

As he spéws from his inwards  
The sált water úp.

And nów in the twó last,  
Sergéstus and Mnéstheus,  
The jóyous hope kindles  
To béat lagging Gýas.  
Sergéstus starts fóremost  
And dráws near the róck,  
But nót by the léngth  
Of the whóle keel fóremost;  
By the stéerage he 's fóremost,  
While ón him abáft  
The bów of the Grámpus  
Émulous présses.

But Mnéstheus goes midships  
And chéers the crew ón,  
In their véry midst pácing:—  
“Now, nów on your óars rise,  
Brave féllows Hectórian,  
Whom in Tróy's fateful hóur  
I selécted as cómrades;  
Now pút forth that vígor,  
That spírit put fórh,  
Which érewhile ye shówed  
In the Sýrtes Getúlian,  
The Íónian séa,  
And Málea's péstering  
Wáves pertinácious.  
I ásk not the fírst place,  
Nor stríve now for cónquest,  
Though gládly had Mnéstheus —

But I léave those to cónquer,  
To whóm thou, O Néptune,  
Hast gránted the cónquest;  
Only lét 's not be lást,  
Conquer só far at léast,  
And avért that dishónor —  
Fellow tównsmen, avért  
That fóul, crying sín."

With extrémé, utmost éffort  
They léan themselves fóward;  
The brónzed vessel trémbles  
Benéath the vast strókes  
That ráise the keel óut of  
And óver the wáter.  
The thícK panting shákes  
Their límbs and dry móuths;  
On áll sides abóut them  
The swéat flows in rívers.

Mere áccident bróught them  
The wished-for hónor;  
For, whilst in a fúry  
His prów forcing úp  
On his ríval's lar-bóard,  
And for wánt of room cútting  
Too clóse to the rócks,  
On a jútting reef fást  
Stuck hápless Sergéstus.  
The crág was concússed,  
And ón the sharp snág  
The prów, where it strúck,

Hung suspended, and crack  
Went the óars in the strúggle.

The sáilors, at fáult thrown,  
With lóud clamors rise  
From the bénches togéther,  
Ply shárp-pointed póles  
And íron-shod hánd-spikes,  
And pick up the bróken oars  
Óut of the abýsm.  
But Mnéstheus, made stóuter-  
By his véry succéss,  
Invókes the winds' áid,  
And with swift sweeping óar-banks  
Pulls jóyous awáy  
In the ópen sea-róom,  
And rúns with the fáll  
Of the wáter in lándward.  
As a dóve, that a súdden  
Alárm has distúrbed  
From her nést and sweet yóung  
In óne of a púmice rock's  
Númerous hidings,  
Awáy to the fiélds  
Flies óut of the cáve  
With a térrified flútter,  
But sóon on expánded  
And mótionless pinion  
Guides swiftly alóng,  
And dówn through the stíll air  
Her líquid way swéeps:  
So Mnéstheus flies óver  
The lást of the cóurse;

Her mere impetus só  
Carries Grámpus fórdward.

And first he desérts  
Sergéstus hard strúggling  
In the high rocky shállows  
And in váin calling hélp  
And léarning to ráce  
With bróken óars.  
Then awáy after Gýas  
And enórmous - diménsioned  
Chiméra hersélf,  
Which, stripped of her stéersman,  
No lóng time compétes.  
And nów at the úttermost  
Énd of the cóurse  
Remains ónly Cloánthus;  
Hím he makes áfter,  
And his whóle strength exérting  
Presses hárd upon him.

'Tis thén indeed ál  
Repeat shóut upon shóut,  
And chéer on the chásér,  
Till éther resóunds  
With the crásh of the clámor:  
These indignantly cling  
To the crédit acquired,  
And fást hold the hónor  
They have cóunted their ówn,  
And are willing to bárter  
Existence for glóry.  
Succéss feeds the óthers:

They dóub't not they 're áble,  
And thérefore they 're áble.

And with bów beside bów  
They had bóth perhaps wón  
The prizes togéther,  
Hád not, with bóth hands  
Outstrétched toward the séa,  
Cloánthus thus vówed,  
Ánd to the déities  
Póured his prayer fórch:—

“Ye séa-ruling Góds,  
Upon whóse plains I ráce,  
Only gránt me my wish,  
And I 'll hól'd myself bóund  
To bríng to your áltars  
And sólemnly óffer,  
On this very shóre,  
A brilliant white búll,  
And into the sált waves  
With jóy flíng the éntails,  
And the flówing wine póur.”

He sáid, and the whole chóir  
Of the Néreids and Phórcus,  
And the máid Panopéa,  
Benéath the waves, héard him,  
And fáther Portúnus,  
With a púsh of his gréat hand,  
Himsélf urged him ón.  
Swífter than Nótus,  
Than fléet arrow swífter,

The b ark flies to l and,  
And into the d eep port  
Sh oots away f ar.

Then the s eed of Anchises,  
F ollowing the c ustom,  
C alls all tog ether,  
 And with the h erald's  
L oud voice procl aims  
Clo anthus vict orious,  
 And with green l aurel  
M antles his t emples;  
And comm ands him to ch oose  
For  each ship three st eers,  
And g ives him for  each ship  
A pr esent of wine  
And a gr eat silver t alent.

On the c aptains thems elves  
He best ows the chief h onors:  
On the vict or a chl amys,  
With g old over-wr ought,  
And twice with a br oad  
Purple stripe Melib ean  
Me andered all r ound;  
And in-woven th ere  
Was the r oyal b oy,  
St alking the swift deer  
On l eafy  Ida:  
His l ance in his h and  
He is h ot at the sp ort,  
You may s ee him p anting;



But dówn on him swoóping  
Jove's winged armour-béarer  
Up aloft in his tálons  
From Ída has snátched him;  
Aged guárdians in váin  
Stretch their hánds toward the héavens,  
And fierce-barking dógs bay the áir.

But to him who hath wón  
Second pláce by his prówess,  
He gives a mail cóat  
Triple pláited with méshes  
Of búrnished gold wire  
(Adórnmént alike  
And defénce in the báttle),  
Which his ówn victor sélf  
From Demóleos had tórñ  
Under high Ilium's wálls  
Rapid Simoïs beside:  
Exérting their whóle strength,  
Scarce áble the ménials,  
Phégeus and Ságaris,  
On their shóuldern to cárry  
Its mánifold plies;  
But Demóleos lóng ago  
Hád it upón him,  
When húnting and chásing  
The Trójan abóut.  
To the third he présents  
A páir of bronze básins,  
And two éwers of wrought silver  
With figures embóssed.

With their gifts they had áll now  
Just só been presented,  
And were márching alóng  
In the pride of their wéalth,  
With their témples bound róund  
With ribbons of crimson,  
When, with múch skill and tróuble,  
From the féll rock pulled óff,  
And láme with the lóss  
Of a whole tier of óars,  
Sergéstus brings úp,  
In the midst of derision,  
His hónorless véssel.

As wén on a cáuseway  
A snáke is surprised  
And bý a brass wéel  
Obliquely run óver,  
Ór with a héavy blow  
Máimed by way-fárer,  
And léft on the stóne  
Between líving and déad;  
In lóng coils it writhes,  
And in váin to flee strives,  
And lífts up on high  
Its fóre-part ferócious,  
And its hissing neck réars,  
And with fiery eyes gláres,  
While, twisting and twining  
In knóts on itsélf,  
Its wóunded and láme  
Hinder párt keeps it báck:  
So límpingly rówed

The slów bark alóng,  
But made sáil notwithstanding,  
And únder spread cánvas  
Éntered the pórt.

Enéas, rejóicing  
That véssel and créw  
Have been bróught back in sáfety,  
Bestóws on Sergéstus  
The prómised rewárd:  
A sláve not unskilled  
In the wórks of Minérva,  
Phóloë, the Crétan,  
With twins at her bósom,  
He hás for his príze.

This cómbat dismissed,  
Tender-héarted Enéas  
Hies to whére, round abóut  
By a théatre girdled  
Of cúrved, wooDED hills,  
On the vále's intermédiáte  
Smooth gréen was a círcus.  
'Twas híther the héro,  
With mány a thóusand,  
Repáired, and his séat took  
On a high-raised estráde,  
In the mídst of the assémbled  
And séated spectátors;  
And to shárpen the spírit  
Of súch as might háply  
Incline to conténd  
In the rápid foot-ráce,

The prizes set out,  
And displayed the rewards.

They come flocking from all sides,  
Teuceri mixed with Sicáni:  
First Eurýalus and Nísus;  
Eurýalus of beauty rare,  
In the fresh green of youth fair;  
Nísus with all his heart  
Virtuously, tenderly  
Loving the lad.  
Next after in order  
Comes royal Dióres,  
Descended from Priam's  
Pre-éminent stock;  
Then Sálius and Pátron,  
Acarnánian the one,  
Of Tégea's Arcáidian  
Lineage the other;  
Then two youths Trinácrian,  
Hélymus and Pánopes,  
Well used to the woods,  
Aged Acéstes' pages:  
And many besides  
Of dim fame obscure.  
In the midst of whom then  
It was thus spoke Enéas:—

“Give joyful attention,  
And hear what I say.  
Of all that are here  
I'll not allow one  
To depart unrewarded:

A páir of darts Gnóssian  
Of bright, polished stéel,  
And a twó-headed póle-axe  
With ráised work of silver,  
Shall bé to each óne  
Presénted alike.

“Prizes shall bé  
For the fóremost thrée,  
And a wréath, round their héads,  
Of táwny ólive:  
For the fírst a supérbly  
Capárisoned hórse,  
The rewárd of the victor.  
An áamazon’s quiver  
The sécond shall háve,  
Full of Thrácian árrows;  
It hángs in a bróad belt  
With góld overláid  
Ánd with a táper-turned  
Jéwel-stud fástened.  
Let the thírd depart pléased  
With this hélmet Argólic.”

When thús he had sáid,  
They táke their stands éach;  
Then, well márking the góal,  
Awáy on a súdden,  
At the sóund of the trúmptet,  
Rush ínto the cóurse,  
Like a fást-dashing shówer,  
And behínd leave the bárrier.

Far befóre all the rést  
Nísus shóots away fírst,  
More swift than the winds,  
Or the winged thunderbólt.  
Néxt him, but néxt  
With a lóng interspáce,  
Sálius comes áfter,  
And thén, on the gróund  
They bóth have passed óver,  
Eurýalus thírd,  
By Hélymus fóllowed,  
Close behind whom, behóld!  
Dióres comes flýing,  
Leans óver his shóulder  
And tréads on his héels;  
And, gíve him but móre gróund,  
He 'll slíp clear awáy from,  
And quíte behind léave,  
Him whom nów he 's so clóse to  
You dóubt which is fóremost.

And nów they 're almóst  
At the énd of the cóurse,  
And wéarily néaring  
The véry góal,  
When Nísus slips, lúckless,  
In sóme glairy blóod  
Which where búllocks, it chanced,  
Had látely been sláughtered,  
Lay spilled on the gróund  
And had wét the green swárd.  
The yóuth was alréady  
Victórious, triúmphant,

When on this spot his foot,  
 To take firm hold céasing,  
 From únder him wént,  
 And flát on his fáce  
 He féll in the midst  
 Of the góre sacrificial  
 And éxcrement fóul.

Of Eurýalus, howéver,  
 And his lóve for Eurýalus  
 He wás not forgétful;  
 Bút, from the slíppery ground  
 Úp as he róse,  
 Oppósed himself ríght  
 In the wáy of Sálius,  
 Who féll and rolled óver  
 On his báck in the thícK sand.

In the midst of handeláppings  
 And shóuts of appláuse  
 Awáy shoots, awáy flies  
 Eurýalus fóward,  
 And bý his friend's kíndness  
 Has wón the first pláce.  
 Up comes Hélymus áfter,  
 And, nów to the third palm  
 Entitled, Díóres.

Here Sálius, with lóud shouts  
 The húge concave fílling,  
 Insísts to the whóle  
 Of the assémbled spectátors,  
 And móst to the síres



In the frónt places séated,  
That the hónor is his,  
And múst be restóred him,  
Of which an unfáir  
Manoeúvre has róbbed him.

For Eurýalus pléad  
His becóming téars;  
His vírtues, enhánced  
By his pérsonal gráce,  
Win the géneral fávor;  
Dióres too hélp him,  
And shóuts for him lóud,  
Having cóme in, in váin,  
For the lást palm and príze,  
If to Sálius restóred  
The first márk of dístíction.

Then fáther Enéas:—  
“Your présents, young mén,  
Remain cértain and fíxed,  
And no óne shall dístúrb  
The pálm from its órder;  
But mé you ’ll allów  
To commiserate a friend,  
Whose misfórtune is dúe  
To no fáult of his ówn.”

So sáid, he gave Sálius  
The húge híde uncóuth  
Of a líon Getúlian,  
Gólden-clawed, shággy,  
A búrthen to cárry.

Then says Nísus:— “If súch  
 Thy compássion for fálls,  
 And so gréat the rewáreds  
 Thou bestów’st on the cónquered,  
 Let me sée the fine présent  
 Thou hast réady for Nísus;  
 For him who had glóriously  
 Wón the first gárland,  
 Had he nót been o’ercóme  
 By the sáme spiteful fórtune  
 That óvercame Sálius.”  
 He sáid, and displáyed  
 His fáce and limbs fóuled  
 With the sóft, dungy óoze.

The most éxcellent Fáther  
 Smiled at his plight:  
 Then bídding be bróught forth  
 The shíeld manufáctured  
 By skilled Didymáon,  
 Which the Dánaï had púlled down  
 From Néptune’s door sácred,  
 Bestówed the choice gift  
 On the wórthy young mán.

The ráce at an énd,  
 And the présents awárded:—  
 “Now if ány man hére  
 Has indwelling cóurage  
 And spírit suffícient,  
 Let him stánd fórth, and lift high  
 His gaúntleted pálms.”

He said, and set forth  
The battle's twain honors:  
For the victor a steer,  
Vailed with fillets of gold;  
A sword and grand helmet  
To solace the conquered.

Then loud was the buzz of the admiring assembly  
As Dares his mighty front raised on the instant:  
'Twas Dares that used to contend against Paris,  
Other equal for Paris was none.  
He too it was that at mightiest Hector's  
Tumulus sepulchral smote conquering Butes,  
And stretched on the tawny sand dying the giant  
Whose haughty demeanour showed how well he knew  
He was come of Bebrycian Amycus' race.  
Such was Dares that raised his high head first to battle,  
Displayed his broad shoulders, and thrusting and cuffing  
With each arm alternate, pommeled the air.  
A match is sought for him; but, of all that array,  
Not one dares approach him or draw on the gauntlet.

In high spirits therefore,  
And thinking that one and all  
Yield him the palm,  
He stands right in front  
Of the feet of Eneas,  
And without more ado  
With his left hand takes hold  
Of the bull by the horn,  
And says:— "Goddess-born,  
If there 's no one so bold  
As to venture the battle,

What énd of my stánding?  
 How lóng must I wáit?  
 Bid me léad the prize óff."  
 Same tíme the Dardánidae  
 Cálled out unánimous  
 To lét the brave mán  
 Have the prómised rewárd.

Here with gráve words Acéstes  
 Repróaches Entéllus,  
 As beside him he sát  
 On the gréen grassy bánk:—  
 "Entéllus, in váin once  
 The brávest of héroes,  
 And wilt thou so támely,  
 Withóut even a strúggle,  
 Allów such a prize  
 To be cárried awáy?  
 Whére is our Gód now,  
 That Éryx thy máster  
 Thou váunt'st of so idly?  
 Where nów thy renówn  
 All Trinácria fílling,  
 And the spóils thou 'st at hóme  
 Hanging úp in thy hóuse?"

"It is not féar" —  
 Thus ánswered hé —  
 "Nor scáred awáy  
 My lóve of glóry  
 And fáir áchievement;  
 But slów old-áge,  
 With númbing fróst,

Has chilled my blóod,  
And wórned out quite  
My bóðily vígor.  
Hád I but nów  
The yóuth I had ónce,  
That yóuth in which  
Yon wrétch exúlts  
So cónfidént,  
Nor gift had Í  
Nor fáir steer néeded,  
Tó induce me  
Tó come fórwárd.  
Who likes may táke  
The príze, for mé."

Só having sáid,  
He cást intó  
The midst a páir  
Of móst enórmous,  
Wéighty gáuntlets,  
With whose hárd hide  
Dóughty Éryx  
Úsed to stráp  
His hánds and árms,  
Évery time  
The lís he éntered.

All mínds were astóunded,  
So húge were those sévenfold  
Plies of ox-léather,  
So stiffened with ín-plaited  
Íron and léad.  
Abóve all the rést

Dares' sélf is astónished,  
And will upon nó account  
Trý the encóunter.  
Then, while the magnánimous  
Són of Anchíses  
Swings híther and thíther  
And túrns every wáy  
The vólume imménse  
Of those pónderous bánds,  
The óld man gives útterance  
To wórds such as thése:—

“And whát had ye sáid,  
Hád ye but Hércules'  
Ówn gauntlets séen,  
And the sád fight he fóught  
Upon this very shóre?  
These gauntlets belónged  
To thine hálf-brother Éryx  
(Thou sée'st them with blóod still  
Besprínkled and bráins);  
With thése he confrónted  
Mighty Alcídes;  
To thése I was úsed,  
While a frésher blood-cúrent  
Supplied me with vígor,  
And nó yet had óld age  
Énviously sprinkled  
My témples with hóar.  
But if Trojan Dáres  
These weápons refúses,  
And géntle Enéas  
Is sátisfied só,

And if my abéttor  
Acéstes appróves,  
Let us máke the fight équal;  
I dó not insíst  
On the gáuntlets of Éryx  
(Dismiss thy misgivings);  
And thóu, put thou óff  
Thy Trójan gloves too."

He sáid, and his dóublet  
Threw óff from his shóuldérs,  
His gréat limbs laid báre  
And his gréat bones and músclés,  
And fórt in his míght stood  
In the midst of th' aréna.

Then the séed of Anchíses  
Like gáuntlets brought fórt,  
And with the matched wéapons  
The sire strapped the hánds  
Of the óne and the óther.  
Upright on their tóes  
In an ístant both róse;  
And undáunted arms high  
Lifting úp toward the ský,  
And lófty heads dráwing back  
Fár from the stróke,  
With hánd to hand spárring,  
The báttle provóke.

More nímble the óne  
In the pride of his yóuth;



Stronger limbed was the óther,  
 And móulded gigántic,  
 But trémulous slów  
 Are his tóltering knées,  
 And his vást limbs shake sóre  
 With the pánt of his bréathing.

Mány a blów  
 They tóss to and fró,  
 Áll to no púrpose;  
 Mány a blów  
 Loud ráttling rings  
 On hóllo chést  
 And sídes, redóubled.  
 Abóut ears and témples  
 Róves the hand fréquent,  
 And únder the hárd cuffs  
 The jáws go crick cráck.

In the sáme sustained pósture  
 Entéllus stands héavy,  
 And with vigilant eýes  
 The pásses avóids  
 By ónly inclíning his bódy.  
 His oppónet, like óne  
 Who brings works of wár  
 To béar on a high-seated city,  
 Or sóme mountain cástle beléaguers,  
 On this side tries nów,  
 Now on thát the appróaches,  
 And the whóle place abóut  
 Reconnóitres with skill,

And with various assaults  
Ineffectual presses.

Rears himself upright  
Entellus, and shows  
His right hand uplifted;  
The other wares quick  
The down coming blow,  
And with nimble evasion  
Slips out of the way.  
Entellus discharges  
His strength on the winds,  
And to the ground ponderous  
Falls of himself  
With his vast heavy weight:  
As on Erymanth sometimes,  
Or on mighty Ida,  
A hollow pine tumbles  
Torn up by the roots.

All at once and together,  
In their interest for either,  
The Teucri rise up  
And the youth of Trinacria;  
To the sky mounts the clamor:  
Acestes the first is  
Who runs to, and pitying  
Lifts from the ground up,  
His equal-aged friend.

But, by his mischance  
Nor retarded nor scared,  
The hero returns

But more kéen to the fíght,  
 Of v́alor self-cónscious,  
 Wrath róusing his vígor,  
 Shame kindling his míght;  
 And, áll in a glów,  
 Drives óver the whóle plain  
 DARES héadlong befóre him,  
 And nów with his léft hand  
 Redóubles his blóws,  
 And nów with his ríght.

There 's nó stop nor stáy,  
 But with blóws of each hánd,  
 As th́ick, fast, and fréquent,  
 As páttering háilstones  
 Down shówering on róof-tops,  
 The héro thumps Dáres,  
 And knócks him abóut.

Then fáther Enéas,  
 Permitting no fúrther  
 Their íres to procéed,  
 Nor Entéllus to ráge on  
 In súch bitter spírit,  
 Put an énd to the fíght,  
 And réscued tired Dáres,  
 Ánd with kind, pétting words  
 Thús to him sáid:—

“Luckless wíght, what delúSION  
 So stróng has posséssed thee?  
 Percéiv'st not, thou wárrest  
 Agáinst a God's stréngth,

And that Héaven 's turned against thee?  
Give wáy to the Gód."  
He sáid, and the báttle  
Decláred to be énded.

But awáy to the véssels  
His fáithful compánions  
Bring Dáres, his crázy knees  
Drágging alóng,  
His héad now to this  
Now to thát side tóssing,  
And clóts of blood míxed with teeth  
Fróm his mouth spéwing;  
Then, súmmoned, the swórd  
And the hélmet recéive,  
And léave to Entéllus  
The pálm and the búll.

Then, exúberant in spirits  
And próud of the búll:—  
"Goddess-bórn," says the victor,  
"And yé other Teúcri,  
Behóld both what stréngth  
My yóuthful frame ónce had,  
And from whát certain déath  
Ye have Dáres delivered."

He sáid, and right ópposite  
The fáce of the stéer stood,  
That was bý-standing thére,  
The prize of the báttle;  
And rising bolt-úpright,  
And dráwing back his ríght hand,

Swúng the hard gaúntlet  
 Betwéen the two hórn,  
 And the fróntal bone fráctured,  
 And crúshed in the bráin;  
 Próstrate the félléd ox  
 Lies on the swárd stretched,  
 Sénséless and quivering.  
 Then, óver him stánding,  
 These wórd<sup>s</sup> he put fórh:—  
 “With this bétter life, Éryx,  
 I páy thee in fúll  
 For my nó<sup>t</sup> killing Dáres,  
 And victórious here pút by  
 My gaúntlets, and with them  
 The árt pugilístic.”

Then stráightway Enéas  
 Invítes to compéte,  
 Who háply may wish,  
 In the swift arrow cóntest,  
 And the prizes sets óut;  
 And Seréstus’ ship’s mást  
 With his húge hand erécts,  
 And suspénds in a nóose,  
 From the tó<sup>p</sup> of the mást,  
 The márk to be áimed at,  
 A swift-winged pígeon.

The compétitors méet,  
 And ínto a bráss helm  
 Their ló<sup>t</sup>-counters flínging,  
 Forth cómes first of áll,  
 Amid shóuts of appláuse,

The lóť of Hippócoon,  
Hýrtacus' són.  
Close áfter whom fóllovs  
Mnéstheus, just nów  
In the ship-race victórious,  
Mnéstheus with ólive bough  
Gárlanded gréen.  
Thírd comes Eurýtion,  
Who cláims thee for bróther,  
O Pándarus most glórious,  
Thóu that in óld time,  
Obédient to órders,  
The first wert thy wéapon  
To fling midst the Achívi,  
And th' ármistice bréak.  
Lowest dówn in the hélmet  
And lást lay Acéstes;  
For hé too had dáred  
In the tásk of the yóung man  
His hánd's strength to trý.

Then évery man tákes out  
His sháft from his quíver,  
And gállantly évery man  
Bénds his strong bów;  
And first from the twánging string,  
Cléaving the swift air,  
Through the ský speeds the árrow  
Of Hýrtacus' són,  
And cómes and sticks fást  
In the frónt of the mást:  
The mást thróugh and thróugh quívers,  
The fríghted bird flútters,

And fills the place róund  
With its clápping wings' sóund.

Bold Mnéstheus next áfter,  
With bénded bow stánding,  
His áim took on hígh  
With strained sháft and strained eýe,  
But, alás! the bird míssed,  
Though he bróke the lint nóose  
In which, tied by the fóot,  
From the táll mast it húng:  
And awáy to the sóuth winds  
And dárk clouds it fléw.

Then in áll haste Eurýtion,  
Who for sóme time was hóliding  
Bow bént and shaft lévelled,  
Made a vów to his bróther,  
And únder the bláck cloud  
Cóvered and píerced  
With his árrow the pígeon,  
That ín the free ský there  
Its glád wings was clápping.  
Life léaving abóve  
In the stárry ethéreal,  
It túmbles down sénseless,  
And báck to the gróund  
Brings the sháft in the wóund.

Sire Acéstes, the ónly  
Remáining one nów,  
Though the víctory 's lóst,  
Yet his science to shów  
In twánging the bów,



High into the ský  
His árrów let flý.  
Here méets the eye súdden  
What divíners too láte,  
By the gréat event táught  
To prognósticate right,  
Have decláred was an ómen  
Of ímport terrífic;  
For the réed, in th' untróubled  
Clouds óf the fine wéather,  
Took fíre as it fléw,  
And its páth marked with fláme,  
Then into the thín winds  
Awáy withdrew spént.  
So óftentimes flý  
Shooting stárs through the ský,  
And draw áfter them swéeping  
Their lóng trail of háir.

Confóunded, astóunded,  
To the Góds pray the Teúcri  
And mén of Trinácia;  
Nor refúses the ómen  
Most mighty Enéas,  
But embráces, and héaps  
With great gifts, glad Acéstes,  
And thús to him sáys:—  
“Accépt this, O fáther;  
For Olýmpus' great kíng  
By this pórtent decláres thee  
Entitled to hónor  
Apárt and espécial.  
This rich-embossed winebowl,

Which gréat-aged Anchíses  
 Himsélf once posséssed,  
 Thou shalt háve for thy bóon.  
 Thracian Císseus of óld  
 On my párent Anchíses  
 The gréat gift bestówed  
 To be képt as memórial  
 And plédge of his lóve."

He sáid, and salúted  
 Acéstes first víctor,  
 And bóund round his témples  
 With láurel-branch gréen.  
 Nor did wóorthy Eurýtion,  
 Though 'twas hé alone bróught down  
 The bírd from the hígh sky,  
 With jéalousy lóok  
 On the hónor put pást him.  
 For the néxt gift comes ín  
 He that rúptured the córd;  
 Last is hé whose swift árrów  
 Stood fixed in the mást.

But fáther Enéas,  
 Ere énded thát gáme was,  
 Calls Epýtides tó him,  
 Compánion and guárdian  
 Of béardless lúlus,  
 Ánd in his trústý ear:—  
 "To Ascáníus awáy quick,  
 And íf he has with him  
 His yóung troop of hórsemen  
 All equipped now and réady

To go through their manoeuvres,  
Bid him with them come hither  
In arms, and parade  
To his grandfather's honor.  
Out of the long circus  
Himsélf bids départ  
The whole influx of péople,  
And léave the field frée.

All glittering alike  
On their well-bitted horses,  
The láds make their éntry  
In sight of their sires,  
Admired by the whole youth  
Of Tróy and Trinácia,  
And chéered as they gó.  
They áll wear their háir,  
As required by the cústom,  
Cut clóse in a róund crop;  
Two stéel-pointed lánces  
Of córnel each cárries,  
And sóme on their shóuldérs  
A smóoth burnished quiver;  
At the tóp of the chést  
Round the néck goes a cóllar  
Of fléxile gold twisted.

Thrée troops of hórsemen,  
Distinct and apárt,  
Perámbulate thére,  
Each tróop with a cáptain;  
Twice six glittering yóuths  
Every cáptain commánds.

One youthful troop 's led  
 In ovation along,  
 By a tiny Priam  
 (Called áfter his grándsire),  
 Thine illústrious óffspring,  
 Polítes, and sóon  
 With a néw, vigorous gráft  
 To add stréngth to th' Itálians.  
 The pásterns are white  
 Of his píed Thracian chárger,  
 And lóftily cárried  
 The próud forehead white.

Átys, from whóm come  
 The Látin clan, Átii,  
 Little Átys is néxt,  
 The fávorite boy-friend  
 Of the bóy Iúlus.

Last and lóveliest of áll  
 Iúlus comes, móunted  
 On chárger Sidónian,  
 By fáir Dido given him  
 In remémbrance of hér  
 And in plédge of her lóve.  
 On áged Acéstes's  
 Hórses Trinácrian  
 Ride the rést of the yóuths.

Pit-a-pat gó their hearts,  
 Ás the Dardánidae,  
 Gázing delighted,  
 Ánd in their fáces

Trácing their fóresires,  
Receíve them with pláudits.

When nów round the whóle  
Of the séated assémbly  
They have rídden, with jóy,  
In their rélatives' sight,  
And to sét out are réady,  
Epýtides gives them  
The signal from fár  
With whip-crack and shóut.

Each trúop then divides  
Into twó equal párts,  
Which túrn about quick,  
And trot óff from each óther;  
Then whéel round agáin  
At the wórd of commánd,  
And chárge, face to fáce.

Then their táctics they chángé,  
And in ópposite ráńks  
Adváńce and retire,  
And retire and adváńce,  
And whéel round and róund,  
And in intricate rings  
Intercépting and cróssing  
And báffling each óther,  
Fight óut their sham báttle;  
Sometimes their backs túrning  
Deféńceless and róuted,  
Sometimes spéar grappling spéar,

And thén again, péace made,  
Paráding united.

As the intricate blindways  
And thóusand turns púzzling  
Of the Lábyrinth they téll of,  
In high Crete of óld,  
Where nó clue to guíde you  
Back, fórward, or óut,  
You wándered for éver  
Abóut and abóut:  
So púzzled the trácks  
Of the sóns of the Teúcri,  
So perpléxedly wóven  
Sportive báttle and flight,  
Like the gámbols of pórpoises  
Pláyfully frisking  
Ín the sea-wátters  
Carpáthian or Líbyan.

Ascánius of óld,  
When róund Longa Álba  
He dréw his walls' círcle,  
Re-estáblished this gáme  
And these mánege manoeúvres,  
And táught the old Látins  
How himsélf, when a bóy,  
And the Trójan lads wíth him,  
Had been úsed to perfórm them.  
The Álbans their yóuth táught,  
From whóm mightiest Róme  
In dúe course receíved,  
And, hónoring her fáthers,

Preserves to this day  
The sport they call Tróy  
And the Trójan Battálion.  
So much for the games  
In the sainted sire's honor.

Here Fórtune, unfaithful,  
Begán first to change;  
For whilst at the túmulus  
With várious amusements  
The day 's solemnised,  
Júno Satúrnian,  
Mány a scheme póndering,  
And nóted sated yét  
Of her áncient ill will,  
Dówn from heaven Íris  
On fáir wafting bréezes  
To the Ílian fleet sént.

Swift alóng her bow's páth  
Of a thóusand bright dýes,  
Down unséén runs the máid;  
The great cóncourse survéys,  
Round the cóast casts her eýes,  
And obsérves the port éempty,  
Desérted the fléet.

But apárt on the lónely beach,  
Wéeping in sécret,  
Troy's mátrons were wáiling  
The lóss of Anchises;  
And áll, as they wépt,  
On the déep sea were gázíng:—



“Alás, such a lóng way ’s  
Still lyíng before us,  
And, tired as we áre,  
We have só much sea wáter  
To sáil over still!”

It was thús with one vóice  
They áll were excláiming;  
A cíty ’s their práyer;  
They are síck, sore and sórry,  
And the tóils of the séa  
Will no lónger endúre.

Ínto the midst of them,  
Práctised in míschief  
Thérefore she flíngs her,  
And púts off the figure  
And vést of a Góddess,  
And mákes herself Béroë,  
The áged spouse becómes  
Of Tmárian Dorýclus,  
Who ónce possessed children  
And kindred and náme.

In this guise amídst  
The Dárdan dames míngling:—  
“Wretched wómen,” she críes,  
“Whom Acháian hands lóng ago  
Drágged not to sláughter,  
When fierce raged the báttle  
Your nátive walls róund —  
O unfórtunate créw,  
For whát worse destrúction  
Does Fórtune reserve ye?

The séventh summer nów  
Since the rásing of Tróy,  
Its cóurse is revólving,  
Yet o'er lánd and o'er wáter  
We 're wándering still;  
Amidst bléak, savage rócks,  
Under stránge skies are róaming,  
And, tóssed on the bíllows,  
Chace thróugh the great séa  
Itália, that éver  
Befóre us is fléeing.  
Ín the fratérnal  
Domáins here of Éryx,  
Hére where we 're kindly  
Recéived by Acéstes,  
What hinders from fóunding  
Our city's walls hére,  
And éntering at ónce  
On a cítizen life?  
O my cóuntry, and Ó ye  
Penátes, in váin  
Rescued óut of the fóe's midst,  
Shall there nó, now at lást,  
Be a city called Tróy?  
Am I nó where to sée  
A Símoïs' or Xánthus'  
Hectórean stréam?  
Nay, náy, come alóng,  
And hélp me to búrn down  
These ún lucky véssels;  
For prophétic Cassándra's form  
Séemed, as I slépt,  
A lit torch to hánd me;

Here, she says, is your home,  
 In this spot seek your Tróy.  
 Opportunity works,  
 And the great prodigy  
 Meets with no hindrance:  
 See here where to Néptune  
 Four altars are standing;  
 With lit brands, with courage  
 The Gód's self supplies us."  
 She said, the way led,  
 And the rankling fire seized,  
 And, with right hand uplifted,  
 From where she stood, brandished  
 And with might and main flung.

The spirits are roused  
 Of the Ílian matrons,  
 With amazement their hearts struck;  
 And one of the oldest  
 Of the whole number,  
 Pýrgo, nurse royal  
 Of the so numerous  
 Children of Priám:—  
 "No Béroë Rhoetéan,  
 No spouse of Dorýclus  
 Ye have here, dames;" she cries:  
 "See how her eyes burn,  
 Mark her beauty divine,  
 Her expression, her spirit,  
 Her voice and her gait.  
 I myself but just now,  
 When I came away hither,  
 Left Béroë sick,

And in sáid disappointmēt  
That shé, only shé,  
The great óffice should miss,  
And nót pay Anchíses  
The mérited hónors."

She sáid, and the mátrons  
At first stood uncértain  
And éither way swáying;  
Ánd on the véssels  
An ill eye were cásting —  
On the óne hand sore lóve  
Of the lánd that was présent,  
On the óther the cáll  
Of the Fáte-destined réalms —  
When the Góddess her wings spread,  
And úp through the ský sped  
Her flight the clouds únder,  
Alóng the great bów.

Then indéed, by the pródigy  
Smóte with amázement;  
Impélled by a fúry,  
The mátrons a shóut raise  
At ónce and togéther,  
Snatch the fíre from the héarths  
(While sóme strip the áltars),  
And fling bránds with their whóle force,  
And léafy twig-fággots.  
Through óars and row-bénches  
And páinted pine póops  
With lóose reins caréers  
Raging Vúlcan unbridled.

To the tómb of Anchises  
 Ánd to the théatre's  
 Wédge-grouped spectátors  
 Eumélus the néws brings  
 That the fléet is on fire;  
 They look báck and themsélves see  
 The dárk, showering áshes;  
 And Ascánius the fírst is  
 (Just só as he wás there,  
 All jóyous condućting  
 His hórsemen's manoeúvres)  
 Off tó the disturbed camp  
 At fúll speed to gállop,  
 Nór can his térrified  
 Guárdians restráin him:—

“What strange mádness is this?  
 What wóuld ye be át now?  
 What wóuld ye?” he cries:  
 “Ah! unháppy townswómen,  
 It is not the fóe,  
 Not the cámp of the Árgive,  
 'Tis your ówn hopes ye búrn.  
 See, Í 'm your Ascánius!”  
 And he tóok off and thréw  
 At their féet down before thém  
 The hélmet he wóre  
 In the shám-fight amúsement.  
 At the sáme time Enéas  
 Comes úp in all háste,  
 And the Teúcrian bands cóme.  
 But the wómen, affrighted,  
 Awáy flee on áll sides

Wide óver the shóre,  
And into the wóods steal,  
Or skulk into whatever  
Caves and hóles they can find.  
They repént their attépt,  
They 're ashámed of the light,  
They acknówledge their friends,  
Their whóle temper-'s chánged,  
And óut of their bréasts  
They have quíte shaken Júnó.

But nót the less ráges,  
For áll that, the fíre,  
Nor abáte the flames thérefore  
Their wild, untamed stréngth;  
Benéath the moist tímbers  
The cálking tow smóuldérs,  
And slów vomits smóke:  
The élement súpple  
Gnaws slówly the húlls;  
The pést descends dówn  
Through the whóle of the fráme:  
All the stréngth of the héroes,  
All the flóods they throw ón it,  
Aváil not to stáy it.

Then géntle Enéas  
Tears his vést from his shóuldérs,  
His hánds toward heaven strétches  
And the Góds' help invókes:—  
“O omnípotent Jóve,  
If not yét to a mán  
Thou detéstest us Trójans,

If thou 'st still some remains  
Of the pity wherewith  
Thou wast wónted of óld  
To regárd human tróubles,  
Grant our ships now, O Sire,  
An escápe from this fire,  
And réscue Troy's slénder  
Estáte from destrúction;  
Or compléte thy work óutright,  
And, if súch my desérving,  
With ángry bolt hére  
On this spót overwhelm me,  
Ánd with thy right hand  
To déath send me dówn."

Scárce had he úttered,  
When the ráins were let lóose,  
And a dárk tempest ráged  
Beyond précedent fúrious,  
And highlands and pláins  
With thúnderpeals ráttled.  
Down fróm the whole éther  
'Tis óne pour of wáter,  
One thícK, rushing shówer  
Of black bláck, troubled sóuth-rain.  
The ships fill, and run óver,  
The chárge'd timber 's drénched,  
The fiery glow 's quénched,  
And fróm the pest sáved  
All the véssels but fóur.

But fáther Enéas,  
By the sóur mischance shócked,



Weighty cares in his breast  
With himself was revolving,  
And between the two ways  
To and fro vacillating:  
Should he settle down there  
In the fields of Sicília  
And forget the fates quite,  
Or for th' Italian coasts  
Make right ahead.  
Then elderly Náutes,  
Whom Pállas Tritónian  
Had specially taught,  
And rendered distinguished  
Above every other  
For sóothsaying skill —  
(Her áswers would téll him  
What it wás the great wráth  
Of the Góds was forebóding,  
What is wás the Fates' préordained  
Órder required),  
In consóling words thús  
To Enéas begán:—

“Whither the Fátés  
Do so púll and re-púll us,  
Goddess-bórn, let us fóllo.  
Let whát will, be cóming,  
No fórtune 's so bád  
But it máy be surmóunted  
By pátient endúrance.  
There 's Acéstes, à Dárdan  
And fróm the Gods sprúng,  
To him impart fréely

Thy plán of procéeding;  
 He 's réady and willing  
 To hélp and advise thee.  
 The créws of the lóst ships  
 Hand óver to him,  
 And whoéver are sick  
 Of the gréat undertáking  
 And óf thy concérnments,  
 And the véry old mén,  
 And the séa-weary mátrons;  
 And chóose out the wéak ones  
 And súch as are tímíd,  
 And hére in this lánd  
 Let them fíx their abóde,  
 And bestów on their cíty  
 (Thou 'lt allów them the privílege  
 Of chóosing the náme)  
 The náme of Acésta."

'Twas thén indeed, thén,  
 That, inflámed by the wórds  
 Of his élderly friénd,  
 He was réally distrácted:  
 And dárk Night was nów  
 Alóng the sky dríving  
 In páir-in-hand téam,  
 When, dówn from heaven glíding,  
 Appéared on a súdden  
 The fórm of his párent  
 Anchíses, and séemed  
 Words like thése to pour fórt:—  
 "O són, once than life  
 (When I hád life) more déar;

O sòn by the Ílian fates  
Hárassed so sóre;  
By that Júpiter, whó  
Drove the fire from thy ships,  
And from high heaven at lást  
Took compásson upón thee,  
I come hither, commáded.  
Obéy the advisings  
Of élderly Náutes,  
That so chármingly fit  
With the présent conjúcture:  
Yóuths of the stóutest heart  
Chóose out and táke  
To Ítaly with thee;  
Thou 'st a rúde, hardy péople  
In Látium to wár down.  
But the únder-ground dwélling  
Of Dis visit fírst,  
And thróugh deep Avérnus  
Come dówn, son, and méet me;  
For nót kindless Tártarus'  
Glóomy shades ówn me;  
In delightful Elýsium  
I wón with the géntle.  
Holy Sibyl, when mány  
A bláck sheep has bléd,  
Shall hither condúct thee.  
Of thine whóle future ráce  
And the city vouchsáfed thee  
Thou shalt thén be infórmed.  
And nów fare thee wéll!  
Humid Night has the hálf  
Of her jóurney compléted,

Ánd with his pánting steeds  
Féll Morn blows ón me.”  
He sáid, and like smóke  
Into thín air awáy fled.

“Whither rúshest thou thén?”  
Says Enéas, “or whither  
Beták’st thyself fróm me?  
Whom fléeest? who kéeps thee  
Awáy from my árms?”  
So sáying, he stirred up  
The fire’s sleeping émbers,  
Ánd fumigáted  
Pergámean Lár  
And hóar Vesta’s shríne  
With a fúll box of íncense,  
And óffered the blést meal,  
And pút up his práyer.

The wórship compléted,  
He súmmons his péers  
And, abóve all, Acéstes;  
And Júpiter’s órders.  
Lays fúllý befóre them,  
And his déar sire’s injúnctions,  
And his ówn, formed opínion.  
Acéstes gainsáys not;  
The vóte ’s not long pássing;  
They transcribe to the city  
And sét down from trável  
The mátrons and áll who  
To stáy are inclined,  
Minds whóllý devóid

Of the pássion for glóry.  
Themsélves then repláce  
The half-éaten ship-timbers,  
Make néw the row bénches,  
And with óar and rope-táckling  
Rig out afrésh;  
They 're a bráve, gallant créw,  
Though they múster but féw.

In the méantime Enéas  
Marks óut with plough-furrow  
The síte of the cíty,  
And lóts out the dwéllings;  
And hére bids be Ílium,  
And thére bids be Tróy.  
And Trójan Acéstes  
Delights in his réal'm,  
And, fixing by édict  
A Fórum, presides  
O'er the Fáthers assémbled.  
On Éryx' high tóp too,  
Not fár from the ský,  
For Vénus Idálian  
A séat is estáblished;  
Ánd to Anchíses' tomb  
Ádded a priest;  
And a gróve consecráted,  
With wide-spreading púrlieus.

And nów for nine dáys  
All the péople were féasted,  
And ófferings, for nine dáys,  
Were láid on the áltars;

And benéath the mild bréezes  
The séa-plain lay lével,  
And the stéady and fáir breath  
Of Áuster once móre  
To the high-deep was cálling —  
Then thróugh the bayed shóres  
The great wáiling arises;  
In mútual embráces  
They linger, and dráw out  
The dáy and the níght;  
And the mátrons themsélves  
And thóse very mén  
To whóm the sea's fáce  
But just nów seemed so róugh,  
And the wéather a thíng  
That was nót to be bórne,  
Are desirous to gó,  
And endúre to the énd  
All the tóil of the trável:  
Whom with kind, friendly wórd  
Good Enéas consóles,  
And with téars recomménds  
To their kinsman Acéstes;  
Then thrée calves commánds  
To be sláughtered to Éryx,  
And a lám to the Témpests,  
And one áfter anóther  
To lét go the cábles.  
Himsélf, with a clipped  
Olive wréath round his héad,  
Stands far óff on the bów,  
And into the sált waves  
The éntails consígn,

And the flówing wine póurs.  
A wind rises áft  
And convóys them alóng;  
And, áll hands with rival oars  
Smíting the déep,  
O'er the séa-plain they swéep.

But cáre-harassed Vénus  
Meanwhile accosts Néptune,  
Ánd from her bréast forth  
Pours this lamentátion:—  
“The sérious and éver-  
Unsátiated ánger  
Of Júnó's breast, Néptune,  
Compéls me to áll  
Sorts of práyers to descénd;  
Unsóftened by léngth of time,  
Úntouched by pity,  
Unsubdúed by the Fátes,  
By Jove's mándate unquélléd,  
She néver rests quiet.  
Not enóugh for her hórrible  
Spíte to have tórtured  
With áll sorts of tórture  
And óut of the mídst  
Of the Phrýgian nátion  
Cut their cápital cíty,  
She must pérsecute stíll  
Murdered Tróy's poor remáins,  
Her bónes and her cinders;  
Best knówn to hersélf  
The cáuse of such fúry.  
Thou thysélf art my witness,



What a c  il but just n  w  
 She raised,   ll of a sudden,  
 In the Libyan sea-w  ters;  
 How the wh  le sea and sk  y  
 She mixed   p in one p  ther,  
 On th' E  lian blasts squ  lly  
 Relying in v  in —

In th  y realms she d  red this.  
 See t  o, how she has driven  
 Troy's d  mes into crime,  
 And f  ully our sh  ps burned,  
 And   n an unkn  wn land  
 Comp  lled us to l  ave  
 Our c  mrades behind us.  
 One thing, and one   nly,  
 Rem  ins for us n  w,  
   nd for that   nly  
 One thing I entr  at thee,  
 Safe v  yage acr  ss  
 To Laur  ntian T  ber,  
 If the P  rc  e permit us  
 Our c  ty to f  x there,  
 And if I claim n  thing  
 But wh  t 's been acc  rded."

Thus sp  ke then the d  ep sea's  
 Saturnian contr  ller:—

"Thou 'st all right, Cyther  a,  
 To confide in my r  alms,  
 Since from th  m thou art sprung:  
 I deserve it too fr  m thee:  
 For thee I 've suppress  d oft  
 The wild, raging f  ry

Both of ský and of séa;  
And that I háve not  
Óf thine Enéas  
Taken léss care on lánd,  
Let Xánthus and Símoïs  
Téstify fór me.  
When agáinst their own wálls  
Pursúing Achilles  
Dashed Tróý's half-dead squádróns,  
And sléw many thóusands,  
And, with déad bodies filled up,  
The rívers' beds gróaned,  
And Xánthus no lónger  
Could find out a pássage  
Or ról to the séa,  
From mighty Pelides,  
For whóm he was nó match  
In Góds or in stréngth,  
Safe ín a cloud's hóllow  
I snátched off Enéas,  
Though stróng my desíre  
To o'ertúrn from the bóttom  
That pérjured Troy city  
Mine ówn hands had búilt.  
Now tóo I 've the sáme mind  
Unáltered and stéady;  
Fear nót — he shall sáfely  
Réach, as thou wishest,  
The pórt of Avérnus,  
With the lóss, on the déep,  
Of a síngle man ónly,  
Whosé óne life shall ránsom  
The líves of the mány."

The síre, with these wórds  
 Having gláddened and sóothed  
 The héart of the Góddess,  
 Puts the bit in the móuths  
 Of his wíld, foaming stéeds,  
 With their góld harness yókes them,  
 Lets rún through his hánd loose  
 The whole léngth of the réins,  
 And ín his dark-blúe car  
 Flies lightly alóng  
 O'er the fáce of the séa:  
 The swollen wáters subside,  
 And spréad level únder  
 His thúndering áxle;  
 Out óf the vast éther  
 Awáy flee the stórms.  
 In his mótleý cortége  
 Was the gréat, monstrous whále,  
 And óld Glaucus' chóir,  
 And Inóan Palémon,  
 And swift-speeding Tritons,  
 And Phórcus' whole múster;  
 On his léft hand was Thétis  
 With Neséa, Thalía,  
 Cymódoce, Spío,  
 The máid Panopéan,  
 And Mélité.

Here thróugh the mind ánxious  
 Of fáther Enéas  
 Bland jóy in its túrn thrills;  
 He commánds them to sét up  
 Áll the masts quíckly,

And the sails on the yards spread.  
They unfurl sail together,  
First on the larboard side,  
Then on the starboard side.  
And to the gunnel  
The clew-lines brace fast;  
All at once they heave up  
Their yard-horns on high,  
Then haul them taught aft,  
And before the wind scud.  
Palinurus, ahead,  
The dense squadron led;  
All the others were ordered  
To shape course by him.

And now damp Night had reached  
About halfway her goal,  
And beside their oars stretched  
All along the hard benches  
The sailors in still sleep  
Their limbs had relaxed,  
When from th' ethereal sky  
Down gliding light,  
The murky air parting,  
And scattering the darkness,  
Somnus to thee comes,  
Ó Palinurus,  
And for no fault of thine  
Brings thee sad slumbers;  
And, in figure like Phórbas,  
On the high poop the God sat.  
And poured this discourse:—

"Palinúrus Íásides,  
 Steády the flect goes  
 Befóre the fáir wínd;  
 'Tis the hóur of repóse;  
 Lay thine héad down to slumber  
 And stéal for thy tíred eyes  
 A móment of rést:  
 I mysélf for a wíhile  
 Will take ón me thy dúty."  
 To him Palinúrus,  
 His eýes scarcee uplifting:—  
 "And desírest thou mé  
 To confide in this mónster,  
 As íf I knew nóť  
 What the plácid face méans,  
 And the cálm of the sált sea?  
 Or wóuldst thou have mé,  
 Whom a fáir-seeming ský  
 So óften has chéated,  
 Give Enéas in chárge  
 To the tréacherous bréezes?"

He sáid, and kept wátching  
 With fíxed eyes the stárs,  
 And clung clóse to the tíller,  
 And wóuld not let gó:  
 Then ó'er both his témples,  
 Behóld! the God shákes  
 A bóugh drenched in Léthe's  
 Stygian déw soporífic,  
 And reléases his swímming  
 And únwílling eýes.  
 No sóoner the fírst touch

Of sleep unexpected  
His limbs had relaxed,  
Than with his whole weight  
He leans down upon him,  
And into the clear water  
Pushes him headlong,  
With the broken-off helm  
And a part of the poop,  
And oft on his comrades  
In vain for help calling;  
Then up to the thin air  
Away soars himself.  
But the fleet notwithstanding  
Sails dauntlessly on,  
In sire Neptune's word safe:  
And now they were nearing  
The rocks of the Sirens.  
Dangerous of old,  
And with sailors' bones white;  
Far off heard the constant  
Hoarse roar of the breakers;  
When the Father, perceiving  
The ship drifting wide  
For want of her helmsman,  
Himself steered her on  
Through the midnight waters,  
Much shocked, and lamenting  
With many a groan oft  
The ill chance of his friend:—  
"O too much confiding  
In fair sea and sky,  
On an unknown shore naked,  
Palinure, thou shalt lie."

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## VI.

With téars he sáid, and gáve his fléet the réins,  
Ánd at last glides to Cúma's shóres Euboeán.

Móored by the áncor's tóoth tenácious,  
The véssels' cúrved sterns line the cóast;  
Óut toward the séa the próws are túrned:  
Fórch on the shóre Hespérian léap  
The árdent yóung men in a bánd:  
Sóme for the séeds of fire make séarch,  
Whére in the flint's veins théy lie hídden;  
Sóme through the wóods scour ánd the déns  
And thicket's óf their wild indwéllers,  
Or find and shów where flów the rivers.

But kind Enéas séeks afár  
The stéep where high Apóllo réigns,  
Ánd the vást and áwful cávern,  
Sécret háunt of dréad Sibýlla,  
Whóm the séer of Délos fílls  
With inspirátions high and mighty,  
Ánd foreknówledge óf the fúture.

Ánd now tó the gróves of Trivia  
Ánd the gólden fáne they cóme;



Dédalús, so sáys repórt,  
 Fróm the réalm of Minos fleéing,  
 Dáred on fórdward-béaring pinions  
 Tó confide him tó the ský,  
 And, bý that únfrequénted róute  
 Tóward the gélid Ártic sáiling,  
 Lightly sèt his fóot at lást  
 Ón the high Chalcéidic stéep.

Hére where he first touched lánd agáin,  
 He ráised thee, Phoébus, á vast témples,  
 And in it cónsecráted tó thee  
 The wings with which he hád rowed thithér.  
 Andrógeos' déath was ón the dóors,  
 Ánd the Ceerópidaé compélléd  
 To páy awáy in ánnual mulet,  
 Ah woe! seven óf their sóns alive:  
 You sée befóre you stánding thére  
 The úrn from whénce they 've dráwn their lóts

And córrespónding, ópposite,  
 The Gnóssian lánd, raised ó'er the séa,  
 Displáys the unnátural, stólen connéxion  
 Óf Pasiphaë with the búll,  
 Ánd the mónstrous pássion's frúit,  
 The bíform Minotáur, memórial  
 Óf the confúsióin bétween kinds.

Here tóo is séen th' eláborate hóuse,  
 That máze from which there 's nó escáping —  
 But Dédalús, out óf compássióin  
 Tó the gréat love óf the quéen,  
 With a clúe the cáptive's blínd steps

Himself guided, and unravelled  
The building's cunning roundabouts.

Thou too, O Ícarus, hadst had,  
Hád the fáther's grief permitted,  
A lárge share in so gréat a wórk —  
Twice he essayed in góld  
The disáster to móuld:  
Twice the patérnal hands  
Pówerless féll.

Bút befóre they cóuld entirely  
With their eýes the wórk go óver,  
Achátés, whóm they hád befóre them  
Despátched as cóurier, hád retúrned,  
Ánd Deípobe, Gláucus' dáughter,  
Phoébus' and Trívía's priestess, with him,  
Whó in thése words tó the kíng:—  
“This is nó time fór sight-séeing;  
Bétter fár it wére to óffer,  
Ás demánded bý the cústom,  
Séven steers fróm th' unblémished hérd,  
Ánd an équal númer chóice sheep  
Thát have cút their sécond-yéar teeth.”

The priestess, whén she hád in thése words  
Addrésed Enéas (nór were théy  
Slów to perfórm the rítual órdered),  
Ínto the high fane cálls the Teúcri.

The side of thé Euboéan rók  
Ínto a cávern húge is hólloved,  
Whither a húndred wide appróaches

Through a húndred bróad mouths léad,  
 Whénce the ánswers óf the Sibyl  
 Ín a húndred vóices rúsh.

Tó the éntrance théy had cóme,  
 Whén the virgin:— “Tó demánd  
 The fátes now is the tíme,” she sáys:  
 “The Gód! see thére! the Gód! the Gód!”

While thús befóre the dóor she spóke,  
 Her cóuntenánce, all óf a súdden,  
 And cólor chánged; intó disórder  
 Fél her combed háir; high héaved her bréast,  
 Sávae and rábid swélled her héart;  
 Táller than húman lóoks her státüre,  
 Lóuder than mórtal's sóunds her vóice,  
 As clóser still and clóser ón her  
 Blóws the Gód's inspiring bréath:—  
 “Whý so slów with thy vóws and práyers,  
 Trójan Enéas, whý so slów?  
 Néver, until thou hast vówed and práyed,  
 Will this astóunded dwélling ópen  
 Its mighty, yáwning móuth.”  
 This sáid, she húshed; an icy trémor  
 Thrilled through the hárdy Teúcrians' bónes,  
 And fróm the bóttom óf his bréast  
 Poured fórth these práyers the kíng:—

“O Phoébus, óf Troy's grievous tóils  
 Compássionate éver; whó diréctedst  
 Straíght agáinst Eácides' bódý  
 Páris' Dárdan sháft and hánd;  
 Fólloving whose guidance Í have éntered

So mány séas encómpassing  
So mány widely trénding cóasts,  
Éven to the quite out-óf-the-wáy  
Massýlian tribes, and tó the lánds  
That lie behind the scréen of the Sýrtes;  
Nów that, at lást, we háve caught hólð  
Óf the fúgitive shóre Itálian,  
Lét our évil Trójan fórtune  
No fúrther gó alóng with us.  
Ye tóo, Gods áll and Góddesses,  
To whóm Dardánia's mighty glóry,  
And Ílium gáve such úmbrage, yé  
May wéll spare nów the ráce Pergámean:  
And thóu, most hólý séer prophétic,  
Gránt me — I ásk a déb't — the réalm  
My fátes have prómised mé in Látium;  
A séttlement fór the Teúcrians thére,  
Ánd for Troy's trável-hárrassed Góds.  
To Phoébus ánd to Trívia thén  
I 'll fóund a sólíd márble témp'le,  
And sèt apárt days tó be képt  
Féstive in Phoébus' náme and hónor.  
Thee tóo, O grácious máid, awáits  
A gréat shrine in our réalm; for thére  
A brótherhóod I 'll cónsecráte,  
To táke charge óf thine óracles,  
Ánd the mystérious fátes intérpret,  
Appóinted tó befáll my líne.  
Ónly trust nót to léaves thy vèrses,  
Lést, of the rápid wínds the spórt,  
Hére and thére they flý disórdered:  
Sín'g them thysélf, I práy."  
No fúrther wórd he ádded.

Bút, of Phoebus nót yet pátient,  
 The séer ramps in the cåve, outrageous,  
 To shake off, if she máy, the gréat God;  
 So múch the móre in hánd he béars her,  
 So múch the móre her rábid móuth  
 Wórries and wórks, and tåmes her wild heart.

And nów the búilding's húndred húge doors  
 Ópen spontáneous, and the séer's  
 Respónses thróugh the áir transmit:—  
 “O thóu who hást at lást o'ercóme  
 The mighty périls óf the séa  
 (Lánd's greater périls yét awáit thee),  
 The Dárdans tó the réalm Lavinian  
 Shall cóme — thine ánxious dóubts dismiss —  
 Bút they shall rue the dáy they cáme:  
 Wárs, horrid wárs, I sée; and Týber  
 Fóaming with a blóody flóod.  
 Néver shalt thóu a Simoïs wánt,  
 A Xánthus, ór a Dóric cámp;  
 In Látium 's provided fór thee  
 A nów Achilles, and no léss  
 Bórn of a Góddess thán the fórmer;  
 And néver will the Teúcrians' bággage,  
 Júnó, be ábsent fróm them fár.  
 Whére 's the Itálian tríbe or city,  
 To which in thát thine hóur of néed  
 Thou shált not ráise thy cry for hélp?  
 Agáin the cáuse of só great tróuble  
 Shall bé a stránger bríde's espousal  
 Bý a Teúcrian brídegroom-guést.  
 But yield not thóu to évil fórtune;  
 Ráther confrónt the ill more bóldly

The móre advérse it cómes upón thee.  
 Salvátion's wáy will ópen tó thee  
 Fróm a quárter whence of áll  
 Thou hóp'st it léast, a Gráian city."

In súch dark wórds the trúth invólving,  
 The Cúman Sibyl fróm the shrine  
 Chaúnted her fríghtful rhápsody,  
 And máde the cávern róund rebéllow;  
 So cruéllý Apóllo chécked  
 Her ráging móuth's bars with the bit,  
 And dúg into her side the rówels.

Át the first pause óf her fúry,  
 Fírst rest óf her rábid móuth,  
 Héro Enéas thús begins:—  
 "Néw to mé or únexpécted  
 Ríses, máid, no fórm of tróuble:  
 Í have foreséen and ín my mínd  
 Prévíously gone thróugh the whóle.  
 One thínɡ I bég; sínce hére, they sáy,  
 The dóorway óf the inférnal kíng,  
 And hére the dísmal láke that cómes  
 Fróm the óverflów of Ácheron,  
 Shów me the wáy that Í shóuld gó  
 My déar síre's fáce once móre to sée,  
 Ópen the sácred pórtals fór me;  
 Hím fróm the énýmy's mídst I snátched,  
 Upón these shóuldérs bóre him óff  
 Thróugh flámes and thóusand fólloving wéapóns;  
 Wéak as he wás, he wént with mé  
 Áll the seas róund, my trável's cómrade,  
 Bore áll the thréats of wáves and wéather,



To yéars declining só unsúited.  
 Náy, himself bégged me ánd commissioned  
 To cóme thus súpliant tó thy dwélling.  
 Take píty, grácious máid, I práy thee,  
 Both ón the són and ón the sire;  
 For thine is hére the pówer suprême,  
 Ánd not idly Hécate gáve thee  
 Dominíon ó'er Avérnus' gróves.  
 If Órpheus with his Thrácian lýre's  
 Resóunding strings could súmmon báck  
 His spóuse's Mánes;  
 If Póllux fór his bróther's life  
 Could gíve his ówn life in redémption,  
 Ánd that róad pass ánd repáss,  
 Life for déath so óften chánging —  
 Or néed I méntion mighty Théseus,  
 Gréat Alcides néed I méntion?  
 Í too am sprúng from Jóve 'suprême."  
 So práyed he bý the áltars hólding;  
 And thús begán the próphetess:—

"Trójan Anchisiades, séed of the Góds,  
 The descént to Avérnus is éasy —  
 Day and night open stánds  
 The dóor of dark Dis —  
 But thy stéps to the úpper air  
 Báck to retráce,  
 That indéed is labórious,  
 Hard wórk indeed thát,  
 By those ráre ones accómplished,  
 Whom, bórn of the Góds,  
 Just Júpiter fávored,  
 Or árdor of vírtue



Bore aloft to the éther;  
Wide woods intervène,  
And aróund with dark bosom  
Coeýtus' stream winds;  
But if twice to sail  
The Stýgian lake óver  
So stróng be thy pássion,  
If so kéen thy desire  
Black Tártarus to sée twice,  
And thou lík'st at the mád toil  
To táke thy full swing,  
Hear what 's first to be dóne:  
On a dárk shady trée  
There gróws a bough sácred  
To Júnó Inférnal;  
All gólden its léaves are,  
Its tóugh stem all gólden;  
In the dépths of the gróve,  
In the glóomy glen's dépths,  
It lies hidden obscúre;  
Yet máy no one énter  
The únderground wórd,  
Ere this gólden-tressed shóot  
He has plúcked from the trée.  
This gíft as her ówn  
Fair Prosérpina cláims,  
And commánds to be bróught her.  
The fírst branch off-bróken,  
Anóther gold bóugh  
With líke golden léaves  
Shoots óut in its stéad.  
So explóre the place róund,  
Till the bráñch thou hast fóund,

And thén with thy hánd  
(With thy hánd it must bé)  
Break it óff from the trée;  
For 'twill gó with thee réady,  
If fór it thou 'rt fáted;  
Else nó strength of thine,  
Not éven with hard stéel's help,  
May aváil to compél it.  
I will téll thee besides,  
Thy friend lifeless lies  
(Ah! little thou dréam'st it)  
And with his dead bódý  
Pollútes the whole fléet,  
Whilst hére thou keep'st hánging  
Abóut my purlieus,  
And for óraacles séek'st.  
Him awáy carry fírst,  
And dúly dispóse  
In his hóme in the tómb;  
Then bring thy black cáttle,  
And máke thy sin-óffering.  
That dóne, the groves Stýgian  
At lást thou shalt sée,  
And the réalms that no éntance  
Allów to the líving."  
She sáid, and her móuth closed,  
And fúrther word spáke not.

Enéas, with fixed eyes and sád,  
In his mínd the dark fúture revólving,  
Quits the cáve, and with fáithful Achátes,  
Than himsélf no less cáreful and ánxious,  
Alóng walking, várious discússes

What cómrade the próphetess méant,  
Whose déad body was to be búried;  
When, ló! as they cóme to the béach,  
Misénus they sée lying déad,  
Of a nóbler death wéll worthy hé:  
Than Misénus Eólide's nóne  
With the sóul-stirring blást of the trúmpet  
Knew bétter the báttle to kíndle;  
Great Héctor's compánion he 'd béen,  
And, distínguished for blówing the trúmpet,  
Distínguished for húrling the spéar,  
In the fíght had his státion near Héctor;  
But wén Hector's life had becóme  
The préy of victórious Achilles,  
The redóutable chámption attáched him  
To Dárdan Enéas, a pátron  
To Héctor himsélf not inférior.  
But nów as he chanced to be máking  
The séa with his hóllo'w conch ríng,  
Ánd in his fólly had chálleged  
The Góds to a tríal of skill,  
Jealous Tríton, if trúe what they sáy,  
Came póunce on his ríval and drówned him  
In the mídst of the fóaming sea-bréakers.

So abóut him they áll,  
And géntle Enéas  
Móre than the rést,  
Raise the lóud shout and cry,  
And áll the while wéeping  
Make háste to perfórm,  
Withóut stop or stáy,  
The commánds of the Síbyl,

And strive toward the ský  
With felled trées to raise high  
The funereal pyre.  
Intó the old wóod,  
Lofty stáble of wild beasts,  
Awáy they are góne;  
Down túmble the pine trees,  
The évergreen óak  
Rings with their axe stróke;  
The trúnk of the ásh  
With their wédges is rént,  
And split into billets;  
Rolled dówn from the hills  
To the héap the great Órnus.

In the midst of such lábors  
Enéas is fóremost,  
And, girded with líke tools,  
Exhórts on his cómrades;  
And, ón the imménse wood  
His lóok forward cásting,  
Ponders thús in his sád heart,  
And thús aloud práys:—

“Might but that gólden bough  
Nów in this gréat wood  
Show itself on its trée,  
Since but tóo true, alás!  
All the próphetess sáid,  
O Misénus, of thée!”

Scarce hád he the wóords said,  
When twó doves, befóre

His véry face, chanced  
 From the ský to come fýing,  
 And lit on the gréen sward:  
 Then the mightiest héro,  
 With jóy recognising  
 His móther's birds, práyed:—

“My guides be yé,  
 If wáy there bé,  
 And thróugh the áir  
 Befóre me gliding  
 Léad me whére  
 The rich branch shádes  
 The gróve's rank sóil.  
 And thóu, thy són,  
 O Góddess móther,  
 In this his hóur  
 Of néed, forsáke not.”

He sáid; and his stép staid,  
 The bírds' route obsérving,  
 And which way to gó  
 They might give him the signal.  
 So fár as the éye  
 Of óne coming áfter  
 Might stíll in view hólđ them,  
 Alóng they went fýing,  
 And féeding betwéen times;  
 Bút to Avérnus's  
 Íll-smelling thróat  
 No sóoner they cóme,  
 Than úp lightly rising  
 They glide through the cléar air,

And táke their perch thére  
Where he só much desired,  
Side by side on the trée  
Through whose boughs shone contrásted  
The rádiance of góld.  
You have séen in the wóods,  
How the mistletoe (birth  
Of a trée not its ówn)  
Wraps the táper stem róund  
With its yóung, saffron shóots,  
And púts forth its fóliage,  
And flórishés fáir  
In the cóld of the winter:  
So lóoked the gold bóugh  
On the shády holm óak,  
In the light breezes só  
The metállic leaf cráckled.  
Enéas forthwith grasps  
And éagerly bréaks off  
The slów-yielding bóugh,  
Ánd to prophétic  
Sibýlla's home béars it.

On the shóre in the méantime  
The Teúcri no léss  
Were bewáiling Misénus,  
Ánd on the thánkless  
Áshes bestówing  
The last márk of respéct.  
And first of oak-billet  
And únctuous tórchwood  
They búild the huge pýre,  
Ánd with dark fóliage

Its sídes intertwine,  
And funéreal cýpresses  
Sét up befóre it,  
And with árms bright and shíning  
Adórn it abóve.  
And sóme brazen cáldrons  
Of wáter get réady,  
And bóil on the fire;  
Then báthe and anóint  
The cóld corpse, and óver it  
Ráise the loud crý;  
On the cóuch then they láy out  
The bódý laménted,  
And óver it cást  
The well-knówn purple quilt.

Some táke on their shóuldérs  
The gréat bier, sad óffice!  
Or únder the pýre  
The tórch hold, and túrn  
Their fáces áside  
As their fórefathers úsed;  
Or from mány a lárgé bowl  
Pour óil on the pýre,  
And húge heaps of víands,  
And ódorous gúms,  
And búrn all togéther.

But whén into áshes  
The búrning pyre sánk,  
And the fláme played no lóngér,  
They throw wíne on the rélics  
And bibulous émbérs;



And in a brass casket  
Corynéus collects  
And incloses the bones.  
Thén round the company  
Thréé times he carries  
The pure, lustral wáter,  
And, ás he goes, sprinkles  
With ólive branch lucky  
The light dew upón them,  
And the lást, last words útters.

But géntle Enéas  
On tóp of him places  
A gréat mass sepúlchral,  
The héro's arms béaring  
And trúmpet and óar,  
At the fóot of that móuntain  
High in the air tówing,  
Which nów has from him  
The náme of Misénus,  
And will through all áges  
Perpétuate the náme.  
This dóne, he procédés with,  
And éxecutes quickly,  
Sibýlla's commánds.

By a bláck lake protécted  
And glóomy woods róund,  
There gáped with a vást  
Awful yáwn a deep cávern  
All rúgged with shingle,  
Over which without hárm  
Could no flýing thing páss,

Such a steam from its dark jaws  
 Exhaled to heaven's convex;  
 For which reason the Græii  
 The place called Avérnus.

Hére first the priestess  
 Sets four black steers standing,  
 Ánd on their foreheads  
 Pours the wine sideways;  
 And plucking the uppermost  
 Hairs 'twixt the horns,  
 Places the firstlings  
 On the fire of the altar,  
 And aloud calls on Hécate  
 In Érebus potential  
 As well as in héaven.  
 And others the jugulars  
 Incise from below,  
 And in wide, shallow saucers  
 Receive the warm blood.  
 To the mother of the Furies,  
 And to her great sister,  
 Enéas himself slays  
 A fleecy, black lamb,  
 Ánd to thee, Proserpine,  
 A barren-wombed heifer;  
 Then to the king Stýgian  
 The night altar raises,  
 And an ox's whole carcass  
 Upon its fire places,  
 And over the hot roast  
 Pours the fat oil.

But, behold! at sunrise  
 The ground under their feet  
 Is beginning to bellow,  
 And the mountain tops woody  
 To quake to and fro,  
 And through the darkness  
 Dog-bitches are howling;  
 For the Goddess is coming:—

“Off! off! ye profane ones,”  
 The prophetess cries:  
 “Let not one of you anywhere  
 In the grove linger —  
 But thou, draw thy sword,  
 And set out on thy road;  
 For courage, Enéas,  
 Now, now is the time;  
 For firmness the time 's now.”  
 These words having uttered,  
 She plunged all infuriate  
 Into the cave's mouth;  
 Hé, with no timid step,  
 Kept pace with his guide.

Ye Gods who rule over  
 The empire of spirits,  
 And ye, silent Shades,  
 Ye, Chaos and Phlégethon,  
 Régions of wide-brooding  
 Stillness and night,  
 Be the privilege allowed me  
 To tell what I 've heard,  
 Your sanction accorded

The things to reveal  
That in darkness are sunk  
And the dépths of the éarth.

In the lónely night, dárkling,  
They wént through the sháde,  
Through the réalms unsubstántial  
And mánshions of Dís,  
As one trávels in the wóods  
By the créscent moon's twilight,  
When Júpiter plúnges  
The ský into sháadow,  
And múrky night strips  
The wórld of its cólor.

In the véstibule's frónt,  
And the véry beginning  
And jáw's edge of Órcus,  
Remórse has her cóuch placed  
With Sórrow beside her,  
And thére pale Diséases  
And sád Old Age dwéll,  
And Pénury víle,  
And ill-cóunselling Húnger,  
And Féar, Death and Tóil,  
Frightful fórms to behóld,  
And, Déath's cousin, Sléep,  
And the criminal Pásshions;  
And in frónt, as thou énterest,  
Déath-dealing Wárfare,  
Ánd the Euménides'  
Íron bedchámbers,  
And Díscord insénsate,

With blóody band týing  
The snákes of her háir.

In the midst an aged élm  
Its wide-branching árms  
Huge and shády spreads óut,  
Under whóse every léaf,  
Vain, incónsequent Dréams,  
They sáy, have their dwélling  
And néstle in clústers.  
Many mónsters besides  
Of béastly forms várioús  
Abóut the doors kénnel;  
Centaurs, Górgons, and Hárpies,  
Half-mán half-fish Scýllas,  
Hundred-hánded Briáreus,  
Lerna's béast hissing hórrid,  
Flame-bélching Chiméra,  
And the thrée-bodied Sháde.

Here Enéas his swórd grasps,  
In súdden alárm,  
And presénts the drawn édge  
Tò thém coming ónward,  
And séems to be bént  
(Were it nót for the wárning  
His skilled comrade gíves him,  
That they 're nóthing but thin  
Unsubstántial souls flitting  
Under sémblance of bódies)  
To rúsh in upón them,  
And, ál to no púrpose,  
Cleave the sháadows in súnder.

From hénce the road léads  
Tó where Tartárean  
Ácheron's wáters  
In vást muddy whirlpool  
Rising belch óver  
The whóle of their sánd and lees  
Ínto Cocýtus.

A férryman hórrid  
Has chárge of these wáters,  
Charon, térribly squálid,  
With eýes of flame stáring,  
And gréat grisly béard  
Uncáred on chin lýng,  
And sórdid garb hánging  
Tied óver his shóulder:  
Althóugh somewhat áged,  
The Gód is still hárdy,  
And wéars his years wéll;  
And himsélf with a lóng pole  
The bóat forward scúlling,  
Himsélf the sails ténding,  
Acróss in his rústy craft  
Férries his fréight.

With a rúsh the whole crówd  
Toward the férry was póuring;  
Men and mátrons were thére,  
And magnánimous héroes,  
The tásk of life óver,  
And yóung lads and máidens,  
And yóuths whom their párents  
Saw ón the pile pláced;  
As númerous as léaves fall

Detached in the fórest,  
 In the first chill of áutumn;  
 Or as birds from the high-deep  
 Tóward the land shóaling  
 When the cóld season róuts  
 And to súnný climes sénd them  
 Áwáy beyond séa.

Acróss to be férried  
 The fóremost were bégging,  
 And in lóve with the fúrther bank  
 Strétched their hands óut;  
 But the bóatman sévère  
 Now sóme takes, now óthers,  
 And sóme from the stránd  
 Removes fár and keeps óff.

Then Enéas in wónder  
 And móved by the túmult:—  
 “What méans,” says, “O máiden,  
 To the ríver such cóncourse?  
 What is it these sóuls seek?  
 Or fróm the banks why  
 Are sóme of them túrned back,  
 While sóme of them óver  
 The lívid straits rów?”  
 To whóm briefly thús  
 The áge-stricken priestess:—

“O són of Anchises,  
 Gods’ óffspring undóubted,  
 Of Stýx and Cocýtus  
 Thou sée’st the deep wátters,



Which nó God may swéar by  
And nó keep his óath.  
Unbúried, forlórn,  
All the crówd thou see'st hére;  
Yon férryman 's Cháron;  
Acróss sail the búried.  
These hórrible bánts  
And this hóarse stream to cróss  
No sóul is permitted,  
Ere his bónes in the tómb rest.  
A húndred years flitting  
They wánder these shóres round;  
Then at lást are admitted  
To vísit agáin  
The so múch longed-for wáters."

Stayed his stép and stood stíll  
The séed of Anchíses,  
Pítying their hárd lot,  
And múch within póndering;  
For thére he saw sád  
And withóut funeral hónors  
Leucásp and the Lýcian  
Crew's cáptain, Oróntes,  
Both togéther by Áuster  
O'erwhélmed in the wáters,  
And súnk with their ship,  
As from Tróy they sailed óver  
The stórmy sea-pláin.

And behóld sauntering thére  
Palinúrus the stéersman,  
Who, while wáching the stárs,

Had fallen overboard  
From the stern, in the midst  
Of the late Libyan voyage:  
Whom when he recognised  
Sorrowing there  
(And not easily either,  
So great was the darkness),  
He thus prior addressed:—  
“What God snatched thee from us  
And mid the sea drowned,  
Palinurus, come tell me;  
For in this sole response,  
That thou shouldst to Ausonia’s bounds  
Voyage in safety,  
Has Apollo deceived me,  
Whom aught but truth-speaking  
I found before never.”

“O commander,” he answered,  
“The curtain that covers  
The tripod of Phoebus,  
Has not played thee false;  
Nor in the sea-plain  
Has any God drowned me;  
For while to my post  
At the helm I kept close,  
And steered steady along,  
I fell headlong down  
And dragged with me, it chanced,  
And with great force away  
From its place tore, the rudder.

"By the rought seas I swear,  
 I feared less for myself,  
 Than lest thy vessel,  
 Deprived of its tackle,  
 Its steersman o'erboard,  
 Should not prove a match  
 For so great, rising waves.  
 During three stormy nights,  
 Over sea-plains immense,  
 Notus bore me along  
 Through the rude dashing waters;  
 Scarce at last on the fourth day  
 From top of the wave  
 Had I view of Italia.

"To the land by degrees  
 I had floated, and now  
 Was just out of danger,  
 When the natives, mistaking me  
 For a rich booty,  
 Fell cruelly on me,  
 Weighed down as I was  
 With my wet clothes, and grappling  
 With my hands crooked upon  
 The cliff's rough projections —  
 And now the waves have me,  
 And the winds toss me  
 About on the shore.

"But by the sky's  
 Pleasant light and air,  
 By thine hopeful Iulus  
 And thy sire I entreat thee,

O invincible, résene me  
 Óut of these tróubles,  
 Ór to the Véline port  
 Gó, for thou 'rt áble,  
 And thrów earth upón me;  
 Or if thou at áll may'st,  
 And thý Goddess-móther  
 Points óut any wáy  
 (For withóut the Gods' sánction  
 Thou attépt'st not, I think,  
 O'er these rívers to sáil  
 And this gréat, Stygian flóod),  
 To a póor wretch thy hánd stretch,  
 And táke me alóng with thee  
 Óver the wátters,  
 That in déath I may find  
 At least sôme place of quiet."

These wórds he had sáid,  
 When the próphetess thús:—  
 “Whence, Ó Palinúrus,  
 This pássion so díre?  
 Shalt thóu to the shóre  
 Unpermítteð go dówn?  
 Shalt thóu, unentómbed,  
 The sévére Styx behóld,  
 The Euménides' ríver?  
 Abándon the hópe  
 That the fátes of the Góds  
 May be bént by entréaty;  
 But héar and remémber,  
 And fróm my words táke  
 For thine hárd case some cómfort:

Thy néighbours, impélléd  
 By pórtents from héaven,  
 Shall éxpiate thy déath  
 Far and wide through their citíes,  
 And a túmulus búild thee,  
 Ánd at the túmulus  
 Rítes anniversary  
 Perfórm in thine hónor,  
 And the pláce shall for éver  
 Be cálléd Palinúrus.”  
 These wórds soothed his cáre,  
 And his héart for a líttle while  
 Éased of its sádnness;  
 That the lánd bears his náme  
 Is a pléasant thing tó him.

They procéd therefore ón  
 With the jóurney in hánd,  
 And draw néar to the ríver:  
 But whén from Styx’ wátters  
 The bóatman behólds them  
 Through the silent wood cóming  
 And tóward the bank túrning,  
 He thus prior accósts,  
 And begins thus to chide them:—

“Halló! whosoéver  
 Thou árt, that in árms  
 Appróachest our ríver,  
 Say whérefore thou cóm’st —  
 From that véry spot sáy —  
 And stóp thy step thére.  
 This of Sháadows the pláce is,

And Sleep, and Night drowsy;  
 Live bódies to férry  
 In Stygian boat óver  
 Were high misméméanor;  
 And smáall cause have Í  
 To be glád that I tóok  
 On the férry Alcides,  
 Or Pirithous and Théseus,  
 Invincible thóugh they were,  
 Ánd of Gods sprúng.  
 The one sóught to imprison  
 The kéeper Tartárean,  
 And drágged him all trémbling  
 From the véry king's thróne;  
 The óthers Dis' lády's  
 Abdúction attépted."

To which the Amphrýsian seer  
 Briefly thus ánswered:—

"No such plóttíng is hére  
 (Thou néed'st not so frétt thee),  
 Nór by these wéapons  
 Dó we mean fórce;  
 The huge dóor-watch for ús  
 May for éver and éver  
 In his cávern keep báking,  
 To the blóodless Shades' térror;  
 'Cross her úncle's dóor sill  
 Chaste Prosérpina néver  
 For ús need sett fóot.  
 Trójan Enéas,  
 The géntle and bráve,  
 To Érebus' lówest shades

Hére is descéding  
To vísit his síre.  
If that picture of ténderness  
Móve thee no jót,  
At léast thou 'lt acknówledge  
This bránc" — and she shówed  
The bránc", that lay hid  
In the fóld of her vést.

The swéll of his ire  
Subsides from his héart,  
And no móre words there pássed,  
But with wónder regárding  
The réverenced gift,  
The fáted wand, nót  
For so lóng a time séen,  
He 'bóuts his dark-blúe skiff,  
And dráws near the bánk;  
Then máking rough cléarance  
Of the sóuls that were sítting  
Alóng the long bénches,  
Throws ópen the gángway,  
And into the bóat's hull  
Takes gréat-sized Enéas:  
Opprésed by the wéight,  
The stíched wherry gróaned,  
And let ín through its léaks  
A gréat plash of wáter;  
But at lást on the fár side  
Sets dówn without dámage  
In the yéllow-green sédge  
And ríver slob úgly  
Both héro and séer.



In a c ave right in fr ont  
Huge C erberus lies c ouchant,  
Uncouth m onster, and m akes  
With his triple throat's b arking  
The whole realm res ound.  
To him the seer fl ings  
(For she s ees on his n eck  
The snakes bristling alr eady)  
A c ake sweet with h oney  
And dr ugged with narc otics.  
Wide  opening his thr ee  
Ravening g ullets, he s eizes  
The g obbet thrown t o him,  
Then  on the ground str etches  
His  uncouth chine  out,  
And h uge and rel axed lying  
Fills the whole c ave.  
En eas, the gu ard  
Of the p assage entr anced,  
M akes good his  entr ance,  
And with light foot behind leaves  
The b ank of that fl ood  
That is n ever recr ossed.

Imm ediately h eard  
In the  entr ance the v oices  
Of children's souls w ailing,  
Which,  ere they had t asted  
Of sw eet life their sh are,  
A dark d ay snatched aw ay  
From the br east, and consigned  
To a pr emature gr ave.

Beside these were those  
Who to die were condemned  
On a false accusation.  
(Nór were the places  
At random appointed,  
Or without judge's sentence;  
But président Minos  
Shakes up in the urn  
The ballots for judges,  
And assembles together  
The stilly souls all,  
And makes inquisition  
Respecting the crimes  
That in life they 've committed.)

Next to these dwell in sadness  
Those who the light loathed,  
And though guilty of no crime  
Laid hands on themselves,  
And their lives threw away.  
How gladly they 'd poverty  
Now bear, and hard toil,  
Above in the ether!  
But the Fates stand opposed,  
The hateful wave binds them,  
And nine times wound round them  
Severe Styx's waters  
Cut off their return.

Not far hence are shown  
On every side spreading  
The Sorrowful Plains  
(For by that name they 're called)

Where, under the cover  
Of myrtle groves, wander  
In secret paths hidden  
Those whom unrelenting  
And cruel love's plague  
To the core has corroded;  
Not even in death's self  
Do their sorrows forsake them.  
Here he sees Eriphyle  
Displaying in sadness  
The wounds which her son's  
Cruel hand had inflicted;  
He sees here Pasiphaë,  
Phédra, and Procris,  
And Evadne, and Láodamia,  
And sometime male Céneus  
Now female again  
And to his first sex  
By Fate's will returned.

And there in the midst of them,  
Fresh from her wound,  
In the great forest wandered  
Phoenician Dido:  
Whom soon as Troy's hero,  
Not far from her standing,  
Beheld through the shadow,  
And recognised dim,  
As one who the new moon  
Sees through the clouds rising,  
Or imagines he sees,  
He wept, and with tenderness  
Thus to her said: —

“The néws then was true,  
O unfórtunate Dido,  
Thát thou laidst violent  
Hánds on thysélf;  
And í have, alás! been  
The cáuse of thy déath —  
But I swéar to thee, quéen,  
By the líghts of the ský,  
And the Góds above dwélling,  
Ánd by whatever faith  
Réigns undergróund,  
’Twas agáinst my will sóre  
From thy cóasts I depárted.  
Those sáme Gods’ commánds,  
Which now fórze me to trável  
Through these shádowy pláces  
Of hóar desolátion  
And this night profóund,  
Impérious compélléd me;  
Nor cóuld I have thóught  
Thou hadst félt, at my pártíng,  
A páng so sevére.  
Stay — withdráw not — whom flée’st?  
’Tis the lást time by Fáte  
I ’m allówed to addréss thee.”

Her búrning ire’s scówl  
Enéas with súch words  
And súch tears was sóothing;  
But awáy she turned fróm him,  
And ón the ground mótionless  
Képt her eyes fixed,  
And no móre her look áltered

For áll he could sáy  
Than if 'twere a hárd  
Flinty rók that stood thére  
Or táll cliff Marpéssian;  
At lást she turns óff short,  
And flings herself spiteful  
Ínto the shrúbberry's  
Cóvert umbrágeous,  
Where Sichéus, her fórmer spouse,  
Rénders her lóve for love,  
Ánd with her sórrors  
Grieves sympathétic.  
Móved by the sád case,  
And wéeping, Enéas  
Fóllows her pitying  
For sóme time afár off;  
Ón his appóinted way  
Thén he procédés.

And nów they at lást reach  
Those distant retréats  
Which brave wárriors inhábit.  
Here he cómes across Týdeus,  
And Adrástus' pale ghóst,  
And Párthenopéus  
That wárrior renówned.  
And déep was his gróan  
When he sáw the long múster  
Óf the Dardánidae  
Fálled in báttle,  
Whóm in the wórld above  
Hé had so móurned —  
When he sáw Glaucus thére,

And Thersilochus, Médon,  
 And Anténor's three sóns,  
 Ánd Polyphoétes,  
 Céres' priest hóly,  
 And Idéus who stíll had  
 His chàriot beside him,  
 And stíll held his árms.

Thick róund him the sóuls stand  
 Both on right hand and léft,  
 Ánd, not conténted  
 With séeing him ónce,  
 Love to linger alóngside  
 And méasure steps with him,  
 And ásk why he cómes.

Bút the battálions  
 Ágamemnónian,  
 And chiefs of the Dánaï,  
 When they see through the shádw  
 The héro's arms gléaming,  
 Some in gréat trepidátion  
 And féar turn their bácks,  
 As tóward their ships érewhile  
 Their flight they dirécted;  
 And sóme, making éffort  
 To ráise a great shóut,  
 Scarcely útter a squéak.

Here, with his whole pérsón  
 (His fáce both and límbs)  
 All crúelly mángled,  
 Deíphobus, Príam's son,

Álso he sées:  
Both his hánds they are lópped,  
Both his éars they are crópped,  
Ánd with a wóund  
Ignominious shorn óff  
His nóse from his fáce.  
He knéw him, though hárdly,  
As cówering he stóod there,  
And striving to cówér  
His púnishment díre:  
And óf his own mótion  
Salúted him thús  
In áccents well knówn:—

“O wárríor Deíphobus,  
Teúcer's blood lófty,  
To dó thee this spíte  
Who could find in his héart?  
Or whó had the pówer?  
The repórt to me cáme  
That, on thát final níght,  
Áfter thou hadst tíred thyself  
Kílling Pelásgi,  
Thou hadst pérished on tóp  
Of a gréat heap of sláughter.  
A cénotaph tó thee  
I thérefore erécted  
On the séacoast Rhoetéán,  
And thrice in a lóud voice  
Cálled on thy Mánes;  
Thy náme and thine árms  
Mark the pláce for thine ówn.  
In váin I soughè fór thee, friend,



Át my depárture,  
In órder to láy thy bones  
Ín their own lánd."

Priámides ánswered:—

"Thou hast léft nought undóne;  
To Deíphobus' ghóst  
Thou hast páid, O my friend,  
All the fúneral hónors.  
My déstiny 'twás,  
And the wickedness déadly  
Óf the Lacónian,  
That in thése evils plúnged me;  
These tókens are hérs;  
For hów in the midst  
Of false jóys we were pássing  
That lást night thou knów'st  
And must tóo well remémber,  
When dówn on high Pérgamus  
Cáme with a bóund  
That fátal horse prégnant  
With ármed men of wár,  
She, únder preténce  
Of a Bácchanal dánce,  
Leading róund in procéssion  
The "Évoë"-shóuting  
Mátrons of Phrýgia,  
And híg in the midst of them  
Hólding a húge torch,  
From the tóp of the citadel  
Signalled the Dánaï.  
Exháusted with cáres,  
And with drówsiness weíghed down,

I hād, at that móment,  
Withdrawn to my lúckless  
Connúbial bedchámber,  
Where ás I lay súnk  
In a déep and sweet sléep  
(Placid déath's very image),  
My nótable spóuse,  
Having fírst from the hóuse  
Remóved all my árms,  
Ánd from my pillow  
My trústy sword stólen,  
Throws wide ópen the dóors  
And calls in Meneláus,  
Expécting, no dóubt,  
By a bóon so impórtant  
Conférred on her lóver,  
To effáce from his mémory  
Her fórmér misdéeds.

“But whý a long stóry?  
They break into my chámber,  
Eólideš with them,  
That incíter to ill —  
Ye Góds, to the Gráii  
Requíte like for like,  
If I ásk for no móre  
Than a júst retribútion,  
And nóť for revénge.  
But cóme, it 's thy túrn now  
To sáy what chance híther  
Hath bróught thee alive;  
Have the Góds híther wárned thee?  
Or hást thou thy cóurse lost

When ón the sea sáiling?  
 Or whát other áccident  
 Drives thee to visit  
 These drear, óvercast régions,  
 These súnless abódes?"

While thús they conversed,  
 Auróra alréady  
 With her rósy four-hórse team  
 Had máde 'cross the ský  
 Half her vóyage ethéreal;  
 And they might have perháps  
 Whiled awáy in like máñner  
 All the périod allótted,  
 Had nó comrade Sibyl  
 Thus briefly admónished:—

"Night cómes on apáce,  
 Enéas, while wé  
 The hóurs pass in wéeping.  
 This is the spót where  
 The róad into twó splits;  
 The right hand road 's óurs,  
 Which by gréat Dis's tówers  
 Conduets to Elýsium:  
 The léft hand 's the pénal road,  
 Wáy of the wicked  
 To Tártarus kindless."  
 Deíphobus ánswered:—  
 "Be not ángry, great priestess;  
 I 'll párt from ye hére  
 And to dárkness retúrn  
 And fíll up the númer.

On, ón, O our pride,  
And thy better fates úse.”  
No wórd more he úttered,  
But túrned as he spóke.

Looking róund on a súdden,  
Enéas behólds,  
At the fóot of a rók  
On the léft, a wide fórtress,  
Round whose tríple wall rápid  
Tartárean Phlégethon  
Its tórrent of flámes pours  
And lóud rumbling stónes.  
So sólídly built  
Of ádamant pillars  
Its húge gate in frónt,  
That of mórtals no pówer,  
No pówer of immórtals  
To fórze it were áble:  
High tó the air ríses  
The gáte tower of iron,  
Where, with blóody pall gírt,  
Sits Tisíphone sléepless,  
And wátches the véstibule  
Bóth day and níght.  
Groans are héárd from wíthín,  
And whíps’ cruel crácking,  
And íron chains clánking.

Enéas stopped shórt  
Ánd to the gréat noise  
Listened affríghted:—  
“What púnishments thése,

O decláre to me, máiden,  
 Or for whãt crimes inflicted?  
 What gréat wail is this,  
 Rising hìgh to the áir?"  
 Then the próphetess thús:—

“Renowned chief of the Teúcri,  
 Over thát wicked thréshold  
 Must no blámeless foot páss;  
 But Hécate hersélf,  
 When óver the gróves  
 Of Avérnus she sét me,  
 All the pénalties táught me  
 Óf the dívine wrath,  
 And thróugh the whole léd me.

“Infléxibly rígid  
 And ábsolute rúles  
 Gnossian Rhádamanth hére,  
 Tries the cáse, and awárds  
 The rógues their chastisement,  
 Compélling them first  
 To conféss the deeds dóne  
 Abóve in the wórld,  
 The atónement for which  
 (Inly plúming themsélves  
 On the sílly decéit)  
 They had pút off till déath,  
 And untíl ’twas too láte.

“With avénging whip réady,  
 Insúlting Tisíphone  
 Ínstantly fálls on

And lashes the culprits,  
And her twisted snakes at them  
Thrusts with her left hand,  
And her fell sisterhood  
Calls to come forward.

“Then at last, with a horrible  
Jár of their hinges,  
The cursed gates are opened:  
Discern'st what a guard  
In the vestibule watches?  
Discern'st at the door  
What a figure keeps sentry?  
More fell within seated  
A Hydra gapes hideous  
With fifty dark swallows,  
And Tartarus itself  
With its headlong abyss  
Down below the Shades stretches  
Twice as deep as the height  
When from earth thou look'st up  
Toward ethereal Olympus.

“Here down to the bottom  
With thunderbolts hurled,  
Roll groveling the Titans,  
The old brood of Terra.  
Here too I had sight of  
Those bodies gigantic,  
The twain Aloidae,  
Who attempted the great heaven  
To take by assault,

Ánd from his réalm above  
Dówn to thrust Jóve.

“Here too, undergóing  
His púnishment·crúel,  
Salmóneus I sáw,  
Who, divíne honors cláiming,  
And thinking to ímitate  
Júpiter’s lightnings  
And thúndering Olýmpus,  
Dróve in ovátion  
With tórch round him brándished  
In fóur-in-hand cháriot  
Through Élis’ chief cíty,  
Ánd through the mídst  
Of the Gráian péoples,  
Ánd, in his fólly,  
Had fáin made the clátter  
Of hórny-hoofed hórses,  
And cháriot of bráss  
On brass-víaduct rólíng,  
Páss for the unpáralleled  
Thúndercloud vólley.  
But the Fáther almíghty  
From amóng the thícκ clóuds  
Flung át him his míssile  
(No smóky lamp wás it  
Nor túrpentine·tórch),  
Ánd with a hídeous whirl  
Dáshed him down héadlong.

“Here too to be séen  
Was ómni-prodúctive Earth’s



Fóster-son Tityos,  
Whose body lies spread out  
Over nine entire acres,  
And housed under whose tall chest  
A huge, hideous vulture  
With hooked beak sits grubbing  
For tit-bits his vitals,  
And keeps ever cropping  
His liver immortal,  
Which, as fast as cropped, búrgeons,  
And breeds him new tórment,  
Incéssant, for éver.

“Of the Lápithae why  
Ór of Pirithoüs  
Néed I make méntion,  
Ór of Ixion,  
Right óver whom hángs  
A dárk, flinty róck  
Ever réady to fáll down  
And, ás it were, fálling?  
On shíning gold féet  
Rest the hígh, genial sófas;  
With magníficence róyal  
Befóre their eyes spréad out  
The súmptuous repást;  
But the chíef of the Fúries  
Starts úp from a sófa,  
And, with thúndering vóice,  
And firebrand uplifted,  
Forbids touch the víands.

“Here those who while living  
Have hated their brother,  
Or raised hand against parent,  
Or cheated their client,  
And those who in privacy  
Óver a hóard  
Of sáved money póred,  
And for relatives sét not  
Some pórtion aside  
(And these form the chief crowd),  
Ánd for adultery  
Those who were sláin,  
And those perjured sláves  
Who against their liege lórd  
Raised árm contumácious —  
All those are shut úp here,  
Abiding their tórmént.

“Ask me nó to infórm thee  
What tórtures they súffer,  
Or hów in particúlar  
Éach one is púnished;  
Some a húge rock are rólling;  
To a whéel’s upright spókes  
Legs and árms some are tied;  
There síts hapless Théseus  
And thére will sit éver;  
Ánd from the dépth  
Of his misery Phlégyas  
Calls alóud through the dárkness  
To áll men his wárning:—  
“Take a léssoñ from mé,  
And hóld not too lightly

The Góds who command you  
*‘Be just in your dealings’.*”

“This óne here for góld  
His fátherland sóld  
And placed únder the thráll  
Of a pówerful máster;  
And ón the walls vénally  
Pósted new láws,  
And fróm the walls vénally  
Óld laws took dówn:  
With a súit against náture  
His dáughter’s bedchámber  
That óther inváded:  
Every óne of them dáred,  
And dáring achieved,  
Some enórimity hídeous.  
No, nót with a húndred tongues,  
Nót with a húndred mouths,  
Ánd voice of íron,  
Cóuld I describe all  
Their crimes’ various fórms,  
Or enúmerate the módes all  
In which they are púnished.”

So said Phoébus’ aged priestess,  
And ádded:— “Come, háste;  
Let ’s get óver the gróund,  
And pút the last hánd  
To our gift’s presentátion;  
For I sée plainly yónder  
The Cýclops-forged tówers,  
And ópposite our fáce stands

The gateway's arched pórtal,  
Where our órders command us  
This gift to depósit."

When thús she had sáid,  
They proceed side by side  
Alóng the dark wáy  
That remáined intervéníng;  
And whén to the dóors come,  
Enéas goes ín,  
And with frésh water sprinkles  
His bódy, and hángs up  
The bráñch in the éñtrance.

These things at last dóne,  
Ánd the due cómpliment  
Páid to the Góddess,  
They réach the delightful  
And gréen grassy wóodlands  
Where the Bléssed reside.  
Here a wider-spread éther  
Invésts all the lándscape  
With brillianter húes;  
They 've a sún of their ówn,  
And stars different from óurs.  
On the gráss in gymnástics  
Some súpple their límbs,  
Ánd on the táwny sand  
Spórtively wréstle:  
And sóme of them síng songs,  
And sóme of them dáñce;  
And, dréssed in his lóng vest,  
The Thrácian bard tó them

Trills the chánges melódious  
Of Músic's seven sóunds,  
And nów with his fingers  
Alóng the chords swéeps,  
Now with ivory quill.

Here too are those wárriors  
In bétter years bórn,  
That óld stock of Teúcer  
So lóvely to sée,  
Those magnánimous héroes,  
Assáracus, Ílus,  
And Dárdanus, Troy's fóunder.  
On their árms from a distance  
And sháadowy cháriots  
With wónder he gázes;  
In the gróund stand their spéars fixed;  
Their hórses unyóked  
Graze all óver the pláin:  
Benéath the earth búried,  
They táke as much pléasure  
In cháriots and árms,  
And the cáring and fáttening  
Of sléek shining stéeds,  
As they tóok when alive.

And ló! he behólds  
On the right hand and léft  
Alóng the grass strétched  
Others nóurishment táking,  
And sínging glad Péans  
In chórus amidst  
The odórous laurel gróves,

Whence Eridanus springs —  
 That river which rólls  
 Through the úpper world's fórest  
 Such a vást flood of wátters.

Here the pátriot hándful  
 That bléd for their cóuntry,  
 And thóse who were hóly priests  
 While they were living,  
 And thóse hearts of géntleness,  
 Bárds whose discóursings  
 Were wórtly of Phoébus,  
 And all thóse who had ádded  
 To cívilisátion  
 By invéntions in árts,  
 And all thóse whose desérvings  
 Had máde them remémbered,  
 Wéar round their témples  
 The snówy white fillet:  
 Whom, ás they flocked róund them,  
 Sibýlla addréssed thus,  
 And chieffly Muséus,  
 Abóut whom was stánding  
 And úp to him lóoking  
 A gréat crowd of pérsóns  
 All of whóm he o'ertópped  
 By the héight of his shóuldérs:—  
 “O sáy, happy sóuls,  
 And thou, éxcellent bárd,  
 In what quárter 's Anchises,  
 Or whére to be fóund?  
 For his sake we 've cóme,

Ánd across Érebus'  
Gréat rivers sáiled."

To whóm then in féw words  
Thus ánswered the héro:—  
"No fixed abodes bind us;  
We inhábit the gróve's  
Shady cóverts, or dwéll  
In frésh, watered méadows,  
And ón rivers' bánk.  
But yé — if so pléase ye —  
Cross óver this ridge,  
Ánd on the éasy path  
Át once I 'll sét ye."  
He sáid; the way léd;  
And fróm above shówed them  
The fáir, smiling pláins:  
Then they léft the hill tóp.

Now it chanced, sire Anchises,  
Far withín a green vắlley's  
Inclósure, was pássing  
Befóre him in mústér  
Those sóuls who should shórtly  
Ascénd to the líght,  
And a cénsus was táking  
Óf the whole númer  
Óf his dear óffspring,  
And cárefully stúdying  
The héroes' explóits,  
Their fates, mánners and fórtunes:  
But thróugh the grass tóward him  
As sóon as he sáw



Enéas adváncing,  
He strétched out both hánds  
In a tránsport of jóy,  
And, while téars his cheeks cóursed down,  
In thése words addréssed him:—

“And hást thou at lást come,  
And thy filial afféction  
(As I wéll knew it wóuld)  
The wáy’s hardships cónquered?  
And ám I permitted  
To lóok in thy fáce, son,  
And héar thy known vóice,  
And speak with thee as wónt?  
So indéed I considered  
And thóught it wóuld bé,  
Counting óver the tíme,  
And I fínd I ’ve been ríght.  
Escáped from what dángers,  
My són, thou com’st tó me!  
After hów many tóssings  
On lánd and on wáter  
I háve thee here sáfe!  
How gréatly I féared  
Lest that Libyan kíngdom  
Should wórk thee some hárm!”

“Thy ghóst,” thus he ánswered,  
“Thy sád ghost, O síre,  
Several times manifésted,  
Has hither impélled me:  
My shíps in the Týrrhene sea  
Stánd at their móorings.

Give me, O give me,  
Thy right hand, O sire,  
And from my embracings  
Withdraw thyself nót.”  
The téars, as he thús said,  
Streamed fást down his fáce;  
His árms round the sháde’s neck  
He thrice strove to thrów;  
Thrice from his frústrate grasp,  
Light as the wínds,  
As a fléeting dream swift,  
The sháadow escáped.

In the méantime Enéas  
Has séen, in a válley  
Indénting the highland,  
A wóodland seclúded,  
And shrúbberies rústling,  
And the river of Léthe  
Close gliding alóng  
By the plácid abóde.  
On évery side róund  
Innnúmerous péoples  
And nátions were flitting,  
As thick as you ’ve séen,  
In the fine summer séason,  
Bees in the meads thrónging  
Abóut the white lilies,  
Ánd settling dówn on  
The flówers variegáted,  
Ánd with their búzzing hum  
Filling the pláin.

Enéas, in ignorance,  
Starts at the sudden sight,  
And asks what the cause is,  
What river that yonder,  
And who are the people  
That fill all its banks  
In such thick, swarming numbers.  
Then father Anchises:—  
“Those souls to whom due  
Second bodies by Fate,  
Here, at the care-easing  
River of Lethe,  
Drink long oblivion  
Of their first bodies.  
This long time I've wished  
To point these out to thee  
Here in thy presence,  
And with thee count over  
The tale of my offspring,  
That no less than mine  
May be thy exultation  
That Italy's found.”

“And can it be thought, sire,  
There are any souls  
That are hence to ascend  
To the sky, and once more  
The dull body enter?  
What dire yearning is this  
Of the wretches for light?”  
“I'll tell thee the whole, son,  
And not in doubt leave thee,”

Thus Anchises the wórd toe  
And expláined all in órder:—  
“In the ský and the éarth  
And the líquid sea-pláins,  
The móon’s shining glóbe,  
And the plánets Titánian,  
There dwélls from the first  
An intélligent mínd,  
A spírit intérnal,  
Diffúsed through the mémbers  
And sétting in mótion  
The whóle, mighty máss.  
Hence deríved are the líves  
Of mán, beast and bírd,  
And óf the strange mónsters  
Produced undernéath  
The séa’s marble súrface.  
In the émbryo of éach  
Is a prínciple fiery  
Descénded from héaven  
Although dúlled and impáired  
By a fráil, earthy móuld,  
And a frámework of flésh,  
And límbs that must pérish:  
From this cláyey admixture  
Their féars and desíres come,  
Their páins and their jóys,  
Ánd that, shut úp  
In a dárk prison’s glóom,  
They cást no look báck  
On the ský’s radiant líght.  
Not éven with the lást  
Closing dáy of their líves

Does the bád wholly léave them,  
Not quite depart fróm them  
The plágues of the flésh,  
For múch of the ill  
Has néeds grown invéterate,  
And márvellous déep  
The ingráin of long hábit:  
They are thérefore torménted,  
And súffer the páins  
Of their áncient misdéeds;  
Some fórms unsubstántial  
On crósses are spréad out,  
And húng to the winds;  
The déep dye of sín  
Out of óthers is wáshed  
Under vást floods of wáter,  
Or búrnt out with fire;  
And thén when at lást,  
In long prócess of time,  
The deep stáin is expúnged,  
And the éssence ethéreal,  
The éffluence fiery,  
Left púre and unblémished,  
And éach one his ówn  
Special Mánes has súffered,  
Into ámple Elýsium  
We 're sént to range frée,  
And sóme few to stáy  
And the glád fields inhábit.  
But all thése thou see'st hére,  
When a fúll thousand yéars  
Have complétely rolled róund,  
The Gód summons fórth

In these mighty numbers  
To the river of L  the,  
That of past things oblivious  
They may become willing  
To re-  nter the flesh  
And return to the world."

Anchises these words said,  
And into the midst  
Of the crowded and buzzing  
Assembly his son brought,  
And with him the Sibyl,  
And a tumult mounted  
From whence he might see  
And have a front view of  
The long array coming:—

"Come now and I 'll tell thee  
What fates shall be thine,  
And what glory shall follow  
The son of the Dardan,  
What a race of Italians  
From him is to spring,  
What illustrious souls  
Mounting up to the world  
Shall call us forefathers.

"Thou see'st yonder that youth  
On the sceptre-wand leaning;  
He 's the first for the light;  
Of the mixed blood Italian  
He to th' ethereal air  
First shall ascend,

And become *Silvius*  
(That well-known name *Álban*),  
Thy too late begotten  
And posthumous son,  
Whom thy consort *Lavinia*  
In thine old age shall bear thee,  
And in the woods rear up;  
A king he 's himself,  
And the father of kings,  
And through him descending  
Our line shall rule lordly  
Ó'er *Longa Alba*.

“And next him see *Procas*,  
The *Trojan* stock's pride,  
And *Númitor*, *Cápy*s,  
And, glorious no less  
For martial achievements  
Than for all gentler virtues,  
*Silvius*, thy namesake,  
If to *Silvius Enéas*  
Should ever descend  
The sceptre of *Álba*.  
What gallant youths they!  
See what strength they display!  
And how with the patriot  
Citizen's oakleaves  
Their temples are shaded!  
These are they who the cities  
*Fidénae* shall build,  
And *Nómentum* and *Gábii*;  
Who shall place, on the hills  
Of *Collátia*, the castle;



Ánd of Pométii  
 Láy the foundátions,  
 And Ínui Cástrum  
 And Bóla and Córa;  
 All thén noted pláces,  
 Now lánds without náme.

"Aye; and Rómulus, Márs' son —  
 Of the blóod of Assáracus  
 By Ília his móther —  
 Shall accómpany his grándsire.  
 See thére on his héad  
 How the Síre's self alréady  
 Has sét the twain crésts,  
 Has márked him even hére  
 With the éblem of hónor  
 He 's to wéar in the wórld.  
 Behóld, son, the mán  
 By whose áuspices léd  
 That chivalrous Róme  
 Shall acquire a dominíon  
 With Éarth coexténsive,  
 A spírit for which  
 Not Olýmpus too lófty,  
 And enclóse with one cíty's wall  
 Cítadels séven:  
 Happy móther of héroes!  
 Not móre blest than shé,  
 Drives through Phrýgia's cíties  
 Turret-crówned Berecýnthia,  
 The Góds' happy móther,  
 Whose glád arms embráce  
 A húndred grandchildren,

Divinities áll,  
All instálled in high héaven.

“Now hitherward bénd  
Both thine eýes, and behóld  
Thine own nátion of Rómans:  
'Tis César thou hére see'st,  
And the whóle stock of Césars  
Who are yét to come fórh  
In Iúlus's line,  
The great firmament únder.  
This, this is the mán,  
The prómised man this,  
Of whóm thou 'st so óft heard --  
That César Augústus,  
The Gód Cesar's són,  
Who shall bring back to Látium  
And tó the fields érewhile  
Reigned óver by Sáturn  
The éra of góld;  
Who his swáy shall stretch óver  
Garamántes and Índi,  
And whát lands soéver  
Lie beyónd the eclíptic  
And páth of the plánets,  
Where ský-propping Átlas  
Spins róund on his shóulder  
The firmament stúdded  
With bright-burning stárs.  
Of the ádvent of this man  
Even nów the realms Cásbian  
And lánd of Meótis  
Héar with a shúdder

Ín the Gods' ánswers;  
 And with consternátion  
 Are séized even alréady  
 The séven mouths of Níle.  
 Not éven Alcídes,  
 What thóugh he transfixed  
 The bráss-footed dóc,  
 To Érymanth's wóodlands  
 What thóugh he gave péace,  
 Ánd with his bów's twang  
 Made áll Lerna trémble —  
 Not éven conquering BÁCchus,  
 Who from Nýsa's high tóp  
 Drove in tiger-drawn cháriot  
 With réins twined with vineleaves,  
 Equal spáce of land cómpassed:  
 And dó we doubt still  
 To ádd to our fórmer deeds  
 Frésh deeds of prówess?  
 Or sháll fear forbíd us  
 To plánt a firm fóot  
 In the lánd of Ausónia?"

"But with bróws decked with láurel  
 Whó is that yónder  
 I sée sacrificing?"  
 "By his gréy locks I knów him,  
 And bý his beard grisly,  
 That kíng of the Rómans  
 Who shall first set the city  
 On láw's firm foundátion.  
 Tó his great góvernment  
 Fróm her soil stérile

Diminutive Cúres

Shall sénd him commissioned.

“Next to him succeeds Túllus,  
Who shall bréak the ináctive  
Repóse of his cóuntry,  
And to árms call the wárrior-bands,  
Nów for some time  
Unaccústomed to tríumphs,  
And flágging in spirit.  
Close áfter whom fóllows  
Rather váin-glorious Áncus,  
To whóm to be fánned  
By the pópular bréath  
Even nów 's but too pléasing.

✱

“Dost thou wish me to shów thee  
The mónarchs Tarquinian,  
And the pród soul of Brútus  
His cóuntry's avénger,  
And the Fásces he wrúng  
From the grásp of the týrant  
And restóred to the péople?  
This is that Brútus  
To whóm shall be first  
Committed the cónsulship  
Ánd the fell áxes —  
That únhappy sire  
Who for fáir freedom's sáke  
Shall cáll forth his ówn sons  
To súffer the pénalty  
Dúe to the néw crime  
Of wár 'gainst one's cóuntry.

Let postérity tálk  
 Of the déed as they will,  
 The pátriot's unbóunded  
 Pássion for glóry  
 Will béar all befóre it.

“Aye, and fár off behóld too  
 The Déciï and Drúsi,  
 And wielding the héadsman's axe  
 Rígorous Torquátus,  
 And Camíllus home bringing  
 The stándards recóvered.

“But those sóuls whom thou sée'st there  
 In équal arms brílliant —  
 Concórdant souls nów  
 Whílst kept dówn under níght —  
 Ah, what wárs they shall wáge,  
 What múrderous báttle,  
 Agáinst one anóther,  
 Let them dáylight but réach!  
 The fáther-in-láw,  
 To confrónt the son, cómes  
 From Monoécus' Arx dówn  
 And his rámpart of Álps:  
 With áll the arráy  
 Of his ármament éastern  
 The són-in-law méets him.  
 But dó not, my yóung friends,  
 To só bitter báttle,  
 Ah, dó not inúre ye!  
 Agáinst fátherland's bówels,  
 Ah, túrn not your míght!

And thóu, mine own blóod,  
 Be the fírst to leave óff —  
 Thou Olýmpus-sprung scíon;  
 The swórd from thy hánd  
 Fling thóu away fírst.

“Yonder ’s hé that retúrning  
 All glórious, victórious,  
 From the táking of Córinth,  
 And róut of the Achívi,  
 Shall tó the high Cápitol  
 Drive his war-tríumph.  
 That óther shall Árgos  
 And Agamemnónian  
 Mycénae o’ertúrn,  
 And fróm an Eácides,  
 Líneal descéendant  
 Of wárríor Achíllés,  
 Exáct retribútion  
 For his fóresíres of Tróy  
 And the fóul desecrátion  
 Of the fáne of Minérva.

“Who ’d léave thee behind him  
 Unméntioned, O Cóssus?  
 Or thée, mighty Cáto?  
 The stóck of the Grácchi  
 Whó ’d leave unméntioned?  
 Or wár’s pair of thúnderbolts,  
 Líbya’s misfórtune,  
 The Scípiadae twáin?  
 Or Fabrícíus, on smáll means  
 Commánding the déference

Páid to the rích?  
 Or thée, O Serránus,  
 The plóugh-furrow sówing?  
 But whither awáy  
 So húrry me tired,  
 Ye fámily Fábian?  
 O Máximus thóu 'rt he,  
 That síngle one thóu,  
 Who by prócrastinátion  
 Restór'st us our lóst state.

"Other nátions, I dóubt not,  
 Will wórk brass with sófter,  
 More bréathing expréssion,  
 And óut of the márble  
 Draw féatures more life-like,  
 Will pléad causes bétter,  
 Ánd with the trácing rod  
 Dráw more corréctly  
 The gréat heavenly circles,  
 And the rísing stars már —  
 But, remémber it éver,  
 'Tis thý part, O Róman,  
 To góvern the nátions;  
 To spáre the submíssive,  
 To wár down the háughty,  
 And impóse upon áll  
 Modes and hábits of péace."  
 So sáid sire Anchíses,  
 And as wóndering they lóoked on,  
 These wórds besides ádded:—  
 "See hów with the *Spólia*  
*Opíma* distinguished,



And áll overtópping,  
Victórious Marcéllus  
Comes márchíng on yónder!  
In the mídst of the gréat  
Gallic túrmoil and túmult  
This mán shall the Róman state  
Hóld firm and stéady,  
And únder his hórse's hoofs  
Tréad Carthagínian  
And rébel of Gául;  
And to fáther Quirínus  
Suspénd the Spoils Róyal,  
The thírd that were éver  
By Róman arm wón."

And hére said Enéas —  
For he sáw with him góíng  
A yóuth of rare beauty  
And brilliantly árméd,  
But his brów far from chéarful,  
And dówncast his eýes —  
"Who 's that yónder, O síre,  
That goes with him as cómrade?  
His són perhaps is he?  
Or óne of the gréat stock  
Óf his descéndants?  
How his cómrades buzz róund him!  
What a hóst he 's himsélf!  
But abóut his head flitting  
Dark Níght spreads her sád shade."  
Then with gúshíng tears thús  
Replied fáther Anchíses:—

“Ínto thy fá mily’s  
Gréat grief, my sôn,  
O máke not inquiry;  
The Fátés shall but shów  
This young mán to the wórld,  
And thén away béar him.  
Too pówerful, ye Góds,  
Had becóme in your eýes  
The bréed of the Rómans,  
Had ye given them for góod and all  
Présents like this.  
How that Cámpus shall gróan there  
Beside Mars’ great cíty!  
What funéreal rites, síre  
Tiberíne, thou shalt sée,  
Ás by that néwly-raised  
Túmulus thou glidest!  
Néver of Ílian stock  
Bóy shall be bórn  
That shall ráise in his Látin  
Grandfáthers such hópe;  
Of nó other sôn  
Shall the cóuntry of Rómulus  
Máke so loud bóast.  
Ah, móurn for him, móurn!  
Had he líved, he ’d been géntle,  
A mán of his wórd  
Like the mén of old tímes,  
With éver uncónquered  
Right árm in the báttle.  
What fóe had unpúnished  
Withstóod his footchárge,  
Or the rúsh of his fóaming steed

Ráked with the rówels!  
 Ah! fínd but the méans  
 To break thróugh thy hard fâtes,  
 O yóuth to be pitied,  
 And thóu 'lt be Marcéllus.

“Give me lilies in hándfuls;  
 Let me scátter aróund  
 Flowers púrpling and bríght:  
 What thróugh váin be the óffice,  
 I 'll with a profúsiön  
 Of súch gifts at léast  
 Heap the sóul of my grándson.”

In the bróad, airy láwns  
 So they wánder abóut,  
 And scrútinise évery thing  
 Ín the whole région:  
 All whích to his sön  
 When Anchíses had shówn,  
 And póinted out tó him  
 Each séparate óbject,  
 Ánd with a lónging  
 For th' óncoming glóry  
 Had kindled his sóul,  
 He describes next the wárs  
 To be wáged by the héro,  
 And abóut the Lauréntian  
 Péoples infórms him,  
 And Latinus's cíty,  
 And hów to avóid best  
 Or béar every tróuble.

There are twó gates of Sléep,  
 The one hórny, they sáy,  
 And affórding free pássage  
 To réally true visions:  
 Through the óther, of white  
 Glossy ívory wróught,  
 The Mánes their fálse dreams  
 Send úp to the wórld.  
 Toward the ívory gáte  
 Anchíses his són  
 Condúcts as he spéaks,  
 And with him the Síbyl,  
 And léts both out thróugh it.  
 To the shíps and his cómrades  
 Enéas retúrns;  
 Then alóng the shore cóasts  
 To Caiéta's port stráight.  
 From the prów they cast ánchor:  
 The stérns line the shóre.



## CORRIGENDA.

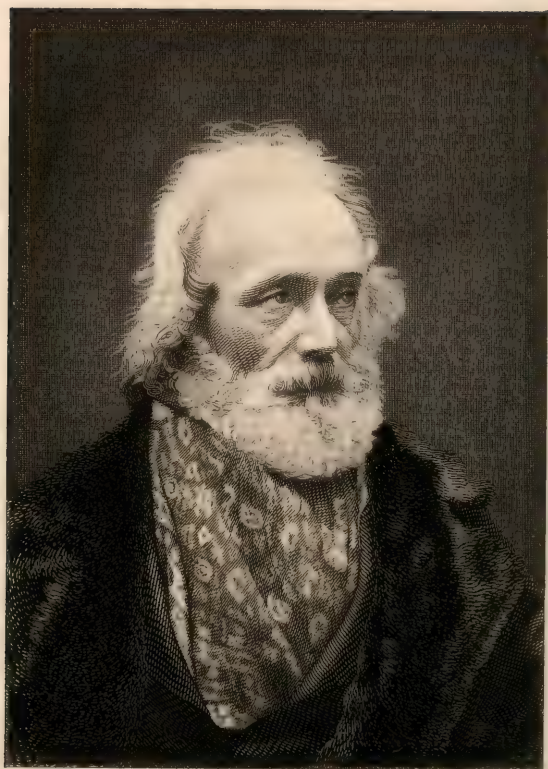
- Sign. 76. Line 4 from bottom. instead of thóu, read thou  
 Sign. 77. Line 14 from bottom. instead of óur, read our  
 Sign. c2. Line 12 from bottom, instead of impóster, read  
           impóstor

- Page 1. Instead of lines 8, 9, 10 from top, read  
 Mars' bristling árms and Hím whom first  
 And léader fróm the cóasts of Tróy  
 Fate bróught to Ítaly réfugée, \*
- Page 3. Instead of lines 13 and 14 from top, read  
 Which shé had been fóremost  
 To wáge against Tróy  
 On behálf of dear Árgos — \*
- Page 4. Line 15 from top, instead of I, read Í
- Page 16. Line 6 from bottom, instead of Troys, read Troy's
- Page 20. Line 2 from bottom, instead of bréast, read waíst,
- Page 32. Instead of line 14 from bottom, read  
 For ús — we have nóthing to féar;  
 And thóu — thou shalt néver repént thee \*
- Page 59. Instead of line 8 from bottom, read  
 And Macháon the príncípál móver, \*
- Page 90. Instead of lines 9 and 8 from bottom, read  
 For whíle, dívérging fróm the ród's  
 Diréction knówn, I fóllow býe-paths,
- Page 143. Instead of lines 15 and 14 from bottom, read  
 Í acknówledge Í 'm one  
 Óf that créw of Dánaï
- Page 152. Last line, instead of knéw, read knów
- Page 157. Instead of line 3 from top, read  
 Ánd on the tóp o' th' crág the Nýmphs huzzáed.\*
- Page 168. Line 7 from bottom, instead of píous, read fórmér\*
- Page 176. Line 11 from top, instead of Ílían, read Ílian

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\* For the reason of this alteration see my *Notes of a Twelve Years' Voyage of Discovery in the First Six Books of the Eneis*.





*John Ruskin*



# A HALF YEAR'S POEMS

OF

JAMES HENRY, M. D.

CRITIC.

In vain through all your pages  
For one good thought I look.  
I 'd say but for politeness,  
You 've written a worthless book.

AUTHOR.

The judgment a man utters  
Does but himself reveal;  
The flint to lead refuses  
The spark it yields to steel.

Trompeter-Schlösschen, Dresden April 9 1854.

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DRESDEN.

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1854.

1246  
6/1/93.

## THANKSGIVING.

I thank thee, Muse, for pleasures three —  
“Póet, what pleasures may those be?”  
I thank thee first for the delight  
I take myself in all I write;  
I thank thee next and thank thee more  
Fór the delight with which I store  
Cellfuls of honied poesie  
For those who shall come after me;  
And last and most for the delight  
I thank thee, Muse, with which I write  
Póems my friends from morn to night  
And night to morn read with delight.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, Febr. 28, 1854.

•

ÓFT 'twixt sleep and wáking  
Í behóld a figure  
Áiry light and hándsome  
Flitting right befóre me,

Right befóre me flitting  
Like Itálian firefly  
Ón a Júly évening  
Júst at dáylight-góing.

Ór like plánet rising  
Fróm the ócean's cléar edge,  
Ánd reveáled alternáte  
Ánd hid bý the bíllows.

Whén intént I wake up  
Tó embráce my lóst Love,  
Áh! the vision 's vánished  
Ánd all 's blánk around me;

Whén I láy my heád down  
Ónce more ón the pillow,  
Thére again 's the vision  
Flitting right befóre me,

Like refléction pláying  
Ón a smooth white ceiling  
Fróm a gláss of wáter  
Sháken in the súnlight.

Íf, insteád of wáking,  
Í sleep ónly deéper,  
Óther visions máy come  
Bút I lóse the figure.

Néver cómes that figure  
Óút of deád and góne times,  
Flitting thére befóre me  
Aíry light and gráceful

Like Itálian firefly  
Ón a still damp évening  
Ín the mónth of Júly  
Áfter thé sun 's góne down,

Like a plánet rising  
Ón the édge of ócean  
Ánd reveáled altérnate  
Ánd hid bý the billows,

Like the sún's refléction  
Ón a white-washed ceiling  
Fróm a gláss of wáter  
Sháken in the wíndow,

BÚt when Í 'm too hánging,  
Hálf asleép half wáking,  
Équipoised betweén  
The deád world ánd the living.

Composed during the night in bed, TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN,  
Febr. 8—9, 1854.

### BELISARIUS.

NOVEMBER's clouds are gathering fast;  
The woods are whistling in the blast;  
It is a rugged old oak tree  
That spreads between the sky and me  
His wrinkled arms, with here and there  
A leaf upon his fingers bare.  
About his feet lie sere and red  
The honors of his once green head.  
Hére make my grave, there 's sympathy  
Between this ancient oak and me;  
Like him I grew and florished fair;  
Like him I 'm withered old and bare;  
O'er me like him life's storms have passed;  
Like him I 've shivered in the blast;  
We both draw near our end at last.  
Hére lay me down, here let me die;  
No need of stone or verse have I;  
Write Belisarius on the tree;  
My name tells all my history.

Written while walking in BADEN, from WALDWIMMERSBACH to MOSBACH,  
Nov. 25, 1853.

AWAKE him not; look at him if thou wilt,  
But let no touch or sound or stir disturb him  
Out of his slumber; see his mighty chine,  
His firm-set shoulder muscular and brawny;  
In what thick ringlets hangs his shaggy mane  
Enveloping as with a wiry muff  
Withers and neck and ears and half his forehead.  
From the one paw thou see'st there, somewhat thrust out  
From underneath the superincumbent weight  
Of that huge bony head, judge of the others.  
If from those dark, drooped lids, and those closed jaws,  
That quiet, slow, and scarce perceptible  
Swelling and falling of those nostril edges,  
Thou turn'st away with an instinctive horror,  
How wilt thou face the uncovered eyeballs' glare,  
The wide-dilated nostril, the curled lip,  
Tusks gnashing, muttered growl, and rising mane,  
And tail indignant lashing both his sides,  
And claws erect and ready for the spring?  
Nay, nay; if thou art wise, thou 'lt not molest  
The lion peaceful sleeping in his lair —  
Thou 'lt not with deed or word or thought aggressive  
Stir in its placid light repose thy conscience.

TROMPETER - SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, Febr. 17. 1851.

## ARRIA.

TAKE the knife, Petus; fear not it will hurt thee;  
Or if it hurt thee, it is büt a hurt,  
Óne friendly hurt that saves thee from a thousand.  
Thou 'rt pale; afraid; give mé the knife; see there,  
That 's mý blood on it, yet I 'm nothing frightened.  
I 'm sore where it has cut me; what of that?  
A little deeper, I were sore no longer;  
No knife, no Cesar, more, had power to hurt me.  
Take the knife, Petus; and bid loud defiance  
To all who with the knife would terrify thee.  
No man with knife in hand 's the slave of Cesar.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, Febr. 5. 1854.

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SHE lies below;  
These roses grow  
    On Ellen's grave;  
Sigh, nightwinds, sigh  
As ye pass by,  
    Ye willows, wave.

One month ago,  
We loved as though  
    Néver to part;  
And now — Alas!  
All flesh is grass;  
    Break, break, my heart.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, Febr. 28, 1854.



## PAIN.

"PAIN, who máde thee?" thus I saíd once  
Tó the grím unpítýing mónster,  
Ás, one sleepless níght, I wátched him  
Heátíng ín the fire his píncers.

"Gód Almighty; whó dare dóubt it?"  
With a hídeous grín he ánswered:  
"Í 'm his éldest bést-belóved son,  
Cút from mý dead móther's bówels."

"Wrétch, thou líest;" shócked and shúddering  
Tó the mónster Í replíed then;  
"Gód is goód, and kínd, and grácíous;  
Néver máde a thíng so úgly."

"Téll me thén, sínce thou know'st bétter,  
Whóse I ám, by whóm begóttén;"  
"Héll 's thy bírth-place, ánd the Dévil  
Bóth thy fáther ánd thy móther."

"Bé it só; to mé the sáme 'tis  
Whéther Í 'm Gód's són or grándson,  
Ánd to theé not greát the dífference  
Ónce thy flésh betweén my tóngs is."

"Spáre me, spáre me, Páin;" I shriéked out,  
Ás the réd-hot píncers cáught me;  
"Thou árt Gód's son; áye thou 'rt Gód's self;  
Ónly táke thy fíngers óff me."

Written in the ROYAL LIBRARY, DRESDEN, Jan. 26, 1854.

TAKE that and that and that, detested viper;  
Thou 'lt never more across my way come hissing,  
And spirting venom; now at last thou 'rt settled,  
And I am happy. Let me sit down here  
And leisurely enjoy my happiness.  
And so, it 's done; what next? that 's all; it 's done,  
And nothing more about it. Murdered him!  
Aye, that I did; and were it still to do,  
Would do it again; he hated me, I him.  
It 's a cursed passion, hatred; a cursed passion;  
That drives a man to kill even his own brother.  
It was not I, it was my hatred killed him;  
If I had loved him he had still been living.  
Hatred and love! I might as well have loved him,  
Or better. Why then didn't I? I could not.  
I was not given the choice to love or hate him;  
I was made hate him simply, and made love  
My sister; with all love was made to love her,  
And with all hatred made to hate my brother.  
So then it was not that I had not love,  
But that he was no object for that passion;  
And, for no reason but because she is not  
My hatred's object, I don't kill my sister;  
Both passions are my nature, my choice neither;  
Had I my choice, I 'd neither love nor hate  
But rise to both superior, like the oak  
That in the forest spreads his broad arms out  
With like indifference above a pair

Of duellists, and pair of cooing lovers.

Well then, the consequence? that 's bad for me.

Men have forbidden murder; not that men

Are good and virtuous, but because each man

Fears for himself and his; therefore their statutes,

Are point-blanc against murder; and they 'll rise

And hunt me like a wild beast down, and kill me;

Kind, loving, tender men that so hate murder!

Well, be it so! I did it open-eyed,

And knowing well that men would murder me

For daring to do that, alone and singly,

Which each of them fears by himself to do,

And only does when by participation

Of all the rest with him, no 'rest' remains

To call him to account, and judge, and punish.

Well then! and when they 've murdered me, is that all?

Kind, loving, tender men again! that 's not all.

Ye cannot follow me yourselves indeed

Beyond your murder — pity that ye cannot!

But ye will pray your God to raise us all

Out of our common grave, and with new life

And sensibility of pain endow us,

That ye may sit in everlasting joy

Above with angels, and look down on me

And all those whom for murdering ye have murdered,

Writhing in hellfires unextinguishable,

While ye sing Peans to His righteousness

Who made ye twice for joy, us twice for torment. \*

Aye, 'twas I did it; here I am, your prisoner.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, Febr. 6, 1854.

PLEÁSANT áre the sún's rays  
Hill and vále adórning,  
Pleásant áre the smáll birds  
Sínging in the mórning,

Pleásant is the spring's breath  
Througħ the thórñ hedge blówing,  
Pleásant is the primrose  
Óñ the ditch-side grówing,

Pleásant is the wild bee's  
Right conténted húmming,  
Pleásant is the óld friend's  
Lóng expécted cóming,

Pleásant is the kéttle  
Óñ the bright fire sínging,  
Pleásant áre the joýbells  
Íñ the steéple rínging,

Pleásant is the child's face,  
Sleéping in the crádle,  
Pleásant is the yóung colt's  
Whinny in the stáble,

Pleásant is the órgan  
Througħ the greát aisle peáling,  
Pleásant is the nún's' chant  
Througħ the láttice steáling,

Pleasant is the garden's  
Variegated full bloom,  
Pleasant is the hayfield's  
Almost sweeter perfume,

Bút to mé it 's sweéter  
Pleasantér and bétter  
Fróm my ábsent Truélove  
Tó receive a létter

Bidding mé to bánish  
Dóubt and féar and sórrow,  
Ánd to cáll upón her  
Eárlý ón tomórrów.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, Febr. 9, 1854.

---

“WHAT árt thou, dim figure, that stoppest me so,  
Down the path to the ford as I hurry along?  
Let me pass; the sun 's set, and I 've far yet to go —  
For a maid to be out after nightfall were wrong.”

“Dear Rose, thou canst not pass the river tonight,”  
As he threw back his cloak her own William replied;  
“See the flood how it covers the stepping stones quite —  
Nay Rose, art thou mad? thou must stay on this side.”

“Let me go; there 's still light and I know the ford well;  
It will scarce at the stepping stones reach to the knee;  
How could I tomorrow my cross mother tell  
That I 'd spent the whole livelong night, William, with thee?”

“Thou shalt sleep with my sister, and, when at gray day  
The fall of the water the stepping stones shows,  
To thy cross mother’s house she ’ll escort thee half way,  
And still in life’s garden shall bloom William’s rose.”

“It máy not be, William; I ’d rather tonight  
This dárk flood its drumly waves over me rolled,  
Than my cróss mother greet with tomorrow’s daylight,  
And see her eyes flash as my story I told.

“So thank thee, dear William, and let my hand go;  
Across in a moment in safety I ’ll be,  
For the flood ’s not deep yét and the current moves slow;  
Good night, my sweet William, and fear not for me.”

He holds her hand hard and keeps close to her side,  
And they ’re both in the water now up to the knee: —  
“It ’s a rough stream that me from my Rose shall divide;  
Clasp both arms round my neck, Love, and cling close to me.”

With a strong grasp he ’s caught her and lifts her up high,  
Her slender feet hanging down scarce touch the stream;  
Four steps, steady steps now — but was that a cry  
And a fall and a struggle, or do I but dream?

Strong is love, and the arms of a young man are strong  
When they ’re clasped round the waist of his newly pledged bride,  
But stronger ’s the mountain flood rushing along,  
When the rains from the clóuds burst at wet lammas-tide.

Down the river ’s a garden where marigolds blow,  
And sad willows lean over the water and weep,  
And thére country folks still the green hillock show  
Where the youth and the maid by the rippling wave sleep.



No need of stone letters the names to disclose  
Of the poor pair below, hapless bridegroom and bride,  
For a flower of Sweet William there each lammas glows,  
And a white mossy Rose bud droops close by its side.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, Febr. 7 — 8, 1854.

---

“WILL you allow me to go out, Sir?”

Thus Pat to me one evening said,  
As weary, dreary, in my study  
I sat with aching heart and head.

“And what is ’t, Pat, you would go out for?  
Can’t you at home the evening spend?”

“I ’ll not be long, Sir; only just run  
Over the way to see a friend.”

“To see a friend! stay, I ’ll go with ye;  
Bring me my cloak and stick and hat;  
A friend! a friend! what is a friend like?  
I never saw a friend yet, Pat.”

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, Febr. 5, 1854.

---

BREÁTHE not a murmur thou of querulous  
Dissatisfaction at the inscrutably  
Dark and mysterious ways of Providence,  
If in thy fortune’s ruin thou ’st preserved



A pair of easy, wool-lined, velvet slippers.  
About the color, whether black or brown  
Or green or scarlet, be not too fastidious;  
Bút, if stern destiny allows a choice,  
Choose yellow, as the prettiest and most Turkish.  
I like the Turks because they 're Mussulmen.  
Not preaching, praying, money-loving Christians;  
I like the Turks because they hate the Russians  
And will, I doubt not, give them a sound drubbing;  
I like the Turks because they 've a fine city,  
Cónstantinople on the Bosphorus,  
Where one can plainly see the sun at midday;  
But most I like the Turks because they never  
Wear boots at home, but always yellow slippers.  
I won't suppose thou hast on either foot  
A hard or soft corn, as the Earl of Mayo  
Advertises he had before he gót them  
Extracted by that notable chirúrgeon,  
Chiropodist and boot-and-shoe-maker,  
Valentine Prendergast in Sackville street,  
Right opposite the General Post Office,  
And next dóor to the general breeches-maker,  
Quáker, and gentleman, Friend Richard Allen —  
I wón't suppose thou hast on each great toe  
A bunion large and round as a small apple;  
I wón't suppose it, though I might since bunions  
Are never out of fashion with high gentry —  
Bút I 'll suppose thou 'st half the day been walking  
(A lady on each arm) in the genteelest  
Least desert part of our once flourishing city,  
Deáth and the Doctors' side of Merrion Square,  
In that same pair of boots thou now hast ón thee.  
Shórtér by two full inches than thy foot  
And full three inches narrower, and hast cóme home,

And with the aid of two maids and a bootjack  
Forced, with convulsive struggles desperate,  
The polished instruments of torture off,  
And set the crippled joints at liberty —  
Góds! thy contentment as thou 'dst slip first one  
And then the other quivering, lame, and wounded  
Extremity into the refuge safe  
Of a large, wool-lined, velvet pair of slippers.  
Then if thou wert not thankful, didst not bless  
High Heaven's beneficence to wretched sinners,  
Thou 'dst merit, not Saint Patrick's Purgatory  
Or Hell's sulphureous fires unquenchable,  
Bút to be doomed on Heaven's hard sapphire pavement  
To promenade for ever in those sáme boots,  
And find, to all eternity, no bootjack,  
No pitying angel's hand, to rid thee of them.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, Febr. 6, 1854.

## POET AND FRIEND.

POET.

“A pair of twins were born, they say,  
The selfsame hour, the selfsame day;  
How many years it was ago  
I never heard and do not know,  
But born they were, as like each other  
As ever twin was like twin brother,  
And, be it so long as it may,  
Have lived from that hour to this day  
Through every change of wind and weather,  
In perfect harmony together,

Beside or near each other ever,  
And for one half hour parted never,  
Saturday, Sunday, morn or night,  
By gas no less than candle light.  
As soon as either goes to bed  
The other droops his heavy head,  
Awake no sooner is the one  
Than the other too with sleep has done;  
Both rise together and all day  
Together work, together play,  
Study, pay visits, read, or write  
Letters of business, or indite  
Nonsense in rhyme, called poetry,  
Or by land travel or by sea,  
One never farther from the other  
Than Siamese twin from his brother  
Nor half so far; yet strange to tell  
Though each the other loves so well,  
Smiles when he smiles, weeps when he weeps,  
And by his side for ever keeps,  
Neither has yet the other seen —  
Ye learned and wise, say whom I mean."

FRIEND.

"Poetic Sir, in vain you try  
A thing so plain to mystify;  
How easy will the learned and wise  
Pierce your conundrum's thin disguise,  
When I, though neither learned nor wise,  
Read its plain meaning in your eyes."

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, Febr. 5, 1854.

## MOG OF KILDARE.

Oh there never was flower half so rich and so rare  
As my own pretty lassy, sweet Mog of Kildare;  
Her cheeks are two tulips, red bordered with white,  
I 'd not tire looking at them from morning till night.

Except the black spot on the flower of the bean  
I have never a match for her eye's blackness seen,  
And yet from that blackness there shoots such a light  
As you 've seen from the young young moon on a clear night.

But her mouth! — where 's the thing with her mouth may compare  
In sweetness, except a ripe Bergamot pear?  
And her lips! — they 're a pair, sure, of red blushing cherries;  
And her breath! — makes one think of the time of strawbérries.

Fine is flax, silk is fine; but far finer the hair  
That in black, glossy ringlets falls down on her bare  
Glancing white neck and shoulders, for Mog's neck 's as white  
As cambric, or swansdown, and as satin bright.

You have heard, some May evening, when all round was still.  
From the midst 'of the thorn bush the blackbird's note thrill;  
I would rather than that note hear Mog's daily voice,  
Could 'rathers' and wishing but get me my choice;

But they cannot, for if they could I 'd not be here  
In black Dublin pining all round the long year,  
But tomorrow would see me pay down second fare,  
And away to the Curragh and Mog of Kildare.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 8, 1854.

IT is indeed a noble sight, this hall  
With its full stream of people pouring in.  
Uninterrupted, at one end, and out  
Uninterrupted pouring at the other.  
I wish they did not disappear so soon,  
That I might make acquaintance with them, learn  
Something about them; whence they come, and whither  
In such vast multitudes they can be going;  
New faces and new faces still, and still  
New faces; and beyond the faces, nothing;  
Nothing beyond; black darkness fills the portal:  
Out of the darkness comes the stream of faces,  
Varied and fair and ever-varying faces:  
I 'd love them if I knew them, and if only  
They did not so soon at the far door vanish  
Away into impenetrable darkness,  
For out beyond that portal too I see  
Nothing but darkness, blank nonentity.  
That incorporeal darkness has for me too  
A force attractive, and toward the far portal,  
Were 't but permitted, I 'd go with the stream,  
And for a light and airy Negative  
Exchange this Positive's too oppressive weight.

TROMPETER - SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, February 16, 1854.

## THE BETROTHED.

[ Recitative. ]

HE.

For all the ages man has lived and died,  
Dug mines, hewed forests, sailed the ocean wide,  
Planted and ploughed and reaped, and bought and sold,  
And prayed to heaven and gathered heaps of gold,  
Never was maiden loved as thou by me,  
And never youth deceived as I by thee.

SHE.

For all the ages yonder glorious sun  
Round this great world his annual course has run,  
Dispensing to poor mortals heat and light,  
Summer, spring, autumn, winter, day, and night,  
Never was simple maid so cruelly  
Betrayed by perjured man as I by thee.

HE.

So long as tides shall flow and tempests sweep,  
And billows to the shore roll from the deep,  
So long as grass is green and skies are blue,  
And flowers, on summer mornings, wet with dew,  
I 'll hate the name of woman and believe  
God made her lovely only to deceive.

SHE.

So long as I have vital strength and heat,  
So long as in these veins a pulse shall beat,  
So long as in this bosom heaves a sigh,  
So long as in this brain dwells memory,



I 'll curse the unlucky month, week, hour, and day.  
I gave my free heart to a man away.

HE.

Cursed hour! I well remember it: 'twas night:  
We stood there in the orchard, in the light  
Of the full moon, thy right hand clasped in mine,  
In thy left hand this sprig of jessamine;  
Thou on this sprig swor'st, I by the moonlight,  
To be each other's ever from that night.

SHE.

The jessamine 's withered, the full moonlight fled,  
Thine oath forgotten, my love cold and dead;  
Here let us part; take thou thy separate way  
And I 'll take mine; tomorrow 's a new day;  
May it shine happy on thee; and of me  
Henceforth as seldom think as I of thee.

HE.

Farewell, and happy live; thy jessamine  
I give thee back; and should'st thou e'er incline  
To love another, look on the dead flower  
And of thine oath think and that moonlight hour,  
Then give thine hand, thy new oath swear, and then  
Break thy new oath, and cry: — How fickle men!

SHE.

Agreed; give me the flower: — Heaven, hear me swear  
By this once sweet flower and this noontide air,  
And by thyself and yon bright sun above,  
As true and faithful as to my first Love  
I 've ever been, I 'll to my second be;  
So help me Heaven, I pray on bended knee.



Náy, rise not yet: — Kind Heaven, hear mé too swear  
 By thee and by this flower, yon sun, this air,  
 Beside my first Love here on bended knee:  
 I 'll to my second Love as faithful be,  
 As constant true and kind eternally,  
 Ás my first, second, óny Love to me.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, January 28, 1854.

# FROM THE PUBLIC HUE AND CRY.

JANUARY 1, 1854.

CAUGHT — a thiéf, last night at midnight,  
 Bý the wáitch in thé New-márket,  
 Cárrying ón his báck a weighty  
 Búndle óf all sórts of stólen goods.

Thé right ówners cán recóver  
 Their lost wáres on applicátion  
 Tó the únder-signed Watch Sérgeant,  
 Bétween Twélve and Fóur on week days.

Nº 1. Bag fúll of réd cheeks  
 Sóft and plúmp, withóut a wrinkle;  
 Ládies míssing súch can trý on  
 Ín a roóm apárt provided.

Nº 2. Bag fúll of lóng hair,  
 Ráven bláck, and brówn, and aúburn,  
 Lánk, and frizzled, ánd in ringlets,  
 Coárse and fine — in shórt, of áll sorts.

Nº 3. Of teéth a lárge box,  
Peárlly-white and smooóth and éven,  
Grinders, cánine, and incisors,  
Nót to speák of sêts of mílk-teeth.

Nº 4. Some dózen bóttles  
Fúll of cleár transparént wáter  
Tásteless, sméll-less, and most líkely  
Teárs of órphans ór of wídows.

Súndry bládders filled with gáses  
Óf spécífic grávitíes váríous:  
Sóme tried with reágents túrn out  
Tó be síghs and oáths of lóvers;

Sóme, impónderáble whóllly  
Ánd to nó known tést respónding,  
Áre conclúded tó be dáy-dreams,  
Hópes and feárs and cástle-buildings;

Sóme, from thése in nóthing dífferent,  
Háppílly bear lábels státing  
Théy are points of fáith and cónscience  
Nécessáry tó salvátion.

Thé abóve, with óther ítems  
Fár too númerous fór a hánd-bíll,  
Sáfely fróm the thief recóvered  
In my óffice wáit theír ówners.

Mémorándum. Thé thief háving  
In the scúffle ánd confúsióh,  
Ás they bróught him tó the guárdhouse,  
Slípped his hándcúffs ánd got cleár off,

You are noticed, hé is neither  
Óld nor young in his appeárance,  
Neither swárthy nór fresh cólored,  
Neither wéll- nor yét ill-loóking;

Neither táll nor lów of státüre,  
Neither nárrow- nór broad-shouldered,  
Bút is in perpétual mótion,  
Ánd has woundilý long fingers.

Bý these twó marks you may pick him  
Óút at ónce from midst a thousánd,  
Bý his lóng and slénder fingers  
Ánd his éver réstless mótion.

Úp and dówn while óther thieves go,  
Báck and fórdward scóurged by cónscience,  
Hé alóne makes éver fórdward,  
Ón and ón, for éver ónward.

Eýe hath néver seén him loóking  
Ónce behínd him ás he ón goes,  
Eár hath néver heárd his foótfall,  
Líght his stép as hé were félt-shod.

Shóuld you sée him, you 're requested  
Tó this óffice tó send nótiçe;  
Fifty Póunds to him that tákes him.  
Signed and seáled — Pat Smíth, Watch Sérgeant.

[TROMPETER-SCHLOSSCHEN, DRESDEN, JAN. 29, 1854.]

## YOUNG MIDSHIPMAN

### GOING TO SEA.

THE billow, the billow  
Shall be my head's pillow,  
The wind my lullaby;  
The roll of the deep  
Shall rock me to sleep;  
Welcome, welcome, blue sea.

The white sail 's unfurled,  
With the breeze the wave 's curled;  
How sweet 'tis to roam!  
Farewell, father, mother,  
Farewell, sister, brother,  
I 've got a new home.

TROMPETER - SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, Febr. 24, 1854.

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NÓTHING say,  
But come ere day,  
And I 'll be ready;  
Bring silk rope  
And love and hope  
And courage steady;

Bring gold ring,  
And fleet horse bring,  
And purse of gold;  
The cloister bell  
Ere noon shall tell  
I 've broke the fold.

TROMPETER - SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 2, 1854.

THERE 's a ráft upón the wáter;  
Á frail ráft, ill pút togéther;  
Ón it sits a lóvely maiden —  
Bléssed Gód! what thére has brought her?

Ín a white chemise of cámbric,  
Heád, feet, breást and shóuldérs náked,  
Seé her, in this stórmý weáther,  
Hélpless ón the báre raft sitting.

Úp and dówn upón the billow,  
Híther, thíther, hów she tósses!  
Loóse upón the wind her trésses,  
Like a shíp's long pénnon, streáming.

Sáve her, sáve her, ére she pérish!  
Próvidénce thou 'rt áll a fáble!  
Stáy, there 's sóme one thére beside her;  
Ón the ráft I seé two figures.

Shé has hélp now; Heáven, I thánk thee!  
Hé will sáve her, súde, or pérish;  
Nóne but á strong swimmer éver  
Máde the ráft thróugh thóse high billows.

Nów he thróws his árms abóut her —  
Gód, there is no flésh upón them!  
Thróugh his ribs I seé the blué wave,  
Ánd the ráft is slówly sínkíng.

Lúckless maiden, lóveliest Psýche!  
Túrned adrift and léft to pérish! —  
Ón the wind one búbbling shriék dies,  
Ánd no spéck more 's ón the wáter.

Written in the ROYAL LIBRARY, DRESDEN, Jan. 28, 1854.

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SLEÉP, babe, sleep;  
Í will keep  
    WátcH o'er thy head;  
Nóthing fear,  
Móther 's near,  
    Guárding thy bed.

Lóng ago  
Í lay so,  
    Guárded by one,  
Whó loved me  
Ás I thee —  
    Alás! she 's gone.

Tíme draws nigh,  
Whén thou by  
    Thý babe shalt sit,  
Ánd o'er me  
Clósed shall be  
    The deep grave pit.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 2, 1854.

## YOUNG MIDSHIPMAN

### RETURNING HOME.

It is the land!  
My native strand!  
The dear loved shore!  
With what delight  
Each well known height  
I greet once more!

Deep rolling sea  
That tempted'st me  
Away to roam,  
I love thee more  
Than ever before —  
Thou 'st brought me home.

TROMPETER - SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, Febr. 25, 1854.

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THE dead bells may ring,  
And the choristers sing  
Round the coffin so black,  
But long they may ring,  
And sweet they may sing,  
Ere they bring the life back.

On the grave-hillock green  
The buttercup sheen  
And daisy may grow,  
But the maggot will creep  
Where in the earth deep  
The corpse rots below.

TROMPETER - SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 1, 1854.



## FRETTINA TORMENTINA NOTHINGRIGHT.

FOR man for bird for fish for brute  
This world 's well made, it 's past dispute;  
Yét in this world some things there be  
That never yet agreed with me:

I 'm always in close carriage sick,  
Whéther it 's going slow or quick;  
Far better be upon the rack  
Thán to the horses turned my back.

Jólting I never yet could bear  
With common patience; I declare  
I 'd rather trudge upon my feet  
Than up and down bump on a seat.

An outside car in jeopardy  
Puts life and limb; one cannot see  
Óut of an inside — might as well  
Bé at the bottom of a well.

I dearly buy the time I gain  
Whén I go with the railway train;  
I 'm sure I 'm not given to complain,  
Bút the noise álmost turns my brain.

Turf smoke I hardly can endure;  
Coál smoke to stifle me is sure;  
The smell of hyacinths sets me wild,  
And musk I 've hated since a child.

Tobacco smoke I scarce can bear  
Even in the free and open air;  
Judge of my torture, with the fume  
When I 'm shut up in the same room.

I almost faint if I breathe gas,  
Or hear the braying of an ass,  
Or see a spider on the wall,  
Or hear a kitten give a squall.

I would not stay in any house  
In which I knew there was a mouse,  
Much less that hideous thing, a rat;  
And yet I can't endure a cat.

There 's nothing I dislike so much  
As of a limy thing the touch,  
Unless it be cold iron rust,  
Or window curtains full of dust.

If with me you would live at peace  
Don't let me see a spot of grease  
On table-cover, chair, or floor,  
Much less a handmark on the door.

I 'd rather sit the livelong day  
With my eyes closed or turned away,  
Than look out through a dirty pane,  
Whether at sunshine or at rain;

And yet I own I don't like rubbing,  
Polishing, brushing, dusting, scrubbing;  
Washing, if possible, I hate more,  
And scouring day 's to me a bore.

Íf I but thought, or heard it said,  
There wás even óne bug in my bed,  
I 'd either die at once of fright  
Or sit up at the fire all night.

Damp weather fills me full of pains,  
In frost and snow I get chilbláins,  
In summer heats I melt away  
And sweat and smother night and day.

My deadliest enemy 's fog or mist;  
Ín a close room I can't exist,  
And yét I find it hard to bear  
The smallest current of fresh air.

Whén the wind blóws from the north-east,  
I 'm never well; but that 's the least;  
My sensibility sympathizes,  
And greater grows as the wind rises.

Whén the wind blóws from the south-west,  
Bódy and soul are both oppressed;  
I 'm good for nothing, dead and dull,  
Life's mercury down quite to null.

But let the wind blow as it may,  
All 's well while it blows but by day;  
Bút when there comes a stormy night —  
Píteous indeed is then my plight;

I can't lie still, far less can sleep;  
But jumping up and down still keep,  
Óut of, and into bed all night,  
Sometimes even scream aloud with fright.

It makes me ill, all day to sit  
Mumchance at home, whether I knit  
Antimacassar sopha-cover,  
Or turn dull Boz's pages over;

But let me venture to go out,  
And I may count sure on a bout  
Of toothache or sore chest and cough  
Fór the next threé weeks, on and off.

When visits I receive or pay,  
I múst wear smiles and sweet things say;  
But sore it goes against my grain,  
Visits to me are downright pain,

Were 't only that I cannot brook  
Still to be told how well I look,  
While I feel ill in every part,  
Sórry and sore, and sick at heart.

Though I cannót bear compliment  
However kindly it be meant,  
And look on flattery as a curse,  
Yet somehow the plain truth is worse —

'  
Is it not shocking to be told:  
"You look as if you 'd got a cold;  
Your eyes how red! your lips how blue!  
Sénd for a doctor; dear friend, do."

I 'd rather not go out at all  
Than go to what you call a ball;  
Dress naked, flirt, hop on the floor,  
And scarce get to my bed at four.

A dinner 's worse — stiff ceremony,  
Gúzzling and politics; the whole three  
Ántipodistic quite to me;  
The only thing I like is tea;

That is, I like tea if it 's not  
Too strong, too weak, too cold, too hot,  
Too white, too sugared; nor has been  
With Pekoe flavored, or with green.

Cóffee excites me — makes me dream;  
Besides it 's nó good without cream,  
And cream is heavy; cocoa 's trash —  
My stómach never could bear splash.

I turn at butter, if it 's spread  
Like spermaceti on my bread;  
Toást I could never yet get down  
If smoked or singed, or not quite brown.

An egg, more than three minutes boiled  
Or half a second less, is spoiled;  
The hen should be brought from the stable  
And made to lay upon the table.

You 'd scarce believe the misery  
It always was and is to me  
To be obliged to sit and see  
The fire poked injudiciously.

I cán't bear trifling conversation;  
For serious I 've small inclination;  
It 's not genteel to be too gay,  
Far less to romp about and play.

I don't like books; it hurts my sight  
To read the print by candlelight.  
And if I 'm seen to read by day,  
What in the world will people say?

"Have you no better occupation?"  
"You put a stop to conversation;"  
"Why really Fretty 's growing blue;"  
"Now can't you do as others do?"

Press me to sing, you set me mad;  
Not to be asked at all 's as bad;  
And as for playing a quadrille,  
I neither can nor ought nor will;

So if you must dance, dance away;  
But don't ask me to sit and play,  
My shoulders covered with my shawl,  
And my face turned right to the wall.

It 's scarce less bad to sit stoek still,  
And, as a statue, dumb until  
Missy has done her caterwauling —  
God pity those who don't like squalling!

I wouldn't like to have it said  
That I had lived and died a maid;  
Yet marriage, after all, is worse —  
Kill me, but don't make me a nurse.

It 's therefore clear to me as day  
That somehow I have gone astray,  
That this world 's not my proper sphere,  
And by mere accident I 'm here.

And yet I wouldn't like to change;  
It 's safe to stay, unsafe to range;  
A fall comes of rash leap or rush;  
A bird in hand 's worth two in bush.

So, with your leave, I 'll just stay here  
Until I find my proper sphere;  
And if I never find it — why,  
There 's many as ill off as I.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, Febr. 28, 1854.

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TO the battle, to the battle,  
For our country and our right;  
Hear the cannon how they rattle;  
Our friends are in the fight.

Drive báck the bold aggressors  
With bayonet-thrust and ball;  
Stand firm the field's possessors,  
Or whére ye stand, there fall.

Wave wave, gay tricolór,  
Wave wave, proud union-jáck;  
Hurrah for France and England,  
Down with the false Cosáque.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, Febr. 25, 1854.



HEAVY coffin. black pall;  
Servants stand in the hall;  
Strangers pass to and fro;  
To the green churchyard near  
Sad and slow moves the bier  
With its trappings of woe.

There 's not even a mouse  
To be heard in that house  
So deserted and lone;  
Hush! hush! from the gloom  
Of one close-curtained room  
Sobs the poor widow's moan.

And, oft wondering why  
Own papa should so die,  
Little children in vain  
At the avenue gate  
For him sit and wait  
Who will not come again.

TROMPETER - SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 2, 1854.

'TIS the gáy bridal feast;  
From the greatest to least  
    All the household 's in joy;  
It 's sweetmeats and flowers,  
And perfumes in showers —  
    No alloy, no alloy.

From the boárd hies the throng  
To the dance and the song  
    In the garland-hung hall,  
Where the bridegroom and bride,  
In their beauty and pride,  
    Hand in hand lead the ball.

But there 's óne watery eye,  
As the dancers sweep by;  
    Ah, poor gráy-headed sire!  
It 's thine heart pays the cost,  
For forever thou 'st lost  
    Her whom áll eyes admire.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 2, 1854.

“GRÁCIOUS César,” said Hormisdas  
Answering á repeáted quéstion,  
“Trúly nóble is your city,  
Trúly mighty áre the Rómans;

“Througħ your streéts and yóur piázzas  
Í have wándered néver weáry,  
Fróm the súnrise tó the súnset —  
Góds, the Rómans áre your children.

“Márble cólumnns, gólden ceilings,  
Báths and pórticóes and témples,  
Státues, páintings — áll the wórld sure  
Ínto Róme’s lap póurs her treásures.

“Bút there ’s óne thing Í admire more  
Thán Rome’s pórticóes and témples,  
Thán her státues, thán her páintings,  
Móre even thán the crówn of César.”

“Ánd what ’s thát one thing, Hormisdas,  
Fór I táke you fór a wise man,  
Whát ’s that óne thing yóu admire more  
Ín Romè thán her pówer and riches?”.

"Ás your cíty gáte I éntered  
Yésterdáy, from Pérsia cóming,  
Í read ón a símple tómbstone: —  
ACCA UNI NUPTA VIRO.

"Mighty César, bé not ángry  
With your húmble Eástern sérvant,  
Íf more thán Rome's crówn impérial  
Í admire the Róman mátron."

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 17, 1854.

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THE long and last  
Sad struggle 's past  
Of hope and fear;  
Fást from my eyes  
The dáylight flies;  
Káth'rine, art near?

Beside me stand;  
Give me thy hand  
And don't let go;  
Even in death  
I 'll feel thy breath,  
Thy kisses know.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, Febr. 23, 1854.

## NEWTON.

I well remember how upon this beach  
Pláying about, some fóurscore years ago,  
A thoughtless child, I found a cockleshell  
And brought it home and showed it to my friends  
And prayed them to admire with me the treasure.  
Since thén I 've wandered oft upon the beach  
Of the great universe, and here and there  
Picked up a cockleshell left by the tide,  
And brought it home and giv'n 't some idle name,  
Centripetal, as it might be, or Centrifugal,  
Repulsion or Cohesion or Refraction;  
And so with fáir toys filled my babyhouse.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 14, 1854.

## THE ESCAPE.

DóWN the stream,  
Like a dream —  
Hush, húsh, no noise —  
Ín our boat  
Smoóth we float;  
Pull, púll, my boys.

Tó the shore  
Túrn your oar;  
No noise, no noise;  
Ón the strand  
Júmp to land;  
We 're safe, my boys.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, Febr. 24, 1854.

## MORNING AND EVENING.

I 'm gay and happy in the sunny morning,  
When everything around is fresh and cheerful;  
Birds caroling and flowrets spreading wide  
Their painted saucers to th' all-gladdening ray.  
My spirit then with hope and confidence  
Looks forward to the future, and I 'm full  
Of noble enterprize and great achievement.  
But when day's glorious orb down from the zenith  
Wheels his precipitous course, and evening gray,  
Beind him rising in the darkening East,  
Leads ón the sad funereal pomp of night,  
A dämp comes o'er me and I feel no more  
That strong elastic buoyancy of spirit,  
Which lifts me up from earth and carries me  
Away, away, into the interminable  
Elysium of a bright and prosperous future;  
Then fear takes place of hope and I recoil  
Before the Coming, and my backward eye  
Turn sad and tearful on the happy past;  
My youth's and manhood's friends with hollow voice  
Call to me from their sepulchres and bid me  
Prepare to follow; Evening first, then night,  
Deep black midnight, possesses my whole being;  
Till with inaudible, light footstep Sleep  
Steals on me and throws over me his mantle  
Oblivious, and I lie entranced till touch  
Of the new day awakes me to new life.  
New courage, and new action, hope, and joy,  
To last again till evening, night, and sleep —  
Such puppet art thou, proud, vain-glorious Man!

STERZING, in the TYROL. Sept. 14, 1853.

### THE BIRTHDAY ODE.

THE earl will háve a birthday ode;  
Ís to the Muses' mean abode: —  
“Máster, I need some dozen rhymes;  
Must háve them ere the vesper chimes;  
Before a goodly company  
Rehearsed tomorrow they shall be.”  
“Impossible, my noble Lord;  
Too poór this dwelling to afford  
Materials, ere the vesper chimes,  
For half of half a dozen rhymes.”  
“It múst be done,” the earl replied;  
“Tomorrow my new-wedded bride  
Her birthday celebrates; thére 's the gold;”  
And ten broad pieces down he told.  
The poet scrupulous shook his head,  
And smiled and to the earl thus said: —  
“The gold 's all right, but there 's no time;  
'Tis but two hours to vesper chime,  
And far off lies the town away;  
The road is bad and rough the day.”  
“And what has weather, town, or road  
To do with birthday or with ode?”



"To weave a web you must have thread;  
 To cast a bullet one needs lead;  
 You can't make butter without milk;  
 It 's out of mulberry leaves comes silk;  
 Without long grass you can't make hay,  
 Nor china without potter's clay;  
 And poetry's extatic thought  
 Was never into being brought  
 Out of an empty, hopeless nought."  
 "Say out your meaning short and clear;  
 Not to read riddles come I here;  
 And see on yonder castle wall  
 Where frowning stands the gibbet tall."  
 Trémbling and falling on his knee,  
 "My noble Lord, you 'll pardon me" —  
 Thus to the earl then answered he;  
 "The elements of poetry  
 Lie in yon castle's buttery."  
 The earl laughed loud and heartily,  
 And raised the poet from his knee;  
 Away they 're to the castle gone;  
 The evening table 's spread anon;  
 Black wurst, brown venison, red tokay;  
 Tomorrow 's the bride's Naming day;  
 The cellar, buttery, and hall,  
 Oerflowing with provisions, all: —  
 "Health to the bride — that 's fine tokay;"  
 The poet thus began to say,  
 As through his veins and fibres weak  
 The liquor mounted to his cheek  
 And filled with life and energy  
 His heart and brain and flashing eye: —  
 "Health to the Lady Geraldine —  
 Féllow, another bumper wine;"

What month is this, and what the day?"  
"Tomorrow is the First of May."  
Now say not that the poet dozed,  
If for a while his eyes he closed,  
For foot and lip and fingers' play  
Shows that he meditates a lay;  
And all at once thus to his tongue  
The numbers crowded, and he sung: —

Join hands round, and in a ring,  
Maymaids, let us dance and sing,  
Daughters all of Mája fair,  
Mája with the golden hair.

Daisy, primrose, violet bring;  
Every flower that loves the spring  
Weave into a garland fine  
For the brow of Géraldine.

Géraldine shall be our Queen;  
When was fairer Maymaid seen?  
Forward, backward; one, two, three;  
Bend to Géraldine the knee.

Not with cord the wreath entwine,  
But with sprig of églantine;  
Curtsyng, dancing in a ring,  
To the Queen the garland bring;

Set it on her head and say: —  
"Thee we crown on thy birthday,  
Thee we crown Queen of the Máy;  
Happy happy live and gay."

Thén join hánds and in a ríng  
Róund and róund her dáce, and síng: —  
“Theé we crówn on thý birth dáy,  
Theé we crówn Queen óf the Máy.”

Móther Mája heár us práy: —  
“Lét this bé a jóyful dáy  
Tó the bridegroom ánd the bride  
Ánd to áll the cóuntry wíde.”

Fórward, báckward; óne, two, threé;  
Tó the bridegroom bénd the kneé;  
Hé is stróng and shé is fáir;  
Néver wás a lóvelier páir.

Bléss the bridegroom, bléss the bríde,  
Ever bý each óther's síde,  
Éver háppy, éver gáy,  
Áll the yeár to thém one Máy.

“By th' holy rood,” then cried the earl,  
“Of bírthday odes that is the pearl,  
And wéll such venison, wurst, and wine  
Will please the **Lady Geraldine**.”  
The poet bowed and bade good night,  
And wént home, and till dawning light  
Sat úp indítíng poetry;  
A joyfúl man I trow was hé.

TROMPETER-SHCLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 7, 1854.

CÁW, caw, caw,  
Blithe Jackdaw,  
Come hère to me;  
Whý so shy?  
Thouú and I  
May wéll agree.

Í for great  
Chúrch and State  
Cáre not one spittle,  
Ánd I trow,  
Wise bird, thou  
Car'st júst as little.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 13, 1854.

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“THERE is a wee wee word I love  
All other wee wee words above;  
What may this wee wee word be, guess;  
Three letters spell it” — “Y — E — S.”

“This wee wee word has a wee brother  
Whom I hate more than any other  
Ill-natured wee wee dwarf I know,  
Two letters spell his name” — “N — O.”

Composed during the night in bed, TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN,  
March 1—2, 1854.

TWÉNTY ápples f6r a p6nny;  
N6ver gáve, bef6re, so máný;  
C6me, Sir, buý;  
Twénty ápples fr6sh and fáir,  
Mélting sweet as ány p6ár;  
Thére, Sir, trý.

Buý my ápples, spénd your p6nny;  
N6 one 6lse will give as máný;  
Whát, Sir? deár!  
Fáir 's the price or Í 'd not ásk it;  
Íf your wise you 'll cleár my básket —  
Húzza, cleár!

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 2, 1854.

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“Album mutor in alitem.”

THE Roman Lyríst's soul, 'tis said,  
Óút of his body when it fled,  
Éntered the body of a swan,  
And thére continued to sing ón.

But whén the bard of Ambleside,  
Fóllowing the example, died,  
His spirit — never of much use —  
Éntered the body of a goose,  
And, faithful to its ancient knack,  
Kept gabbling ever, gak gak gak.

Composed during the night in bed, TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN,  
Febr. 18—19, 1854.

## THE TWO WRESTLERS.

Two wréstlers mét once on a green;  
Two sturdier carls were never seen;  
Each other's enemies, I ween,  
Time immemorial they had been.

"Well met, well met," at once they cried;  
"Now let us our old feud decide;"  
And with the word doffed cloak and hood;  
And naked on the champaign stood.

One moment each the other eyed  
From top to toe, from side to side;  
Then raised his brawny arms on high  
And closed upon his enemy.

The one was florid, fresh, and fair,  
With ruddy cheeks and curly hair;  
The other swarthy, grizzled, grim,  
But nót less stout in heart and limb.

The fresh and fair one has the waist  
Óf his athletic foe embraced  
With both his arms, and holds him tight,  
And hugs him close with all his might.

His enemy with adroiter grip  
And stronger arm, upon the hip  
Takes him, and lifts him from the ground,  
And runs with him the arena round.

Then flings him down and says: — "Lie there;  
Another time thou 'lt hardly dare  
To cope with me; this day remember,  
The first day of my own November."

How long upon the sward there lay  
The vanquished wrestler I can't say,  
But six months after, he was seen  
Encountering, on the selfsame green,

His grim opponent. Short and few  
The words that then passed 'twixt the two;  
But here and there, and high and low,  
Each battered each with many a blow;

The sweat out on their temples broke,  
The dust around them rose like smoke;  
His late success the one inspired,  
Shame and revenge the other fired;

And now the fair, the stronger seemed;  
The swarthy now you 'd stronger deemed;  
Till, all at once, his active foe  
Dealt to the swarthy such a blow

As laid him senseless on the sward: —  
"There now," he cried, "take thy reward  
For thy November victory,  
And still in May remember me."



Wondrous it seems, but when the sere  
November sét in the next year,  
On the same green the champions same,  
By chance or fate, together came

And fought again. Victorious he  
Whó the last year had victory  
Won on that day, and low he lay  
Who had the victor been in May.

And so each following year, they say,  
In each November and each May,  
Came off a fight upon that green  
Those ancient enemies between.

And still the ruddy, fresh, and fair  
Was conqueror in May's genial air,  
And triumphed all the summer long,  
Héro of many a joyous song;

And still November saw him fall,  
Stripped from his brow the coronal,  
And hailed his gaunt opponent king  
And conqueror, till the following spring.

Begun at MAINBERNHEIM (near WÜRZBURG), Nov. 29. Finished while  
walking from NEUSTADT to MÜNCHAURACH (near ERLANGEN), Nov. 30, 1853.

SHE wrought it for him with her own true hand,  
Of blue and white silk wrought it, and with patterns  
Adorned it of all sorts of fruits and flowers —  
Roses and violets and marigolds,  
Lilies and pansies and forget-me-not,  
Red blushing apples and long pendent pears —  
And in the middle, under a tall oak's  
Outspreading branches, her own form depicted  
Seated beside him on the mossy turf,  
Her hand in his locked, his sword laid beside him,  
And in his buttonhole a sprig of wild thyme.  
With busy needle three months long she wrought it,  
Sitting up late at night and rising early,  
And on the morn he set out for the wars  
Tied the scarf round his neck and bade him wear it  
In memory of her and of the day  
They pledged each other hand and troth beneath  
That firm and constant oak's wide-spreading branches;  
And then with tears and sad foreboding kissed him,  
And prayed God bless him and protect him always,  
And bade farewell, and stood and after him  
With straining eyes looked till he disappeared  
In the far distance; then sick sick at heart,  
Lonely and sad and slow, homewards returned  
And never from that hour heard of him more.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 21, 1854.

## THE THREE CREEDS.

THREE travellers far out of the South, East, and West  
At one table are met and regale on the best  
Capon, pastry, and champagne the inn can afford,  
And thus to each other talk, over the board: —

“I met,” says the first, “as I came here tonight,  
That fár-famous spectre in steel armour dight,  
In his hand was a lance, his sword hung by his side,  
And his beard was as black as with ink ’t had been dyed” —

“Stop thére!” cried the second; “I too met the knight,  
But I swear by the cross that his beard was snow white;  
I marked it with bóth my eyes as he passed by  
Not twó arms’ length óff; and the moon riding high.”

“I sáw the knight too,” thus the third traveller cried;  
“A long lance in his hand and his sword at his side,  
He róde with me tóward this house more than half wáy,  
And if ever was gráy beard, that knight’s beard was gray.”

“It was black, Sir, jet black” — “I insist ’twas snow white” —  
“Gray, gray, if a man may believe his own sight” —  
“Black” — “gray” — “white” — “Sir, I wouldn’t believe  
my own brother.”

“Sir, I think I can seé just as well as another.”

As loud they disputed and still warmer grew,  
Came a knocking outside and the door open flew,  
And into the room, in his steel armour bright,  
With his lance and his sword, stalked the grim-visaged knight.

Cold oozed the salt sweat on each traveller, I trow,  
And stark stáring erect stood the hair on his brow.  
As Charlemagne's spectre sat down at their board,  
And looked round chill upon them without saying word.

In a full suit of steel he was clad cap-a-pie,  
But his vizor was up, and his face plain to see:  
Roman nose, chalky teeth, lips drawn into a grin,  
Hollow cheeks, eyes of fire. not one hair on his chin.

So he sat, and looked round while you 'd tell four times four,  
Then got up, turned his back, and walked out through the door,  
Silent, solemn, and noiseless as ón Windsor height  
The captain on guard stalks his watch at midnight.

More free then the travellers began to draw breath,  
And the blood to their cheeks came, just now pale as death;  
'Twas the second that spóke first: — "And didn't I say so?  
And haven't you both seen now, his beard 's white as snow?"

"No, I haven't," cried the first; "contradict as you will;  
I said first it was black, and I say the same still;"  
"It 's as gray," cried the third, "as a cuckoo in May;  
What child does not know Charlemagne's beard was gray?"

"Í dont know it" — "Nor I" — The three travellers so  
In Aix la Chapelle bandied "No," "Yes," and "No."  
In what year? if you ask me, I vow I don't know;  
For that question 's disputed too — "No," "Yes," and "No."

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 13, 1854

## ZULEIMA.

„In dem schwarz und dunkelrothen  
Goldumbligten Festgewand,  
Zieht die glutgewohnte Tochter  
Spaniens an des Nordens Strand,  
In der Brust das ew'ge Sehnen  
Nach verlornem Liebesglück,  
Und der Thrane feuchte Perle  
Glänzt im dunklen Flammenblick.“

Julius Schanz.

“PÁLLID síster with the blue eyes  
And the fine and fláxen ringlets,  
Whý so shý of á poor gípsy?  
Hów can Spain's dark daughter hárm thee?

“Hóld thy hánd out. Háh! I seeé it —  
Pále-faced maidens toó have lovers;  
Sit down ón the bánk here with me,  
This white hánd requíres some stúdy.

“Lét me seeé; acróss the pálm straight —  
Lúcky thát, he 's táll and wéll-made.  
Fróm the veín to thé forefinger —  
Lúcky thát too, hé 's of high blood;

“Ánd there 's lúck here in this árched line  
Róund the thúmb's base whén the hánd 's closed —  
Pále-faced síster," thou art háppy  
Íf he 's ás good ás he 's hándsome.

“Bút these five spots ón thy thúmb-nail,  
Threé alóng it ánd two cróssing —  
Síster, síster, hé 'll betráy thee;  
Seeé my thúmb-nail hás the sáme cross.”

Wherefore gázes Spain's dark daughter  
On her ówn long, súnburnt fingers?  
Hás she quite forgót the blué-eyed  
Nórthern maíd that síts beside her?

Áh! her mínd is fár off wándering  
On the báńks of Guádalquivir;  
Áh! she 's thinking óf the stránger  
Thát there wooéd and wón and léft her.

Óf the stránger yóuth she 's thinking  
With the fáir skin ánd the light hair;  
Thóugh he léft her shé will lóve him  
Íf he lóves no óther maíden;

Shé will lóve him thóugh he léft her,  
Ánd through áll the wórld will seék him —  
Poór blind próphetéss, how little  
Guésest thou he is so neár thee!

Óne by óne her light guitár strings  
Slówly sádly shé is scréwing;  
Cóuld she thé last áir remémber  
Shé played fór him ére he léft her,

Ás they sát in thé verándah  
Óf the vénta in Sevilla,  
On that súltry Júly évening,  
With Spain's fúll moon ón them shíning.

Whén he swóre he 'd álways lóve her,  
Néver leáve her ór forsáke her,  
Ánd the néxt moon thát on Séville's  
Tówers and dómes should póur her fúll light,



Should with silver tip the bridal  
Cháplet ón Zuleíma's fórehead,  
And glance gaily fróm a góld ring  
Ón her lóng and táper finger.

Bút there 's nó ring ón that finger  
Though twelve móons their light have since filled,  
And by órange cháplet néver  
Sháll that dárk brow bé encircled;

And that stránger yóuth she 's néver  
Seén or héárd of, fór those twélve móons:  
Hás he sét sail fróm Gibráltar?  
Ín the cóld North is he woóing?

Shé has léft the Guádalquívir  
Ánd the wárm sun óf Sevilla  
With guitár in hánd to wánder  
Nóρθward á poor fórtune-téller;

Nóρθ to wánder ánd to seék him  
Ón the Thámes' banks ór the Húmber,  
Ánd in mány a cóld and gráy eye  
Fór twelve móons in vain has sóught him.

With a dárk-eyed Spánish maiden's  
Glówing héart Zuleíma 'll lóve him,  
Íf he hás not tó anóther  
Given the héart that wás Zuleíma's.

Íf he hás — the pále deceiver,  
Cálcúlate though hé may shréwdly,  
Hás not counted úp the réckoning  
Ás Spain's dárk-eyed maíd will count it.



Distant as her thoughts thus wandered,  
And with her guitar strings idly  
Played her fingers, and the dark fringe  
Of her lids half hid her eyes' light,

And with still encreasing wonder  
The pale Northern gazed upon her,  
Come, with hound and horn, a tall youth  
And the blue-eyed maid accosting: —

"Where hast been? Through wood and valley  
All day long I've sought my Ellen;  
Truant maid, and canst thou thus play  
With the fond heart of thy William?"

"Come, with this leash I will bind thee  
That thou stray no more from William" —  
And he threw about her white neck  
The embroidered scarf Zuleima

Had wrought for him with her own hand  
And bound round his neck in Seville  
On the evening that he pledged her,  
As they sat in the verandah

Of the venta, in the moonlight,  
Oath and troth that he would never,  
Never until death forsake her,  
Her, his own dark-eyed Zuleima.

Ellen's arm is locked in William's;  
Called the dogs back with a whistle;  
From the spot the pair are turning —  
Good God! was that glance Zuleima's?

'Twás Zuleíma's; bút it wás not  
Like Zuleíma's glánce in Séville  
Whén she bound th' embroidered scárf round  
William's néck in thé verándah,

Bý the moónlight, ánd looked ón him  
With such eýes as thé gazéle looks  
Ón the kindly hánd that feéds it  
Night and mórning with fresh fódder:

With such gláre as springs the tigress  
Ón the jáckal thát has véntured  
Near the júngle whére her cúbs lie,  
Ón the fálse youth spráng Zuleíma,

Ánd the lóng and shárp stilétto  
Spain's dark daúghters in their gárter  
Cárry fór offénce and défence,  
Ín his néck left tó the hilt plunged,

Ánd while vainly tried the trémbling  
Blué-eyed maíd to extráct the weápon,  
Ánd for hélp called, ánd the ébbing  
Life's blood with th' unlúcky scárf staunchéd,

Túrned her báck and wálked off slówly.  
Hápless maíd, go; Í forgíve thee;  
Má'y'st thou reách Seville in sáfety,  
Ánd thy nátive Guádalquivir.

TROMPETER - SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 20, 1854.

"DÓCTOR, whén will you at hóme be?"

Deáth, one mórníng, thús said tó me,

Ás I mét him át a pátiént's —

Deáth and Í are óld acquaintánce —

"Í 've been thinking tó call ón you,

Bút don't wish to interrúpt you

Ín your pleásure ór your búsiNESS;

Sáy the hóur that 's móst convénient."

"Ás you 're só good, Deáth," I ánswered,

"Every hóur to mé the sáme is;

Á friénd's visit 's álwáys wélcome,

Súndáy, weékday, níght or mórníng.

"Bút if Í might máke so frée, Death,

Í 'd just bég one fávor óf you;

Dróp in ón me únexpécted,

Í hate céremónious vísits.

"Cóme to mé as friénd to friénd comes,

Ón a súdden, whén least thought of;

Pípes and gróg are álwáys réády,

Ánd the máches ón the táble.

"Drínking, smóking, wé will sít, Death,

Tête-à-tête till wé grow héarty;

Thén for ány spreeé you líke best,

Oút we 'll sállý ón the báttér."

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, July 29, 1853.

*Betsy sings at her spinning-wheel.*

My William 's tó the seá gone,  
The deép deep rólling seá;  
Fly, weeks and mónths, awáy quick  
Till hé comes báck to mé.

Sweet wére the wórds my William  
Said ás he wént awáy: —  
“We 'll lóve each óther, Bétsy,  
Until our dýing dáy.

“Think óf me óften, Bétsy,  
As you sit át your wheél,  
And lét no coáxing slý youth  
Your héart from William steál;

“And Í to you will cónstant  
And éver faithful bé,  
And nó sly maíd my héart shall  
Kidnáp awáy from theé.”

Thread, threád, run througħ my fingers;  
Wheel, whéel, turn mérrilý:  
For évery turn, my William  
One túrn is neárer mé.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 22, 1854.

*Betsy sings at her spinning - wheel.*

LAST night as Í was spinning,  
A-spinning át my wheél,  
I thought I heárd a light foot  
Behind me sóftly steál.

Ah, could it bé my William!  
And a tear came tó my eýe,  
And my heárt it gáve a flútter,  
And my thread it wént awrý.

I did 'not dáre look round me  
For fear it wás not hé,  
And while my heárt went pít pat: —  
“Bétsy, don't you know mé?”

“And dón't I knów my William,  
That 's cóme home sáfe to mé?”  
And in my árms I clásped him,  
And gáve him kisses threé: —

“Ánd nów I háve you, William,  
You shall néver móre leave mé;  
Let thóse who háve no Bétsy  
Go roáming ó'er the seá.”

He thréw his árms abóut me  
And gáve me kisses threé: —  
“As lóng as Í have Bétsy  
I 'll gó no móre to seá.”

And nów I ám so háppy  
As hére I sít and spín,  
That nóthing in this wórld more  
Can tróuble mé one pín;

For Í have gót my William  
Safe cóme back fróm the seá,  
And Í 'm as fónđ of William  
As my William 's fónđ of mé.

Thread, threád, run thróugh my fingers;  
Wheel, wheél, turn mérrilý;  
For Í have gót my William,  
And my William hás got mé.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 30, 1854.

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AS at the Danube's waters deep  
Was drinking once a Turkish sheep,  
Cáme from the North with hideous yell  
A Russian wolf, as stories tell,  
And 'cross the mighty waters cried,  
That did the sheep from him divide: —  
“Fierce sheep, how, dar'st thou terrify  
The frogs that in yon marshes lie?  
For fear of thee they dare not croak;  
Ceáse ere my anger thou provoke;  
Théy are my friends and I 'll not see  
Them trodden under-foot by thee.”  
Then meekly thus the sheep replied: —  
“The Danube's rolling waters wide

Me and the frogs from thee divide.  
And right well they and I agree.  
Disturb not thou our harmony;  
I never have offended thee.”  
“Thou liest, bold sheep, did I not see,  
Though wide the stream twixt thee and me,  
Hów, but just now, down to the brink  
Thou cam’st and stoop’dst thy head to drink,  
As though thou minded wert to drain  
Ríver and marsh and the whole plain,  
And leave my friends, the frogs, to fry  
Únder the flaring sun and sky?”  
His fangs, as thus he said, he gnashed,  
Gláred with his eyes, and furious dashed  
Ínto the flood. The sheep, dismayed,  
Turned round and fled, and cried for aid;  
The shepherds, far off, heard the cry,  
And answered: — “We ’ll come by and by;  
Thou mayst upon our care rely.”  
The river ’s crossed and on the sheep  
The hungry wolf comes with a leap,  
Teárs him to pieces in a trice —  
Your Russian wolf was never nice  
Cárver of mutton — and well nigh  
Had in his stomach packed a thigh,  
When up the shepherds came with stones  
And cried: — “Leave us at least the bones;”  
And drove him off, and for their pains  
Took home and roasted the remains,  
Ánd a good supper had that night  
And laughed and sang till morning light.

Begun at BRUCHSAL, Nov. 21, 1853; finished while walking from  
BRUCHSAL to HEIDELBERG, Nov. 22, 1853.



I dónt remember well the date,  
 But once, as it was growing late,  
 And with long walking I was tired,  
 Thús of a German I inquired: —  
 “Pleáse, Sir, how fár off ’s the next town?”  
 Eyéd me from head to foot the clown,  
 Then answered gruff: — “Thou travell’st late.”  
 “I know it, Sir; and therefore great  
 Is my anxiety to know  
 How many miles I ’ve yet to go.”  
 “And whát may then your business be  
 Ín the next town?” said he to me;  
 “And hów long there will be your stay?  
 And hów far have you come today?  
 Whére were you born? where do you live?  
 True answer to these questions give,  
 And thén I ’ll tell you, if I know,  
 How many miles you ’ve yet to go.”  
 “Good night,” said I, -and left him there  
 Áfter me looking with a stare.  
 As ón I went, in doubt and dread  
 Whére I should lay that night my head,  
 I met a Frenchman: — “Pleáse, Sir, say  
 How far to \*\*\* and whát ’s the way.”  
 He bowed, took off his hat, and said: —  
 “Just twó short leagues; go right ahead  
 For half an hour, then to the right;  
 I hope you may arrive with light.”  
 Next Fortune an Italian threw  
 Across my path: — “Praý, Sir, will you

In kindness to a stranger say  
How far to \* \* \* and which the way."  
"Just half a league; but it 's too dark  
The windings of the way to mark,  
Só I 'll turn back, if you permit,  
And gó with you a little bit —  
Náy, it 's no trouble, quite a pleasure;  
And I 'll from you an equal measure  
Accept of kindness, if we ever  
Meét in your country, and if never —  
Whý, 'tis no matter." So he said  
And through the dark my footsteps led  
Tó the towngáte, then tó the hotel,  
Ánd, having waited till the bell  
Was rung and answered, bade good night  
Ánd with the word was out of sight.

Begun while walking from GERICHSEIM to WÜRZBURG, Nov. 27.  
Finished while walking from WÜRZBURG to ROTTENDORF, Nov. 28, 1853.

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A poem, when it 's first engendered  
Ín the poet's teeming brain,  
Is like a dark and troubled morning  
Shót through by the dawn's first rays;  
But when the poet's germ completed  
Waits for the parturient throes,  
A poem 's like the hour of sunrise  
Ín the blue ethereal heaven.

Composed during the night, in bed; TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN. DRESDEN,  
March 2 — 3, 1854.

ODDS bóbs, brother Tom, do you knów, by the Pówers,  
It 's a míghty fine wórld this, this fine world of ours,  
With its rolicking, frolicking, eating and drinking;  
The ónly one bád thing I knów in it 's thinking.

He 's a jolly old fellow, that round red-faced Sun,  
That so knowingly loóks down all day on our fun,  
As cantering, cápering, on we go hopping  
From one spree to another without ever stopping;

And though Mistress Moon 's whéy-faced and modest and shy,  
Yet she 's wélcome for áll that, when nobody 's by,  
To peép through the branches where under a tree  
My árm 's round my doxy and hér arm 's round me.

Yet fine as this wórld is, and we áll know it 's fine,  
'Twere a poór drimly drúmly world, sure, without wine;  
So to pále water-drinkers let 's leáve cares and pains,  
And with life's true elixir replenish our veins.

We 'll drink eách to the other and health to his lass;  
Tom, sénd round the bottle and fill up your glass;  
Let Jóve keep his Nectar, so we have the vine —  
Anóther dozen, fellow — it 's cápital wine.

God bléss Queen, lords, commons, and country, and town;  
God keép our friends úp and our enemies down;  
And may Britons live happy and mighty and free,  
As lóng as Great Britain's shore 's wáshed by the sea.

TROMPETER - SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 28, 1854.

TO SELINA.

„Es sind zwei kleine Fensterlein  
In einem großen Haus,  
Da schaut die ganze Welt hinein,  
Die ganze Welt heraus.“

THROUGH préttý little windows two  
Of bright and shining glass  
Oút on the world I cast my view  
And seé all things that pass.

Through thése same pretty windows two  
The world looks in on me,  
And seés that in all things I do  
I 'm thinking but of thee.

And thoú 'st two pretty windows blue  
Through which thou send'st thy soul;  
Would they had never met my view! ,  
My heart had then been whole.

They 're often wet, those windows blue,  
Those diamond panes of thine —  
Ah! máke me not for ever rue  
That thý glance e'er met mine.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 10, 1854.

## COFFEE.

Íf thy heárt and spírits sínk,  
Cófífee cófífee bé thy drínk;  
Cófífee stróng and cófífee hót  
Pípíng fróm the cóllíed pót.

Póur it out; it pleáses mé  
Thé clear brówn cascáde to see  
Árchíng fróm the spóut, and úp  
Fíllíng thé white chína cúp.

Fíll the cúp, the saúcer fíll;  
Póur it líberal, póur it stíll;  
Stínt me in wíne, - but néver thínk  
To stínt me whén I cófífee drínk.

Cándy, íf the cófífee 's bád,  
Ánd rích creám you 're frée to ádd;  
Íf it púre and génuíne bé,  
Leáve it in íts púríty.

Anóther cúp, anóther stíll,  
And stíll anóther; póur on tíll  
Eíther I sáy stop, ór there 's nó  
Anóther dróp lef in the pót.

Nów my héart and spírits rise;  
Róund the wórld my fáncy fliés,  
Ánd with sweéts retúrns to mé,  
Láden like the hóney beé.

Nów I 'm weálthy, wise and gréat;  
Tíme for mé has lóst its weight;  
Lét the clóck strike, whát care í  
Whéther mínutes creép or flý?

Páper, péns here — í 'll indite  
Póetry till mórning líght;  
Tíme enóugh to thínk of sleép  
Whén the dáwn begíns to peép.

O'erflówing bówl of spárkling wine  
I néver díd nor will declíne,  
And BÁCCHUS stíll shall hónoRED bé  
By évery jóvIAL sóul and mé,

But whén I wríte or reád or thínk,  
CófFee cófFee bé my drínk,  
CófFee stróNG and cófFee hót  
Píping fróm the cóllIED pót.

Written while walking from MOSBACH to WALLDÜRN (between HEIDELBERG  
and WÜRZBURG), Nov. 25 — 26, 1853.

## TEA.

WISHY-WÁSHY if thou 'dst bé,  
Pléntifully drink of teá;  
Bé it stróng or bé it weak,  
Teá 's the drínk will blánnch thy cheék.

Íf thou 'rt heárty, stóut, and hále,  
Drínking teá will máke thee ail;  
Íf thou 'rt sick and neéd'st a núrse,  
Drínking teá will máke thee wórse.

Líonheárted íf thou bé,  
And mórn and évening drínkest teá,  
Ere lóng thou 'lt creép abóut the hóuse,  
Pítifúl as ány móuse.

Drink teá ere thou liest dówn in béd,  
No slúmber sweét lights ón thy heáð;  
From frightful vísions, féárs, and dreáms,  
Thou wákest with terrific screáms.

Íf in the mórníng thou drínk'st teá,  
Heávy and sád all dáy thou 'lt bé,  
With stómach windy, weak, and dúll,  
Ánd, though émpy, fééling fúll.



I 'll nót hear tálk of whólesome teá:  
Bé it black cóngo, brówn boheá,  
Or flówery pékoe, ór the greén  
Hýson drunk bý our nóble Queén

Áfter a mátrimónial miff  
Or whén Lord Jóhnnny hás been stiff,  
Ánd she 's a heáð-ache, it 's the sáme  
Sure póison, whátsoe'ér its náme.

Hím that drinks mórn and évening teá  
Shún as thou 'dst shún an énemý;  
Cáptious and quárelling át a stráw  
He finds in évery thíng a fláw,

And with his neárest friénd will breáke  
Becaúse his ówn heart 's síck and weák;  
Thou 'lt pity him íf thou ríghtly think'st,  
O háppy mán, that cóffee drínk'st;

But keép far fróm him; thóugh not bád  
In heárt and gráin, he 's thórough mád,  
Drúnk, or posséssed, beyónd all cúre  
So lóng as teápots sháll endúre;

And in his fíts thou 'lt seé him flíng  
His légs abóút, and heár him síng: —  
"Jénny, pút the kéttle ón;  
Páddy, blów the béllows stróng."

But whén he hás a strónger fít  
His éyes grow bríght and shárp his wít,  
And glíb his tóngue, and íf his friénds  
Have fáults they 're át his fínger énds,

And hé 'll not spáre, though 'twére his bróther,  
His fáther, síster, ór his móther;  
So shún him thou, and tó drink teá  
Íf he invites thee, thínk of mé.

Composed while walking from WALLDÜRN to GERICHSHHEIM (near WÜRZBURG),  
November 26 — 27, 1853.

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### JULIUS TO PAULINE.

THERE 's nót an hoúr that pásses  
But Í hear sóme one sáy: —  
“Ah, whát a wórlđ of woé 's this,  
Of tróuble, night and dáy!

“It 's sórrow, páin, and sickness,  
And heávinéss and gáll;  
I wish I 'd diéd an ínfant,  
Or nót been bórn at áll.”

But Í dont find the wórlđ so,  
My ówn bright-eyed Paulíne,  
For sínce I first behéld thee  
A háppy mán, I 've beén.

And íf the wórlđ 's impérfect,  
I knów one cértain means  
T' impróve it — lét kind Heáven be  
Less stingy of Paulínes.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 31, 1854

PAULINE TO JULIUS.

THERE wás a tíme I dóubted  
On eárrh dwelt háppínéss,  
And wóndered whén I heárd men  
God fór his goódnéss bléss.

The wórld to me at thát tíme  
Seemed crippled ánd ill máde;  
The súmmer sún but scórched me,  
I shívered in the sháde.

But sínce the tíme my eýes first  
On theé, dear Július, lít,  
All thínks to mé seem lóvely  
And pérfectlý to fit;

The sún 's never too hót now,  
The sháde never too coól,  
Not-right 's but the excéption  
And Ríght the general rúle.

And bý and by when Július  
Is míne and only míne,  
There 'll bé no more excéption,  
But évery thínk dívine.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 31, 1854.

## FUTURE, PRESENT, PAST.

NÓW I háve thee, slippery sérpent,  
Lét me léisurely admíre thee;  
Há! what 's this? those raínbow cólors,  
Which so chármed me ére I caúght thee,  
Áll have vánished, ánd I find thee  
Bút a háteful, úgly blindworm.  
Thére! begóne! I cáre not fór thee;  
Thouú shalt nótagain deceive me.  
Wónderfúl! there théy again are,  
Évery cólor óf the raínbow,  
Brighter still and brighter glówing,  
Fárther fróm me ás thou glídest —  
Áh! could Í again but cách thee,  
Thouú shouldst nótagápe so eásy.

Composed during the night, in bed; TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN,  
March 5 — 6, 1854.

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*To a snuffy old maid who persecuted the author with her attentions.*

THY dropping nose says thou grow'st old;  
Thy dropping nose says thy blood 's cold;  
Thy dropping nose says, "Love 's not here"  
Thy dropping nose says, "Come not near."  
Thy dropping nose says quite enough,  
Even if it didn't say thou tak'st snuff.

Written while walking from ROTTENDORF (near WÜRZBURG) to MAINBERN-  
HEIM, Nov. 28, 1853.

GOÓD night said,  
Snúg in bed  
    Stretched out I lie;  
Clóthes tucked in  
Under chin,  
    To sleép I try.

'Twill not do;  
Áll night through  
    I túrn and toss,  
Lét me lie  
Lów or high,  
    Léngthwise or 'cross.

Whát can 't be  
So tróubles me?  
    Tea, coffee; stróng?  
Háve I walked  
Wórked or talked  
    Too fast or long?

Í 'm not sick;  
Púlse not quick;  
    I háve no pain.  
Lét me see;  
Whát may 't be  
    So turns my brain?

Ít is not  
Píping hot  
    Cóffee or tea,  
Toó much talk,  
Toó long walk —  
    What cán it be?

Plágue take Bess;  
Nów I guess  
    Hów the wind lies;  
Foól! that I  
Véntured nigh  
    Those dándgerous eyes.

Lów or high  
Lét me lie,  
    'Cross or lengthwise,  
Èvery where  
Théy are there,  
    Those pláguy eýes.

Whéther they  
Blué, black, gray,  
    Or házel be,  
Í 'd be loth  
Ón my oath  
    To guarantee;

Áll I know  
Ís, they so  
    Before me keep  
Dáncing bright  
Áll the night,  
    I cánnot sleep.

Wére I King  
Thére 's a thing  
    I móre would care,  
Thán that dogs  
Should neck - logs  
    Or múzzles wear.

Í 'd encrease  
Mý police,  
    And measures take,  
Bright-eyed maids  
Should wear shades  
    While théy 're awake.

Thick, close hood  
Ór vail should  
    Keep in the light,  
Ór muffed glass  
Nót let pass  
    The rádiance bright.

Sóund might then  
Sleép young men  
    The lívelong night,  
Ín their bed  
Ás if dead,  
    Till mórning light.

TROMPETER - SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 25, 1854



RAM - SAM - TAM TIBBOO.

ONCE on a time, says history,  
There reigned in Timbuctoó  
A curly-haired, black autocrat,  
Called Rám-Sam-Tam Tibboó.

His height was nine and ninety feet;  
His breadth fifteen or more;  
Unluckily his weight precise  
The chronicles ignore;

But from his height and breadth to judge,  
He must at least have been  
Some twenty tons when he was fat,  
Some twelve when he was lean.

All kings are great, all kings are wise,  
All kings are good, I know;  
But wise and good and great as hé  
Reigned néver here below.

His palace was a mile in length  
And three miles round about,  
And six-score feet high every door  
To let him in and out.

His chairs were all of adamant.  
His sofas all of gold,  
His pipe a hollow cylinder  
Out of pure silver rolled,

And wide enough was in the bore  
And long enough, they say,  
To have carried off a steamer's smoke,  
Hád we it here today.

The shadows of great things are great,  
As every body knows;  
But Tibboo's shadow was so great  
Even to the clouds it rose.

Especially the setting sun  
Would throw it up so high  
That you could see it moving like  
A giant in the sky.

And then the people, struck with awe,  
Would prostrate fall before  
The unsubstantial Titan form  
And humbly thus adore: —

“O thou incomprehensible  
Likeness of great Tibboó,  
Deign graciously to look on us  
People of Timbuctoó.

“Tibboó of earth the ruler is,  
Of heaven the ruler thou;  
Wé are the subjects of the two,  
Before the two we bow.

“O teach us which to honor most  
The substance or the shade,  
Thee who created hast all things,  
Or him who thee has made.

“Hé is thy father, thou his son,  
And hé thy son again;  
Derived from thee his power and right  
To rule ovér all men.

“Long may he rule and long may thou  
Rule with him, mighty shade;  
And soon may each the other see  
Bý the whole world obeyed.

“Stand yé to us, we ’ll stand to you,  
Ye indivisible pair,  
And trample under foot all who  
To impeach your rights shall dare.

“Your enemies our enemies,  
Your friends shall be our friends,  
And in your names we ’ll overrun  
Eárrh to its utmost ends.

“And still our rallying cry shall be: —  
Hurrah for thé great Twó!  
And long may they reign over us  
Peóple of Timbuctoó!”

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, April 13, 1854.

## TRUDGING ALONG.

How I wish you 'd a sight of us trudging along!  
You wouldn't laugh at us, for that would be wrong,  
But I think you 'd be making about us a song;  
Sing diderum deé, dee, diderum deé.

My once glossy black hat 's turned dunduckety brown,  
And Katharine's straw bonnet 's dinged deep in the crown,  
And Oh! my heart bleeds when I see her poor gown;  
Sing diderum deé, dee, diderum deé.

For it 's tattered before and it 's spattered behind,  
And turned twenty colors by sun, rain and wind;  
You 'd be puzzled the original color to find;  
Sing diderum deé, dee, diderum deé.

Our shoes' uppers are broken and so are their soles,  
And the heels of our stockings are worn into holes,  
But our patience is great and our sufferings consoles;  
Sing diderum deé, dee, diderum deé.

So weary and dreary and hungry and slow,  
With our feet all in blisters, and corns on each toe,  
Admiring these foreign parts onward we go;  
Sing diderum deé, dee, diderum deé.

All day long we 're asking how far off is Rome;  
And all night long we 're fretting about friends at home,  
And wondering what makes them not like to roam;  
Sing diderum deé, dee, diderum deé.

For ás in this whole world there 's nót to be found  
A spot perfectly happy, the advice must be sound —  
If your wise you 'll keep constantly changing your ground;  
Sing diderum deé, dee, diderum deé.

And só we go trudging on all round the year,  
Let the weather be cold or hot, misty or clear,  
And we only wish sóme we know wére with us here;  
Sing diderum deé, dee, diderum deé.

Written while travelling on foot from GRELLINGEN (in the MÜNSTERTHAL)  
over the WEISSENSTEIN, to BERN; Oct 25—27, 1853.

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### MAN'S UNIVERSAL HYMN.

THE Lord 's my God and still shall be,  
Fór a kind God he is to me,  
And gives me a carte-blanche to rob  
His óther creatures, and to fob  
Fór my own use their property,  
So good and kind he is to me.  
He bids me pluck the goose and take  
Her sóft warm down my bed to make,  
Then turn her out with raw skin bare  
To shiver in the cold, night air;  
Her néw-laid eggs he bids me steal  
To make me a delicious meal,  
And, when she has no more to lay,  
Commands me cram her every day  
With oaten meal 'till she 's so plump  
The fat 's an inch deep on her rump,  
Then cut her throat and roast and eat,  
And thank him for the luscious treat.

The Lord 's my God and still shall be,  
Fór a kind God he is to me;  
He makes the bee construct his cell  
Of yellow wax and fill it well  
With honey for his winter store,  
And, when it 's so fúll 'twill hold no more,  
Cómes and points out the hive to me,  
And says: — "I give it all to thee;  
Small need 's for winter store the bee  
Who never a winter is to see;  
Kill him and eat his honey thou,  
Í 'm the bee's God, and thee allow."

I lóve the Lord my God, for he  
Loves all his creatures tenderly,  
But more than all his creatures, me.  
He bids me from the dam's side tear  
The tender lambkin and not spare: —  
"Piteous though bleat the orphan'd dam,  
Túrn a deaf ear and dine on lamb."

I love the Lord my God, for he  
Loves áll his creatures tenderly,  
But more than all his creatures, me.  
He bids the gallant horse live free  
And more than life love liberty;  
Then says to me: — "The horse is thine;  
Thou shalt in slavery make him pine;  
Confine him in a dungeon dim,  
Fétter him every joint and limb,  
Maim him, cut off his tail and ears —  
Thou know'st the use of knife and shears —  
A réd-hot brand the bleeding sears;  
Don't mind his quivering or his groans,

I 'd have men's hearts as hard as stones.  
So far so good, but much remains  
Still to be done ere fór thy pains  
Thou hast a willing, servile brute,  
Who shall not dare the will dispute  
Of his taskmaster; a bold, free  
And noble spirit he has from me,  
And worse than death hates slavery;  
This noble spirit how to quell  
I 'll teach thee now — remember well  
Í am the God and friend of both  
The horse and thee, and would be loth  
Either to one or tó the other  
Aught ill should happen; thou 'st a brother  
In every creature great or small;  
The same Lord God has made ye all --  
So when thou 'st cropped him ears and tail,  
And maimed him so he 's neither male  
Nor female more, fasten a strong  
Stout bar of iron with a thong  
Between his jaws; then through a ring  
Ín the bar's neár end run a string  
Of twisted hemp, and hold it tight  
Ín thy left hand, while with thy right  
Thou scourgest him with a long lash so  
That, will-he nill-he, he must go —  
Not onward, for thou hast him bound  
Fast by the jaw, but round and round,  
Thou in the middle standing still  
And plying the lash with right good will;  
At first, no doubt, he 'll fume and fret  
And fall perhaps into a sweat  
Of agony, and upward rear,  
And spurn the ground, and paw the air —



What is 't to thee? lash thou the more;  
When tired behind, begin before,  
Still holding him by the muzzle fast;  
Pain breaks the stoutest heart at last;  
Ere a short month he 'll do thy will,  
Gallop, trot, canter or stand still  
At thy least bidding, carry, draw,  
And labour for thee until raw  
And galled his flesh and blind his eyes  
And lame his feet, and so he dies,  
If thou so little know'st of thrift  
And of the right use of my gift  
Of all my creatures unto thee  
Both great and small whate'er they be,  
As to allow thine old worn-out  
And battered slave to go about  
Consuming good food every day  
And standing awkward in the way,  
When for the fee of his shoes and hide  
Thou might'st have all his wants supplied  
By the knacker's knife; be merciful  
And when he can no longer pull,  
Nor carry thee upon his back,  
To the knacker send thy hack."

Ye little birds, in God rejoice,  
And praise him with melodious voice:  
Small though ye are, he minds ye all,  
And "never to the ground shall fall  
A sparrow without his consent,"  
By which beyond all doubt is meant —  
Man, take thy victim; clip his wing;  
Put out his eyes that he may sing  
As sweet in winter as in spring;

Confine him in close prison-house  
Where scarcely could turn round a mouse;  
What though I made him wild and free  
In the wood to range from tree to tree  
And more than life love liberty,  
Lét it not fret thee, he is thine  
By virtue of a writ divine —  
Cáge him, if he sings soft and sweet;  
If bad his voice, kill him and eat.

Indwellers of the deep, blue sea,  
To praise the Lord unite with me;  
Ye grampuses and mighty whales  
That lash the water with your tails  
Ínto a foam, and spirt it high  
Úp through your nostrils to the sky,  
Rejoice with me; the Lord of heaven  
Ínto my hands your lives has given,  
And taught me how best to pursue  
And hunt ye through the waters blue  
With barbed harpoon, till far and wide  
The ocean with your life's blood 's dyed.

Ye salmon, herring, wide-mouthed cod,  
Praise in your hearts the Lord your God,  
Who has made you of the ocean free,  
Then whispered in the ear to me: —  
“Gó, take thy nets and trawl for fish;  
On fast-days they 're an excellent dish  
With vinegar, mustard and cayenne” —  
Praise ye the Lord; I 'll say Amen.

Come hither every living thing,  
And in full chorus with me sing

The praise of him who reigns above,  
The God of justice, and of love,  
Who for my use has made ye all,  
Bird, beast, fish, insect; great and small.  
For me ye build, for me ye breed;  
For me ye work, for me ye bleed;  
I fatten on ye; ye are mine;  
Come praise with me the work divine  
And its great author, just and good,  
Who has given ye all to me for food,  
Clothing or pleasure, or mere sport;  
His praise to all the ends report  
Of the wide earth: sing, ever sing  
The all-righteous maker, father, king.

Begun near AUGST during a foot tour in SWITZERLAND, Octob. 22;  
finished on the NECKAR near HEIDELBERG, Nov. 24, 1853.

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"In my mind's eye, Horatio."

ADMIRER OF POETRY.

I 'd like to know the reason why  
Thou look'st so upwards toward the sky;  
Is 't at the sun or at the moon?  
Or is it at a big balloon?

POET.

It 's neither at the sun nor moon  
I 'm looking, nor a big balloon;  
I 'm looking at a pewter spoon;  
Art satisfied? good afternoon.

ADMIRER OF POETRY.

But there 's no pewter spoon up high  
In the clouds there or the sky;  
Pewter is heavy, and 'twould fall  
If pewter spoon were there at all.

POET.

A pewter spoon I plainly see  
Between the clear blue sky and me;  
I see the handle, see the bowl,  
Each part as perfect as the whole.

ADMIRER OF POETRY.

If pewter spoon were there, 'twould be  
As clear and plain to me as thee;  
So say no more; for I 'd as soon  
Believe of green cheese made the moon.

POET.

Well well, I 'm wrong; but had it been  
My father's ghost that I had seen  
In my mind's eye —

ADMIRER OF POETRY.

Oh! then 'twere quite  
A different case, and thou 'dst been right.

POET.

Ye poets of the loftiest flight,  
Such are the men for whom ye write;  
The critics such who blast your name,  
Or hoist you on the wings of fame.

Begun while walking from MÜNCHAURACH to ERLANGEN, Nov. 30, 1853;  
finished while walking from HÖCHSTADT to POMMERSFELDEN, Dec. 2, 1853.

## CONTEMPT OF COURT.

HE \* sat upon the judgment-seat in ermine,  
And judged the causes as they came before him;  
Heard counsel plead, and weighed the evidence  
On both sides to a hair; then charged the jury.  
Expounding to them statute, law, and custom,  
And laid the case before them disembarrassed  
Of all its ambiguity and clear  
And palpable to every comprehension;  
Then took their verdict and pronounced his fiat,  
Which his apparitors contended who  
Would first and speediest put in execution.  
While he was thus engaged came Finis, sudden.  
And, in direct contempt of Court, a smart tap  
With his forefinger struck him on the forehead,  
And down he fell, his ermine discomposing,  
And left the unfinished sentence and the crowds  
That waited on his words as on a God's;  
And three or four men came and in their arms  
Carried away a foul, disgusting carcase.

Composed during the night in bed, TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN,  
March 26—27, 1854.

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\* "At the opening of the Commission here this morning for the trial of prisoners, Mr. Justice Talfourd was seized with an apoplectic fit while charging the Jury, and expired in less than five minutes" Stafford Journal, March 13, 1854.

## FRIENDS.

THIS world 's chokefúl of falsehoods  
From beginning unto énd,  
But the greátest falsehood in it  
Is — It 's hárd to find a friénd;

For friénds are quite as many  
And eásy to be got  
As blackberries on brambles  
When the autumn 's dry and hot.

“Then téll me how to gét them  
And for éver I 'm your friénd” —  
Ho, hó, are we already  
So very near the end?

If I téll you how to gét friends,  
You 'll for éver be my friénd,  
And só will every living soul  
To whóm I give or lend.

As long as you get fróm me,  
As lóng as on you I spend,  
And nót one moment lónger,  
Every mán of you 's my friend.

This world, it 's said, is máde for  
Many and noble ends;  
I hólđ it 's a mere market  
For buýing and selling friends.

You can háve them of all prices  
And every quality  
From Cávalier and High-toast  
Down to Toády and Rappeé.

But you 're not to expect to gét them  
And nóthing for them gíve;  
The séllers of commódities  
Must bý their traffic live.

So if your purse lets light through,  
And you can't make clink the gold,  
You 've no búsiness in the market  
Where friénds are bought and sold.

Hard cásh, good bills, or bárter,  
And cómmon trádesman skill,  
And you 're freeé on friendship's fair-green  
To choóse what wares you will.

But gó not there a-bégging  
In name of God or man —  
*Quid pro quo* 's good Látin  
For Dávid and Jónathán.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, April 4, 1854.



“SINCE on the Roman sentry's rugged breast  
I first drew breath, I 've known no hour of rest:  
Áll my youth through, ten times each day I 've been  
Dúcked in a pond to keep me sweet and clean;  
Arrived at ripe age I was torn away  
By violent hands, and in a prison lay  
Long years on years, shut out from light of day  
Ánd the sweet air, with thousands, who like me  
Bórn heirs of freedom lived in slavery,  
And, plunged in darkness and perpetual night,  
Had almost quite forgot the sun and light;  
Tórtures were our time's measure, for each day,  
As darkling, crowded, helpless, there we lay,  
A pair of stróng hands, pouncing on us down,  
Thúmped our poor carcasses from foot to crown  
And pounded to a jelly, while between  
Évery two poundings a most foul, obscene  
And horrid monster — cruel Nature, why  
Fill a millstóne with life and energy? —  
Thréw himself ón us with the whole of his weight,  
As if his object were to annihilate  
And put us out of suffering. Foolish, we,  
Ánd to life clinging through our misery,  
Lived ón; now thumped and pommeled out of breath,  
Now squeezed and bruised within an inch of death.

At last, one day, a mighty rocking came,  
Ás of an earthquake, and the solid frame  
Rént of our prisonhouse with such a roar  
Ás in this world was never heard before,  
And, áll at once, upon our dazzled sight  
Let in, in floods, the long forgotten light  
Accompanied with such a blast as tore  
Mé from my comrades, nót to see them more,  
And húrried to the clouds and spun me round  
As little boys a top spin on the ground;  
And now 'twould drive me north, east, south, away,  
Thén to the west back, then as 'twere in play  
Would let me sink down to the ground half way,  
Then come beneath me and with upward swirl  
Cáth me and far into the blué sky whirl,  
High as sailed ever toward the sun and moon  
On voyage of discovery bold balloon.  
At last it left me and into the sea  
Dówn from the giddy height — ah, pity me! —  
With many a headlong somerset I fell,  
Nót to be drowned — alas, I swam too well!  
Three days and nights I floated aimlessly  
Hither and thither on the boundless sea,  
Full often cursing the malicious fate  
That saved me from the millstone monster's weight  
And the two pommeling hands and from the blast,  
Ónly to drown me in the deep at last.  
As raving thus I floated on and on,  
A something dark between me and the sun  
Came downward on me swooping, and up high  
Oút of the water bore me toward the sky,  
Then lét me drop, upon the land to fall  
And by the blast be trundled like a ball  
Fórwards and back and sideways, or swept round

In éddying circles o'er the uneven ground,  
Till bruised my flésh all and full many a bone  
In horseplay broken against stock or stone.  
And so my tale of woe draws to an end;  
The Fátes this morning my deliverance send;  
A zephyr kind in through the open door  
Wáfts me to shelter on thy boarded floor  
In this snug corner, where, Oh! let me rest,  
If gentle pity ever touched thy breast;  
Hére in the sanctuary of the poet's room,  
Where seldom enters sweeping-brush or broom,  
Sáfe from the plagues of water and of air  
And from that monster's weight and from that pair  
Of heavy, beetling hands that never spare,  
Unnoticed let me live, unnoticed die,  
In this congenial cobweb's company."

With pity touched, the tender poet sighed  
And wiped a tear, and in these words replied: —  
"Unhappy emblem of the poet, live  
In such poor shelter as 'tis mine to give;  
Póets are feathers tossed by every blast,  
And, glad of any refuge at the last,  
They creep into some garret, and unknown,  
Unhonored dié unpitied and alone."

Begun while walking from BULLE over the DENT DE JAMAN to CHARNEY  
on the LAKE OF GENEVA, Nov. 1, 1853. Finished at GRELLINGEN in the MÜN-  
STERthal, Nov. 11, 1853.

'TÍs the first  
Sweet outburst  
Of buds and flowers;  
Frésh and gay  
Breáks Sol's ray  
Out through the showers.

Hénce! away!  
Cheérless day  
And lóng long night;  
Mája, bring  
Quick the spring,  
Lóve and delight.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 10, 1854.

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#### MOTHER TO EMIGRANT SON.

FAREWÉLL, my boy!  
My hópe, my joy;  
God gó with thee,  
And fróm all ill  
Presérve thee still  
Where'ér thou be.

With breáking heart  
From theé I part  
To líve alone,  
And crý, all day,  
He 's góne away!  
My són, my son!

Written while travelling from AMBERG to RATISBON, August 25, 1853.

## THE TWO BIRDS OF TENNO.\*

ON Tenno's tall acacia tree  
A Linnet sat, and thus sang he: —  
"Come out, dear comrade, come to me;  
'Tis sweet to live at liberty."

"I can't get out," the Finch replied,  
And fluttered hard against the side  
Of the barred cage that on the wall  
Was hung of Tenno's ancient hall.

Prisoners three years the birds had been  
In the same cage, a Linnet green  
And yellow Finch, and every year  
Each to the other grown more dear.

At last, one day, out through the door  
Of the wire house, never before  
By Julietta left ajar,  
Away into the wood afar

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\* The village of Tenno, with its ancient castle well known in the history of the Italian Tirol, is situated on the top of a lofty and almost perpendicular rock projecting southwards in the form of a spur from the most northerly part of the steep, high, continuous and bare amphitheatre of mountains by which the basin of the Lago di Garda is inclosed and shut out from the world on the north and east and west. The story of the two birds is literally true and was related to me on the spot by Signora Giulietta Prati, to whom the birds belonged.

Flew happy Linnet. Juliet, why  
That instant turned thy watchful eye,  
And the door closed, and all alone  
Finch left to mourn his partner flown?

Next morn on the acacia tree  
The Linnet sat, and thus sang he: —  
“Come out, dear comrade, come to me;  
’Tis sweet to live at liberty.”

“I can’t get out,” the Finch replied  
And fluttered hard against the side  
Of the wire prison. All in vain,  
The mourner’s passion to restrain,

The well-known voice, the proffered grain.  
The fresh-culled groundsel — all in vain —  
Chirrup or voice obtained no heed,  
Untasted lay the favorite seed.

And still without on Tenno’s tree  
The Linnet sang his melody: —  
“Come out, dear comrade, come to me;  
’Tis sweet to live at liberty.”

And still within the Finch replied,  
And round and round against the side  
Of his strong prison fluttered still,  
As if he wished himself to kill;

And still, “I can’t get out,” he cried;  
And still against the cage’s side  
In answer to his friend’s call flew,  
And weaker still, and weaker grew,



Till, on the third day, from her bed  
When Juliet rose, she found him dead.  
A heart so tender and so true  
Among mankind I never knew.

Composed while walking from LANDECK over the ADLERBERG to DALAAS  
in VORARLBERG, October 4—5, 1853.

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*"Antiqua sub religione."*

NUMBER Thirteen 's unlúcky and always has been,  
Since Judas the traitor was number Thirteen;  
But Twelve is a number that ever shall be  
Counted lucky by all pious Christians and me,  
For it 's júst Twelve you make if you add to th' Eleven  
Remaining apostles the Lord out of heaven.  
Eleven 's lucky álso, because there were just  
Apostles Eleven that stood firm to their trust;  
But Ten 's neither lucky nor unlucky quite,  
For of the Ten bridesmaids but Five had no light.  
Nine and Eight are both lucky, for Nine months He lay  
In the womb of the Virgin, and on the Eighth day  
Was circumcised, who our sins' ransom to pay  
Died on the cursed tree. Number Seven 's lucky too,  
For 'twas ón the Seventh day Lord of Christian and Jew  
From áll his work rested, if Moses says true.  
Six and Five to be numbers unlucky I hold,  
For 'twas júst Six times Fíve silver pieces were told  
Down to Judas Iscariot. Always lucky was Four;  
The Evangelists never were fewer nor more.  
Thrice lucky, Thrice happy 's the chármed number Three,  
For Three kings from the Eást came the Saviour to see,



Three persons there áre in the Hígh Trinity,  
Triúmphant the Thírd day Christ rose from the dead.  
Number Two is unlucky, all wise men have said,  
Since Two thieves with the Saviour were crucified;  
But of all numbers Óne is the glory and pride,  
For there 's Óne fáith, One báptism for great and for small,  
One Christ, One Redeemer, One Lord over all.

HOFER'S HOUSE, INNSBRUCK, Septem. 12, 1853.

### THE YOUNG SPHINX.

"THERE áre two líttle wórds, Papá,  
That mách all bút a T,  
And yét they meán quite ópposite things —  
What máy those twó words bé?"

"Lét me alone, you líttle fool;  
What mákes you péster mé?  
I 'm síre it 's néither hére nor thére  
What twó words théy may bé."

"I sáy it is both hére and thére,  
Quite síre and wíthout dóúbt;  
And nów I 've tóld you wát they áre,  
I hópe you 'll fínd them óút."

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, April 10, 1854.

MARY'S SWEETHEART TO HER DOG RAP.

RAP, I énvý theé thy slúmbers  
Ón thy cúshion át the fireside,  
With thy mistress sítting bý thee,  
Sómetimes chátting, sómetimes sílent,  
Sómetimes sád, and sómetimes mérry,  
Búsy sómetimes, sómetimes ídle,  
Bút at nó time, whéther ídle,  
Búsy, sílent, sád or mérry,  
Theé forgétting ór thy cómfort.

Ráp, I énvý theé thy slúmbers  
Ón thy cúshion át the fireside,  
Bút I énvý móre thy wáking  
Tó be pátted bý thy mistress,  
Tó be kíssed perháps and cúddled,  
Ánd admítteð tó the ónly  
Heáven I knów or hópe or cáre for,  
Máry's láp and sílken ápron.

Composed while walking from KONRADGREUTH (near Hof) to BIRNECK,  
August 20, 1853.

## I 'M AWAY O'ER THE MOUNTAIN.

I 'm awáy o'er the mountain, awáy o'er the lea;  
Take your staff in your hand and along come with me;  
Leave the city to him who the city enjoys —  
I 'm sick of its turmoil, its smoke, and its noise.

We 'll tread the green sward, we 'll inhale the fresh breeze;  
We 'll feel the warm sunshine, and see the brave trees;  
We 'll hear the larks singing, and smell the sweet flowers  
Refreshed by the dew or the light, passing showers.

Up the steep hill we 'll zigzag through heather and moss;  
We 'll dive into the glen and the steppingstones cross;  
We 'll climb the rock's face and the wood's alleys thread,  
Where the chesnut and oak shake hands óver our head.

We 'll couch with the red deer, we 'll rise with the roe;  
We 'll rest when the sun 's high, go fast when he 's low;  
When we 're thirsty we 'll drink of the cool, crystal stream;  
There 's no want, in the farmhouse, of eggs, cheese, and cream.

Then awáy to the mountains with light step and free,  
And awáy through the valleys come bounding with me;  
Leave behind you your cares, put two shirts in your pack,  
And may áll our friends háppy live, till we come back.

Written while travelling in Stellwagen from INNSBRUCK to STERZING,  
Sept. 13, 1853.

## THE YOUNG PHILOSOPHER.

"W<sub>HO</sub> máde this greát big wórld, Papa,  
And áll the fúnny things I seé,  
Mysélf and youú and deár Mamma  
Ánd the black dog and Minnie Mie?"

"My dárling boy, God made us all —  
How óften múst I téll you só? —  
The sun, moon, stars, and earth's great ball;  
Give me a kiss and let me go."

"But who made God's own self, Papa?  
Thát is the thing I want to know,  
For évery time I ask Mamma,  
She frówns and sáys: — Don't tease me so."

"Nó one made God, you little fool;  
Gód never wás, nor could be, máde;  
If thát is all yōu 've léarned at school  
Youú 've a bad master, I 'm afraid."

"And isn't it hárdér, ódder fár  
For Gód to bé, withóút being máde,  
Thán for earth, ský, and every star  
To bé as they áre, withóút God's aid?"

"Nó, child; this wórld 's too wónderful  
To bé at áll withóút God's aid" —  
"But Gód 's far móre of wónder fúll  
And yét, you sáy, was néver made."

"You shock me, child; God óf himsél  
Exists through áll etérnity."

"Far harder thát, than of itself  
The wórld is, wás, and still shall be."

"Well wéll, have dóne; and whén tonight  
Good Fátber Stípénd cómes to práy,  
Ask which of ús is in the ríght —  
Not óne word móre, but rún and pláy."

"Just óne bare wórd; has Pa no qualm  
To choóse for júdge one in his páy?  
Give mé a cross for Stípénd's pálm,  
And thén who knóws what he may say?"

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, Febr. 28, 1854.

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THE kíng sat in the gárden,  
A bírd hopped in the búsh;  
The kíng all in delight, said: —  
"I 'm súde it is a thrúsh."

As soón as the kíng said so,  
The bírd began to sing;  
The kíng all disappointed: —  
"It is but a starlíng."

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, April 2, 1854.

## VINCLA JUGALIA.

As I sát melanchólic, one níght after tea,  
By the side of the fire with a book on my knee,  
Neither reading nor thinking, but whiling the time  
With sóme hurdygurdy nonsensical rhyme  
That kept twirling incessantly round in my brain,  
I heard to the shovel the poker say plain: —  
“Lovely Shovel, this heárrh’s greatest beauty and pride,  
An humble admirer that here by thy side  
Long has borne for thy deár sake heat, cold, dust and smoke —  
Nay, let not his boldness thine anger provoke —  
Dares at lást to break silence and trembling confess,  
Without theé in this world there is no happinéss  
For poór, wretched Poker; ah! turn not away;  
One kind loók, even althóugh no kind wórd thou should’st say.”  
“You ’ll not think me,” thus answered then Shovel, half pettish,  
“You ’ll nótt think me prudish, I hope, nor coquettish —  
Like some fáir ones that sometimes sit here by the fire —  
If I téll you, in vain to my hand you aspire;  
It griéves me, believe me, but pláin truth is best,  
And all róund-about ways from my soul I detest;  
Úntil nów I ’ve lived single, and single I ’ll die;  
So if you ’ll be married, please sómewhere else try.”  
“Ah, bé not so hárdhearted,” ás to her side  
He leaned himself óver, thus Poker replied;

"Heaven néver bestowed on thee súch charming grace,  
 That delicate figure, that sweet, smiling face,  
 That thou should'st from thy lips down dash jóy's proferred cup,  
 And withín some dark cloíster's walls shút thyself up,  
 To divide the sad day betwixt pénitence and prayer,  
 And túrn sweet life into one lóng long nightmáre;  
 Nay, if Heáven wants a bride there are plenty, I trow,  
 To be proud of the honor, but keep from him thou;  
 Time enóugh to bestow on that suitor thine heart,  
 When to páck up thou 'rt summoned and múst hence depart."  
 "As for thát," answered Shovel, "I 'm much of your mind,  
 And feél no whit more for a marriage inclined  
 With heáv'nly bridegroóm than with earthly; LIVE FREE,  
 Might I bút choose my motto, 's the motto for me;  
 'If you doubt that on goód reason 's built what I say,  
 Ask Mr. and Mrs. Tongs over the way;  
 Or, withóut asking quéstions which míght but perplex,  
 Just judge for yourself how that rivet must vex  
 Both the óne and the other; no matter how hot  
 Poor Mrs. Tongs ís, there she 's bound to the spot,  
 Till it pleases her liége Lord and master to stir;  
 While a sheép might as well think to sháke off a burr,  
 As hé without hér to get nearer the fire —  
 All in vain, all in vain, she would rather expire."  
 "Say no more, Miss," said Poker; "a word to the wise —  
 But deuce táke it that Shovels have súch pretty eyes."

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, April 9, 1854.



## THE YOUNG POET.

“SÉÉ, what a pretty chain, Mamma,  
    Máde of bright góld links threé;  
Whát will you give me if I tell  
    What thése three góld links bé?”

“Whát will I give you? I will give  
    My Néddy kissees threé,  
Íf he can tell me what they áre  
    More thán bright góld links threé.”

“This énd one here is old grandmóther  
    With the long lóng gray haír,  
That sits beside the fire all day  
    Ín the great élbowl-chair;

“And héré am I, at the other end,  
    Mammá's good little són;  
And, in the middle, there 's yourself —  
    Haven't Í three kissees wón?”

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 21, 1854.

## T I R E D.

ABOUT the meadow as I strayed  
Once with Selina, to the maid,  
Half joke, half earnest, thus I said: —

“I ’m tired of silence, tired of talking,  
Tired of standing, tired of walking,  
Tired of sitting, tired of lying,  
Tired of laughing, tired of crying,  
Tired of eating, tired of drinking,  
Tired of acting, tired of thinking,  
Tired of labor, tired of leisure,  
Tired of pain and tired of pleasure,  
Tired of ignorance, tired of knowledge,  
Tired of school and tired of college,  
Tired of false and tired of true,  
Tired of Christian, tired of Jew,  
Tired of myself, tired even of you  
Despite those lovely eyes of blue.

“I ’m tired of up and tired of down,  
Tired of country, tired of town,  
Tired of fop and tired of clown,

Tired of high and tired of low,  
Tired of fast and tired of slow,  
Tired of near and tired of far,  
Tired of peace and tired of war,  
Tired of weak and tired of strong,  
Tired of short and tired of long,  
Tired of fair and tired of foul,  
Tired of hat and tired of cowl,  
Tired of pen and tired of sword,  
Tired of deed and tired of word,  
Tired of real, tired of fictitious,  
Tired of virtuous, tired of vicious,  
But most of all, tired of religious.

"I 'm tired of empty, tired of full,  
Tired of lively, tired of dull,  
Tired of merry, tired of sad,  
Tired of sorry, tired of glad,  
Tired of sane and tired of mad,  
Tired of youth and tired of age,  
Tired of fool and tired of sage,  
Tired of noble, tired of mean,  
Tired of dirty, tired of clean,  
Tired of fat and tired of lean,  
Tired of slender, tired of bulky,  
Tired of jolly, tired of sulky,  
Tired of rude and tired of civil,  
Tired of saint and tired of devil.

"I 'm tired of black and tired of white,  
Tired of day and tired of night,  
Tired of sunshine, tired of shade,  
Tired of forest, tired of glade,  
Tired of hill and tired of plain,

Tired of wind and tired of rain,  
Tired of dust and tired of slop,  
Tired of bottom, tired of top,  
Tired of crooked, tired of straight,  
Tired of early, tired of late,  
Tired of hot and tired of cold,  
Tired of young and tired of old,  
Tired of quiet, tired of noise,  
Tired of girls and tired of boys,  
Tired of uncles, tired of cousins,  
Tired of tens and tired of dozens,  
Tired of great and tired of small,  
Tired of one and tired of all.

"Now, sweet Selina, ask not why  
Of this fair world so tired am I,  
Lést you should meet the rude reply: —  
Of nothing half so tired am I  
As the two questions *what?* and *why?*"

"It 's wonderful how we agree,"  
Selina smiling answered me,  
"For I than you am not less tired" —  
"Hów, or of what, O most admired?"  
"Bóth of yourself and of your 'Tired'."

Begun while walking from GÜCKELSBURG to CHEMNITZ, August 18, 1853,  
finished at the Convent of VIECHT in LOWER INNTHAL, Sept. 7, 1853.

I néver was yét in such terrible haste  
That I hád not a minute or two to waste,  
If I met with a friend or a girl or a glass —  
So hére 's to you, boys; let the bumper pass.

How many 's here óf us? one, two, three, four;  
Odds hobs! I could never yet count to a score;  
But évery man, sure, is a friend of mine,  
That sits with me drinking the réd, red wine.

Lass, come hére if you 're merry, and sit on my knee;  
Clasp your arm round my néck close, and táke kisses three;  
Take the first for yourself, take the second for me;  
And one into the bargain will surely make three.

But my glass lies in shivers; so now for a pull  
At the deép bowl itself while it 's foaming brimful;  
There 's the bottom, God bless it; amen and amen!  
Now fill it up, boys, till I do it again.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 8, 1854.

## OUT OF THE FRYING PAN INTO THE FIRE.

I dreámt one night — it was a hórrid dream —  
Thát I was dead, and made was the division  
Between the innocent flesh and guilty spirit,  
Ánd that the former, with a white sheet wrápt round  
And nailed up in a box, was to the bottom  
Súnk of a deep and narrow pit, which straight  
Was filled to overheaping with a mixture  
Of dámp clay, rotting flésh and mouldering bones,  
And lidded with a weighty stone whereon  
Was writ my name and on what days precise  
I first and last drew breath; while up the latter  
Fléw, without help of wings or fins or members,  
Bý its mere lightness, through the air, to heaven;  
And thére being placed before the judgment-seat  
Of its Máker, and most únsatisfactory  
Ánswer returning to the question: — “Wherefore  
Wást thou as I made thee?” was sent down  
Túmbling by its own weight, down down to Hell,  
To sink or swim or wade as best it might,  
In súlphurous fires unquenchable for ever,  
With Socrates and Plato, Aristides  
Fálsely surnamed the just, and Zoroaster,

Titus the good, and Cato and divine  
Hómer and Virgil, and so many millions  
And millions more of wrongfully called good  
And wise and virtuous, that for want of sulphur  
And fire and snakes and instruments of torture  
And room in Hell, the Universal Maker  
Wás by his own inherent justice forced,  
That guilt might not go scót-free and unpunished,  
To set apart so large a share of Heaven  
For penal colonies and jails and treadmills,  
That mutinies for want of flying-space  
Began t' arise among the cherubim  
And blessed spirits, and a Proclamation  
Of Martial Law in Heaven was just being read  
Whén, in a sweat of agony and fear,  
I wóke, and found myself in Germany,  
Ín the close prison of a German bed,  
And at my bedside Mr. Oberkellner  
With printed list of questions in his hand:  
My name and age and birthplace and religion,  
Tráde or profession, wherefore I had come,  
How long to stay, whither next bound, and só forth;  
Áll at my péril to be trúly answered,  
Ánd upon each a sixpence to the State,  
Which duly paid I should obtain permission  
To stay where I wás so long as the State pleased,  
Without being prosecuted as a felon,  
Spý, or disturber of the public peace.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, April 15, 1854.



THOUGH day by day  
She pined away  
And wasted still,  
She 'd éver try  
When Í was by  
Nót to seem ill.

At the sad last  
Her look was cast  
Ónly toward me,  
And ón me still  
She gazed until  
She ceásed to be.

TROMPETER - SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 24, 1854.

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ÓN! to the field!  
Néver to yield  
Or turn or flee;  
It is the drum  
Cálling to come  
To victory.

Together stand  
For fatherland  
And God on high;  
Draw éach his sword.  
Fóward 's the word,  
Cónquer or die.

TROMPETER - SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, Febr. 24, 1854.

A downright foól you máy persúade,  
A wise man eásier still;  
But hálf-fool hálf-wise, I 'm afraid,  
Must álways háve his will.

Written in the ROYAL LIBRARY, DRESDEN, March 30, 1854.

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KIND heáven, in mercy to the fool,  
Gáve him, I 've heard an Indian say,  
Guíde of his life, a golden rule:  
The foól he thréw the rúle away.

What wás the rule? To hold his tongue  
And listen to what others say.  
The wise man found the rule, and sits  
Sílent and heárs fools tálk away.

Written in the ROYAL LIBRARY, DRESDEN, March 30, 1854.

## TO SELINA.

"Something, I warrant you, that  
the sun has never yet seen."

OF as around the world the sun  
His daily, yearly course has run,  
Spying all things with curious eye,  
That stand, or walk, or creep, or fly,  
There is a thing he has never seen,  
Guéss, if thou canst, what is 't I mean;  
Thou 'st seen it often, so have I,  
In heat, in cold, in wet, in dry,  
Súmmer and winter, day and night,  
By gas no less than candle light,  
In palace, cottage, wood, and glen,  
In solitude and the haunts of men,  
On land, on sea, and in the air,  
The sky, the clouds — and everywhere.  
Mány 's the time I 've seen it run  
Across a lawn on which the sun,  
Fróm a sky clear and without haze,  
Was sending down his noontide rays,  
And marked how never a ray at all  
On the strange creature seemed to fall.

Mány 's the time I 've seen it float,  
Without the aid of ship or boat,  
Across some mighty seafrith wide,  
Ánd when it reached the further side,  
Márked 'twas no wetter than before  
It sét out from the opposite shore.  
I 've seen it, when it heard by chance  
A fiddle play, get up and dance,  
But néver heard it sing at all,  
Though it frequents soirée and ball  
And therefore should be musical.  
Sómetimes as slow as any snail  
I 've seen it a steep house-side scale,  
Ín at the topmost window peep,  
Then down again as slowly creep.  
Sómetimes I 've been amused to see  
How with a squirrel's agility,  
'Twould hop, in wood or shrubbery,  
From bough to bough, from tree to tree,  
Ór in a dingle play bo-peep,  
Or 'cross the widest ravine leap.  
I 've heard it said 'tis cowardly  
And apt, if you pursue, to flee,  
Bút, if it sees you turn, grows stout  
And faces manfully about,  
And follows you, close at your heels,  
Until you turn again, then wheels,  
And flees from your pursuit again  
In terror, over hill and plain.  
It 's philosophic, I 've no doubt,  
For I have seen 't both cuff and flout  
Endure with equanimity,  
And never return an injury.  
Sometimes indeed it makes a show

As if it would pay blow with blow  
 And thrúst with thrúst; but never mind —  
 To gentleness it 's still inclined,  
 And lets its hand so lightly fall,  
 Whenever it lifts a hand at all,  
 It would not hurt an infant's cheek  
 Or spider's slenderest gossamer break.  
 Of áll God's creatures, it is said,  
 'Tis the most docile and well bred —  
 Áll education 's mimicry  
 And hé 's best bréd who 's móst like mé —  
 Go on, it goes on; stóp, it stóps;  
 Leáp and it leaps; hop thoú, it hops;  
 Look úp, it loóks up; thíne head stoóp,  
 Íts head at once begins to droop;  
 Wálk, and it keeps thee company,  
 And measures step for step with thee,  
 Respectful, though not distant, still,  
 And moulding after thine its will.  
 Even as I write these words, it writes  
 Búsy beside me, and indites  
 A copy or facsimile  
 Of every word I write to thee,  
 And now that I 've come tó the end  
 Subscribes itself with me,

Thy Friend.

Begun while walking from BANZ to COBURG. Dec. 4, 1853; finished at  
 DRESDEN, January 7, 1854.

## HAD I MY WISH.

HAD I my wish my life should be  
A mixture of philosophy  
And practical philanthropy;  
My house within a nook should stand  
Upon my own ancestral land,  
Sheltered on both sides and behind  
From every colder, ruder wind;  
Full to the South should look my door  
Closed never 'gainst the neighbouring poor;  
The morning sun should freely shine  
Into my bedroom, and I 'd dine  
In the west parlour ere his rays  
Had blended with the evening haze;  
At breakfast, dinner, evening tea,  
I 'd meet my smiling family;  
A girl, a boy, and their sweet mother;  
At times a sister or a brother  
Or valued friend; and at the fire  
All winter should the gray grandsire  
And his youth's partner, honored pair,  
Sit in well bolstered elbow-chair,  
And tell with lively, glistening eye  
Stories of times long since gone by,  
And how full forty years ago  
Persons they knew said so and so.  
My few, well chosen books should be  
Not locked up in a library,

But free for use, some here some there —  
Knówledge should common be as air.  
Bétter have nó wall-fruit at all  
Than round my garden build a wall;  
A hedge of holly and wild rose  
The little Eden should enclose;  
Lilies within and pinks should bloom  
And wallflower shed its sweet perfume,  
And wintry robins safely sing,  
And blackbirds hail the approach of spring,  
And linnet gray and speckled thrush  
Build in dense laurustinus bush.  
And there a bower I 'd close entwine  
Of clematis and eglantine,  
Or darling sweetbriar, and sit there  
At noontide heat in rustic chair,  
Cónning the Homeric page divine,  
Or Virgil's more pathetic line,  
Or hapless Ovid's glowing Muse,  
Ór, if a wayward fancy choose,  
Ráving with Hamlet, or a tear  
Shédding on Juliet's early bier.  
Só would I live; and so I 'd die,  
Ánd in the village churchyard by,  
Whén my hour struck, be laid to rest,  
Near those whom living I loved best;  
A stone should mark the spot and say: —  
He lived and loved and had his day.

Begun Sept. 14, while travelling in Stellwagen from STERZING to BRIKEN;  
finished while walking from MALS to NAUDERS, Oct. 2, 1853.



## THE EDITOR TO THE READER CONCERNING THE AUTHOR.

THE poet of these numbers lived in times  
When men were rude and had no heart for rhymes;  
When — gentler feelings, truth and honor fled —  
Cómmerce raised high his ignominious head,  
Strétched out his grasping arms from zone to zone,  
And claimed earth, air, and ocean for his own;  
When greed of gain and consequent power engrossed  
The thoughts of all, and Christians' thoughts the most;  
When men were not ashamed in open day  
To crowd to church, lift úp their hands and say: —  
“Great God, believe not those all-seeing eyes  
To which our heart's foul closet open lies,  
But trust those ears which hear us when with prayer  
And praises loud we stroke thee with the hair,  
And over to our purpose strive to bring  
Our God as if he were some earth-born king  
Accustomed to reward those courtiers best  
Who deepest hide their réal thoughts in their breást.”  
Our poet's lot was cast in that dark age  
When steam, rail, telegraph was a public rage,  
And every gentler voice and sweeter sound  
Wás in one locomotive tempest drowned

Of screech and puff and whistle, truck and train,  
Guárds, luggage, porters jostling might and main,  
And country squires and corporation cits,  
Trávelling each óne as if he had lost his wits,  
Ór an express were, carrying the Queen's mail,  
Ór a mad dóg with kettle at his tail.  
Ah! hapless poet, that couldst nót indite  
A treatise on the Menai tunnel's height  
Or breáðth or weight, or how to cleanse a sink  
And purify a trading city's stink;  
That néver, all thy life, couldst sing a hymn  
Or éven one Duddon sonnet dark and dim;  
For whom or for whose Muse there was no place  
Among that hard- that íron-hearted race;  
Hádst thou but lived in this more generous age,  
When nobler themes all heads and hearts engage,  
Hów thou 'dst been honored! how thy praise had hung  
On every lip, and thrilled from every tongue!  
Laúrels had crowned thee, and when thou hadst died —  
For poets die although their country's pride —  
Inscribed on adamant had been thy name,  
And hung up in the eternal hall of fame.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 6, 1854.

FEAR NOT DEATH.

F<sub>E</sub>ÁR not Deáth — Death 's bút a ciper,  
Á mere blánk, a nón-existence;  
Whén thou diést thou bút retúrnest  
Tó the státe in which thou láyest  
Únobstrúcted, únmolésted,  
Áll the pást etérnal áges,  
Whíle all things that líved were súffering.

Féar to live; it 's Life that súffers;  
Áll things róund are Life's torméntors;  
Living, súffering, bút two dífferent  
Wórds expréssive óf the sáme thing;  
Í and Thoú but things that súffer  
Till we 're Í and Thoú no lóngér;  
Deáth an énd to Í and Thoú puts,  
Ánd with Í and Thoú to súffering.

Thoú that díest, féar to díe not;  
Nót even Life thou lósest, díying;  
Tó have lóst, thou múst survíve Death;  
Lóss belóns but tó the líving.

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, July 31, 1853.

ÁT this hoúr on this same évening  
Lást year Í was gáy and háppy,  
Hére alóng this grássy roádside  
Saúntering with my nówly wéddeed.

Únderfoót the springy daisy,  
Óverheád the táll elm bránces,  
Ón this roádside wé were wáking  
Ánd this háwthorn hédge admíring.

Rích it wás as nów with blóssoms,  
Ánd as nów gilt with the slánt beams  
Óf yon slówly sétting Máy sun,  
Ánd the déw as nów was fálling.

Ón this spót, where nów I 'm stánding,  
Árm in árm we stoód and listened  
Tó the trilling óf the bláckbird;  
Ín the sáme bush nów he 's trilling.

Ánd these swállows, thát have sínce then  
Seén far lánds and seás and cities,  
Pást us tó and fró that évening  
Smoóth and swift as nów were gliding.

Háwthorn hédge and sétting Máy sun,  
Trílling bláckbird, glíding swállows,  
Déwy roádsíde, élms and dáísies,  
Áll are hére as ón that évening;

Bút my nówly wédde'd 's lýng  
Ín her cóffin, in the chùrchyard,  
Whére I 'd ráther bé besíde her  
Thán here wándering bróken-heárted.

WAISENHAUS - STRASSE, DRESDEN, July 10, 1853.

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## WHAT STRONG CASTLE 'S THAT YONDER?

“W<sup>H</sup>AT strong cástle 's that yónder, fair shepherdess, say,  
That ón the hill's shóulder stands ríght thwart my way;  
It 's late and I 'm weary, and nó hostel 's near;  
In that cástle for wáyfaring pilgrim what cheer?”  
“From that cástle's gate, pilgrim, keep far far away;  
By thirty two warders it 's wáched night and day;  
Belów on the threshold stand warders sixteen;  
In the gáte-tower, above, sixteen warders are seen;  
In a suit of white armour each warder is díght,  
In a suit of white armour keeps wách day and night.  
Terrífic to come near, terrífic to see,  
Stand those grím warders thére in their white panoplý;  
Though to sleep they may seem, they are still on their guard,  
And fáithfully róund the gate kéep wách and wárd;  
But shóuldst thou by sóme lucky chance pass them all,  
And the gríding portcullis not down on thee fall

And crúsh thee to atoms, within hangs a bell  
 Which rings of itself, to the castle to tell  
 That a stranger has entered, and young and old call  
 From guardhouse and battlement, bútt'ry and hall  
 To lay hólð on th' intruder and heels over crown  
 The steep, yawning abyss withinside hurl him down,  
 To be smáshed in the fall, or, more painful and slow,  
 In dámp, noisome vapors be stifled below;  
 So for Jésus' sake, pilgrim, approach not that gate,  
 What though thou be weary and hungry and late,  
 But thy trust put in Him who for all men bore sorrow,  
 And còuch on the bare wold, and fast till tomorrow,  
 Then ón thy way speed to the next hostelrie;  
 So shált thou survive, wife and children to see,  
 And in thine own fatherland bléss God and me."  
 So she said, and the pilgrim the warning obeyed,  
 And, beseéching Heaven's bléssing upón the sweet maid,  
 His weary length there on the grassy sward laid,  
 And till dáwn of light slépt sound, then wént on his way  
 And in his own fátherland télls to this day  
 Of those thirty two warders in white armour dight,  
 And the stróng castle-gáte they watch all day and night,  
 And the sélf-tolling bell, and abyss yawning deep;  
 And may Gód's holy mother the wáyfarer keep  
 From that ill castle fár, and with áll blessings bless  
 Both now and hereafter that fair shepherdéss.

Begun while walking from ESSENBACH (near RATISBON) to MOOSBURG,  
 Aug. 29. Finished at INNSBRUCK, Sept. 11, 1853.

### LARK'S SONG.

Up high, up high,  
Intó the sky  
And clouds I fly,  
And joyous sing  
On hovering wing  
My melody:

Ptsit ptsit pteril

Pteril pteril

Ptsit ptsit pteril.

The damp night 's gone,  
The bright warm sun  
Shines in the East,  
And with one voice  
All things rejoice,  
Bird, man and beast:

Ptsit ptsit pteril

Pteril pteril

Ptsit ptsit pteril.



Above me high  
How blue the sky  
And free from haze!  
How yellow glow  
The fields below  
In the golden rays:  
    Ptsit ptsit pteril.  
    Pteril pteril  
    Ptsit ptsit pteril.

And yon snug spot,  
Never forgot,  
Where hid from sight  
My faithful spouse  
Nursing keeps house  
All day and night:  
    Ptsit ptsit pteril  
    Pteril pteril  
    Ptsit ptsit pteril.

With right good will  
Ptsit ptsit I trill  
As higher still  
And still more high  
Into the sky  
And clouds I fly:  
    Ptsit ptsit pteril  
    Pteril pteril  
    Ptsit ptsit pteril.

Begun when walking from FELDKIRCH to TROGEN, Oct. 7; finished at  
LEIBSTADT in Canton ARGAU, Oct. 21, 1853.

## APOLLO AND THE AUTHOR.

APOLLO

(returning the Author his book).

NOT wholly bad this book, nor worthless quite;  
And yet I thought thou couldst far better write.

AUTHOR.

Better no doubt I could —

APOLLO.

Why not, Sir, then?

AUTHOR.

Your Highness will excuse — I wrote for men.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 29, 1854.

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*In a room where a corpse was laid out.*

CÓME not near;  
Deáth is here,  
The high, the hóly;  
Bénd to him  
Heárt and limb,  
Distant and lówly.

Í-AM-NÓT,  
Nóught of nóught,  
Ábsence of essence,  
Ón this spót  
To man's thought  
Reveáls his présence.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 10, 1854.

THERE is a hall in which at times  
I sit and meditate my rhymes;  
'Tis with old tapestry hung round;  
Dark figures on a sky-blue ground,  
Dráwn to the life, and changing still  
As if obedient to the will  
Of puppet-showman, or a wand  
Wáved by unseen magician's hand;  
Unbid by me they come and go,  
Such forms as long long years ago  
My heart and arms and ears and eyes  
Alas! took for realities.  
Néver upon that tapestry  
Shóws itself form unknown to me;  
All áll are out of times gone by,  
Familiar áll to heart and eye;  
Yet not exactly they 're portrayed;  
There 's still some difference in shade  
Bríghtness, or outline; or a tone  
Thrown over them not quite their own —  
Not thát precisely which they wore  
When they were known to me before;  
Méllower, in general, they appear,  
Méllower but less distinct and clear,  
As the creations of a dream,  
Or mountains in the distance seem.

It 's mý delight to sit and gaze  
On those fair forms of other days;  
The well known lineaments to trace —  
Each feature of each long-lost face;  
And I 'd that chamber never quit  
Íf the dear images, that flit  
Upón its antique tapestry,  
Lookéd with the same kind glance on me,  
Ás they looked ón me in past years,  
Sometimes in joy, sometimes in tears,  
But still with love — Ah, no! ah, no!  
Córdly they come, coldly they go.  
And with the same look from me sever  
As íf before they had seen me never;  
And só at last with watery eye  
And heávy heart, and many a sigh,  
I rise up slowly from my seat  
And leave the Hall of Bittersweet.

TROMPETER - SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 29, 1854.

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DEÁTH, I 'd bég one fávor óf thee:  
Whénsoe'ér thou 'rt pleásed to táke me  
Fróm my weéping Kátharine, táke me  
Áll at ónce — I 'd háve no Fárewells  
Whére the pártng ís for éver.

WAISENHAUS - STRASSE, DRESDEN, June 13, 1853.

REÁDER, you 'll dó me jústice.  
I húmbly trust and hópe,  
And nótt class mé with Býron,  
Or Longfellow, or Pope.

I 'll háve no second láurels,  
No lieútenant's renown;  
This hánd 's made for a scéptre,  
This brów 's made for a crówn.

The stáge has its four mónarchs,  
The épos has its threé,  
The lyrists on two thrónes sit,  
The ténth throne is for mé.

All kinds of measures róund me,  
All kinds of thoughts, shall stand;  
All pássions, pains and pleasures  
Kneel lów and kiss my hand.

And só I 'll reign for éver,  
Supérieur and alóne,  
Higher than King or Kaíser,  
The póet on his thróne.

Composed during the night, in bed; TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN,  
March 29 — 30, 1854.

ONCE it happened — Í 'll not téll you  
 Whén or whére or hów or whérefore,  
 Lést you 'd thínk me bút concócting  
 Óne of mý accústomed ídle,  
 Slípshod, goód-for-nóthing fábles,  
 Ánd not quárrying hárd and sólid  
 History, like Báb Macaúlay —  
 Ónce it háppened, ín a gárret  
 Fóur pair báckward líved two rábbits,  
 Thát had thére been géneráted,  
 Bórn and bréd and éducáted.  
 Wíse they wére, those twó white rábbits,  
 Ánd líved háppilý togéther, {  
 Álways sleéping ín the sáme box,  
 Álways eáting át the sáme time  
 Óút of thé same péwter plátter  
 Whích the sáme kind-heárted místress,  
 Líving ín the streétward gárret,  
 Twice a-dáy replénished fór them.  
 Só they líved — those twó white rábbits —  
 Ín all hármoný togéther,  
 Till one dáy as théy wére whiling  
 Time awáy ín ídle góssip,  
 Óne says tó the óther: — “Táttý,

Wás not thát a wóndrous rábbít  
 Máde this greát room ánd this plátter,  
 Ánd our kínd, good-heárted místress,  
 Ánd the frésh leaves ánd the wáter  
 Thát she bríngs us níght and mórníng?"  
 "Í don't knów; I néver sáw him —  
 Dón't care óne jackstráw abóut him.  
 Goód 's our místress, goód the plátter,  
 Goód the leáves, and goód the wáter,  
 Bút I knów no móre than thoú dost  
 Óf the rábbít thát us áll made" —  
 "Shócking! shócking! Í 'll not héar it —  
 Óff! begóne, and bý thysélf live!  
 Néver móre from thé same plátter,  
 Únbeliéver, shált with mé eat."  
 Só said, thé beliéving rábbít  
 With a súdden leáp and báckward  
 Kíck of híe hínd feét híe cómrade  
 Ín the ríght eye strúck and blínded;  
 Ánd from thát day fórwárd éver  
 Wáging wár ágáínst each óther  
 Fróm two ópp'síte gárret córners,  
 Líved in míserý those rábbíts.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, May 16, 1854.



## BRAVO!

OF all the darling words I know  
There 's none I love so ás 'Bravó!'  
I never díd nor will decline  
'Well done!' 'That 's good!' 'That 's very fine!'  
But to my heart if straight you 'd go  
You múst cry out 'Bravó! Bravó!'  
You 're free to say: — "I don't like rhyme;"  
Plain trúth with mé was never crime,  
Nor háve I ever hoped to find  
Áll men to poetry inclined;  
So if you 're of a different grain,  
Téll me at once, and tell me plain;  
But dole not out your approbation —  
I spit upon a Poorhouse ration;  
My heart and soul are in my verse;  
Dóubled my life, while I rehearse;  
I stand no more on earth, I rise  
And soar in triumph to the skies;  
I 've left, I 've left the world below;  
I 've mingled with my verses' flow;  
Higher and higher stíll I go —  
Fóllow me with your loud 'Bravó!'

Composed during the night, in bed; TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN,  
Febr. 18 — 19, 1854.

"Sir, can you tell me what life is like?"

LIFE is like a river,  
Ever flowing onward;  
Life is like the deep sea,  
Often vexed by tempests;  
Life is like the blue sky,  
Often by clouds darkened;  
Life is like a high road,  
Where men travel daily;  
Life is like a great school,  
Where boys learn their lessons;  
Life is like a ladder,  
We go up and down it;  
Life is like a taper,  
Ever burning shorter;  
Life is like a treadmill,  
Where you labour ever;  
Life is like a long straw,  
Scarcely worth the pulling;  
Life is like a fever,  
Hot and cold alternate;  
Life is like a shadow,  
There 's no substance in it;  
Life is like an alehouse,  
Drink, and pay your reck'ning;  
Life is like a lawyer,  
Full of quirks and quiddets;  
Life is like a doctor,  
We are all its patients;

Life is like a lótery,  
Full of blanks and prizes;  
Life is like a treasure,  
To be spent not squandered;  
Life is like a greát stage,  
Tród by many actors;  
Life is like a marriage,  
Lasts until death freés you;  
Life is like a sáwpit,  
All can nót abóve be;  
Life is like a picture,  
Full of lights and shadows;  
Life is like a foótrace,  
When it lasts you lóse breath;  
Life is like a mádhóuse,  
Many fools are in it;  
Life is like a supper,  
Eát, drink, and to béd go;  
Life is like a smithy,  
Hammer, hammer, hammer;  
Life is like a chéssboard,  
Many checks, then chéckmate;  
Life is like a cúckoo,  
Sings the same note ever;  
Life is like a rocket,  
Whizzes and then goés out;  
Life is like a greát wood,  
Many paths are in it;  
Life is like a nosegay,  
Fresh a while, then withered;  
Life is like a póet,  
Full of whims and fancies;  
Life is like a spoiled child,  
Ever wanting sómething;

Life is like a swindler,  
Cheats all who put trust in 't;  
But of all things likest  
Life is to a bubble  
Which a child blows out of  
Soapsuds with a pipestalk,  
And which rainbow-colored,  
Graceful, light and handsome,  
Floats in th' air a moment,  
Then all of a sudden  
Bursts and to the ground falls  
A mere drop of soapsuds.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, May 3, 1854.

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“Praise, honor, power, and glory to his  
NAME for ever and ever, Amen.”

GÓD, in his pity for the work of his hands,  
Came down from heaven, put on the human form,  
And went about among men doing good  
And working miracles. Men spat upon him,  
Tormented him to the uttermost, and killed him —  
Himself, their maker, the almighty Gód, killed;  
And, having killed him, fell down on their knees  
And of his NAME begged pardon, to his NAME  
Raised temples, to his NAME thanksgivings  
Loud and long sang and still sing; ever ready,  
In similar form should he appear again,  
Again in his own NAME to spit upon him,  
Tormént and put him to a cruel death.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, April 27, 1854.

## MY STEARINE CANDLES.

HE 's gone to bed at last, that flaring, glaring,  
Round, red-faced, bold, monopolizing Sun,  
And I may venture from their hiding-place  
To bring my pair of stearine candles forth  
And set them, firmly stayed, upon my table,  
To illuminate and cheer my studious evening.  
Thou hast my praise, Prometheus, for thy theft,  
And, were I to idolatry addicted,  
Shouldst be my God in preference to Buddh,  
Bráhma, or Thor, or Odin, or Jove's self.  
Hér of the olive branch I 'd hold to thee  
The next in honor, and before her shrine  
In gratitude would keep for ever burning  
A lamp of such Athenian oil as Plato,  
Demosthenes, Pythagoras, and Solon  
Were wont in bed to read by, after midnight.  
The third, last person of my Trinity  
Should be th' inventor of the stearine candle;  
Hé that enabled me to sit, the long  
Midwinter nights, in study, by a light  
Which neither flickers nor offends the nostrils,  
Nór from the distance of a thousand miles,  
Or thousand years, or both perhaps, keeps ever  
And anon calling me — like some bold child  
The mother's hand — to come and snuff and snub it;  
But steady, cleanly, bright and inodorous,  
Than tallow more humane, than wax less costly,  
Gives me just what I want, and asks back nothing.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, April 25, 1854.

## TURNING TABLES.

"Júst at this time last yeár, Lord! whát a rout  
Our tábles kicked up, túrning round about!  
What ails them, this year, that they stir no more  
Than if each foot were mortised to the floor?"

As thus one night in pensive mood I said  
Hálf to myself, as I undressed for bed,  
I thought, or dreamed, a table, that beside  
My bed was standing, in these words replied: —

"Sir, if you 'll condescend to hear a table,  
To solve that question I 'll perhaps be able."  
"Make no apologies," said I, "for who  
Áll about súch things knóws so wéll as you?"

"I thank you, Sir; and what I have to say  
Is simply this: — I look upon 't this way —  
Nóthing for ever lasts, but there 's no thing  
Hálf so shortlived as Participle Ing.

"The Bringing of last year is this year Brought,  
The Thinking of last year is this year Thought.  
The same it is with Brewing, Baking, Churning,  
I 'd like to know why not the same with Turning.

"Í, for my part, protest I cannot see  
Why lást year's Turning Tables should not be  
Túrned Tables this year." "Right, egad," said I,  
"And cleáred up, all at once, the mystery;

“The Turning of last year is turned to Turned,  
The Turning Tables turned to Tables Turned,  
Túrned on the Turners this year are the Tables,  
And lást year’s histories turned to this year’s fables.”

So said, the table thanked, and round my head  
Securely bound my cap, I went to bed,  
And neither word said more nor heard, that night;  
Bút as a tóp slept soúnd till morning light.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, April 29, 1854.

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ÓNCE to his master said a youth: —  
“Whát is a myth, Sir? Ís ’t plain truth  
Or is ’t a lie?” “Don’t bother me.  
For whát use is your diction’ry?”

The youth has taken his diction’ry,  
And turns it over patiently,  
Leáf after leaf — mythology,  
Religion, law, philosophy,  
Tradition, history, poetry,  
Phýsics and hieroglyphics, fable,  
Hell, purgatory, paradise, Babel,  
Mithra, Thor, Satan, Jove and Iris,  
Buddh, Vishnoo, Brahma and Osiris,  
Sámson, Goliah, Polyphemus,  
The wolf of Romulus and Remus,  
The rod of Aaron, the bush burning,  
Witchcraft, possession, tableturning,



Deucálion, Japhet, Cuman Sibyl,  
 Priest, prophet, oracle, ghost, saint, devil,  
 Apocrypha, Zend, Talmud, Edda,  
 Kóran, Purana, Schu-King, Veda —  
 In vain, in vain; it 's áll one haze,  
 Mist, darkness, labyrinthine maze,  
 One long inextricable riddle  
 Without beginning, end or middle;  
 At last the book before his eyes  
 Began to swim and thus he cries: —  
 "I can't tell what it 's all about;  
 Do hélp me, Sir, to make it out."

The master flew into a passion: —  
 "A myth, Sir, 's a creed out of fashion;  
 Now go, sit down again, and read  
 Your book, to find out what 's a creed."  
 "Thát much I think I guess." "Indeed!"  
 "A myth *in* fashion, Sir, 's a creed."

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, April 28, 1854.

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## SOVEREIGN PEOPLE AND DIVINE RIGHT.

### SOVEREIGN PEOPLE.

Dówn! kiss the dust; thus on the nape of thy neck  
 I plant my iron heel, and thus I crush thee.

### DIVINE RIGHT.

Crúsh, and spare not; thy crushing with new vigor  
 Antéan fills me for my resurrection.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, May 3, 1854.

HIST! COME DOWN.

HIST! come down;  
Ín the whole town  
    Nó one 's awake;  
Cleár and bright  
Thé starlight;  
    Húsh, no noise make.

Nóthing fear,  
Édward 's here,  
    The ladder tight;  
Neár the ground;  
Thé last round;  
    All right, all right.

Móunt the steed;  
Neéd of speed;  
    Thine árm round mé;  
Sóft and slow  
First we 'll go,  
    Then bold and free.

Streét the last;  
Tówngate passed;  
    Don't loók behind;  
Swift with me  
Ó'er the lea,  
    Swift as the wind.

Break of day;  
Fár away  
    See those gray walls;  
Mine those towers,  
Mine those bowers,  
    And lofty halls.

Mátn chime;  
Ín good time  
    We 're át the gate;  
Énter in  
Hérazogín;  
    On theé all wait.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, April 3, 1854.

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### IRISH THUGS.

BÁRNEY, clóse behind the ditch down;  
Nót a stír untíl I bíd you;  
Hé 's too fár off yét entírely;  
Póint the múzzle, bút don't fire yet.

Whén you dó it, dó it coólly,  
Yóu are dóing Gód good sérvíce;  
Nót a bít of dánger ín ít;  
Nów he 's neárer; áre you réády?

Stáy; not yét — there 's sóme one cóming;  
Fire! he hás ít — hów he júmped up!  
Wé 've both hít him, bút he 's nót déad —  
Thrów the gún down; táke the hámmer.

Smásh his heáð into a jélly;  
Whó 'd have thóught his skúll so hárd was?  
Húrry nóthing, nó one 's cóming;  
Róll him tó the dích shough óver.

Thát 'll dó — give mé your coát now;  
Hére, take míne; and úp the loáin.  
Néver stóp till you 're past Biddy's.  
Áfter máss — in Býrne's — next Súnday.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, May 10, 1854.

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BÚDDHA, thé humáne and kíndly,  
Ás he trávelled thróugh a júngle,  
Cáme to whére lay strétched a tígress  
With her fóur cubs, weák and húngry.

Búddha with him you may guéss well  
Nó food hád to suit a tígress,  
Ánd the neárest hóuse was míles off,  
Ánd the tígress' cáse was úrgent.

Whát hadst thou done, géntle réáder,  
Hádst thou beén in his position?  
Áh! I dóubt not, léft the tígress  
With her cúbs to díe of húnger.

Ór hadst thou the nécessáry  
Cóurage hád, and múrderous weápons,  
Thou hadst sláin and óut of páin put  
Bóth the tígress ánd her fóur cubs.

Bút a different heart was Búddha's.  
And his false religion taught him  
Sýmpathý with áll things líving,  
And to dó good, tó his ówn loss.

And he 'd álwáys beén accústomed  
Tó think húmbly óf his ówn self,  
And did nótt believé God's créatures  
Wére made sólely tó be mán's slaves.

Só he wént, and nótt with Christian  
Vérbal sélf-humiliátion,  
Bút in fáct himsélft despising,  
And his féllow créature pítying,

Láid himsélft beside the tigress  
And her fóur cubs, fór their súpper —  
Áll in vain! they 're toó exhaustéd  
Tó lay fáng or cláw upón him.

Gét up, Búddha, ánd be óff fast;  
Thóu hast dóne enóugh in cónscience;  
Cúrtius, Régulus ánd the Décii  
Áre but égotísts beside thee.

Different Búddha's wáy of thínking:  
Fróm the gróund he pícks a shárp stone,  
Cúts his finger ánd the bloód smears  
Ón the tigress's and cúbs' lips.

Néver tó tired pílgim's párchéd mouth  
Dróp of wine half só refréshing,  
Ás the táste of Búddha's wárm blood  
Tó the fámished cúbs and tigress.

First they licked their lips, their ears cocked,  
And from sleep seemed as if waking,  
Languidly on Buddha's head then  
Laid one of the cubs his forepaws.

Buddha's pity 's not away thrown;  
Taste of blood 's elixir vitae  
For your Bluecoat and your Redcoat,  
Why not for your jungle tigress?

With returning strength and fierceness  
Fell the tigress and her four cubs  
On the meal by Providence sent them,  
And no bone left of kind Buddha.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, May 9, 1854.

### *O ΠΟΙΗΤΗΣ.*

IN my well bolstered study chair as once  
In busy idleness I sat, reflecting  
On human vanity, there came a thought  
With such a lively motion 'cross my brain,  
That from my seat I started and cried out,  
Though there was no one within call or hearing: —  
“I 'll do it and begin this very moment.  
What though I 'm inexperienced, and before  
Have never anything of a similar kind  
Attempted, there 's a charm in novelty  
That recompenses labor, failure, blunders;  
Better and nobler even the abortive effort  
Than sheer do-nothing, mere passivity,

Dull vegetation in my elbow chair."

So saying I rang the bell, and bade my servant  
Bring me a billet of wood out of the cellar,  
And a sharp knife, back-saw, and whetting stone,  
Oil and a chisel, and should any one  
Ask for me, enjoined him strictly he should answer  
That I was sick, busy, or dead, and could not,  
Would not, and at the peril of his place  
Should not be interrupted: — "For I was" —  
But here my prudence interposing cried: —  
"Silence!" and with my hand I motioned him  
Out of the room, and straightway fell to work.  
And, first, of all the unsightly prominences  
And residue of bark I cleared the billet,  
And, having satisfied myself that sound  
And suited for my purpose was the wood,  
Drew with the point of my knife a circle round it,  
Nearer so much to one end than the other,  
That one end for the head, the other end  
Might for the trunk serve and extremities  
Of the doll whose image, sketch or prototype  
Had for some days, weeks, months past, like a ghost,  
Haunted me day and night, sleeping and waking.  
The circle then with my knife's edge I notched,  
Deepened and widened, and by slow degrees  
Fashioned into a neck not utterly  
Inelegant or shapeless; next the corners  
So pared and rounded of the shorter end,  
That underneath my diligent hand I soon  
Began to see a head growing apace,  
With nose, ears, cheekbones, brow, and underjaw,  
And on the skull sufficient prominences,  
Moral and intellectual, to fill  
The heart of a phrenologist with rapture.



A transverse slit the mouth made, and for sockets  
 The eyes had two holes burnt out with the red hot  
 Point of an old, attenuated poker;  
 Two kidney-beans, stripped of their shells and rounded,  
 Did very well for eyeballs, and had each  
 A pupil in a jet-black miniature wafer.  
 The seat of reason and expression thus  
 Completed happily, I had less care  
 About the more ignoble parts; a few  
 Bold, rough and rapid strokes turned all below  
 The neck into the taper trunk of a *Hérmes*;  
 Inscribed on which with eager, trembling hand  
*ΑΥΤΟΣ ΕΗΘΙΕΙ* and the poet's name,  
 I sat me down to admire and contemplate  
 My handywork, and had perhaps till now  
 Continued sitting, and admiring still,  
 Had not a gentle tap come to the door,  
 And, peeping in, my servant: — "Please, Sir — morning;  
 And breakfast more than two hours on the table."

TROMPETER - SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, May 7, 1854.

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PERPETUALLY successive, in the gross  
 Material circumambient atmosphere,  
 The light of day, the darkness of the night;  
 Perpetually alternate, in the fine  
 Refined ether of the sentient spirit,  
 Joy's radiant brightness and the shade of sorrow.

TROMPETER - SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, May 10, 1854.

LÓVELY 'tís indeéd, this gárden  
With its áppletreés and róses,  
Túlíp bédS and stráwberry blóssoms —  
Bút it is not Émma's gárden.

Smooóth and neát these grávelled wálks are,  
Ánd not bý one weéd disfigured —  
Bút they 're nóT the wálks in which I  
Úsed to stróll all dáy with Émma.

Sweétly oút of yónder thórn bush  
Thrills the bláckbird's évening whistle —  
Bút it 's nóT the évening bláckbird  
Whistling únder Émma's wíndow.

•Cheérful peéps that whitewashed cóttage  
Thróugh the lílac ánd labúrnum —  
Bút no Émma 's lístening ín it  
Fór my foóTstep áT the háll door.

Whitewashed cóttage, thrilling bláckbird,  
Grávelled wálks, and stráwberry blóssoms,  
Yé are tó be hÁd in thóúsands —  
Bút I ónly knóW *one* Émma.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, May 10, 1854.

## WOLFWOLF.

A húndred thousand yeárs ere  
    Ádam was made, or Eve,  
Sir Wólf was thís world's máster,  
    I 've heárd and dó belíeve.

"We dón't care fór those óld saws;  
    Lét us have something nów;  
What 's háppened so mány yeárs since,  
    Who knóws if it be trúé?"

I bég your pardon húmbly;  
    Áge is best guaranteé  
For the trúth of many a stóry;  
    So lísten, pray, to mé.

A húndred thousand yeárs ere  
    Ádam and Eve were born,  
Ór the far-famous síx days  
    Coúnted up even and morn;

Befóre the Irish fórests  
    Were túrned into black bóg;  
Befóre the realms of Frógdom  
    Were góverned by king Lóg;

Befóre the chalk depósits,  
    Befóre the sands of góld,  
While yét about the fixed earth  
    The sún and planets rólled;

I 've heárd, and dó beliéve it,  
    Wólves were as numerous thén,  
And lived in the same mánnér  
    As nów-a-days live mén.

They hád their town and cóuntry,  
    They hád poor, rich, wise, greát;  
They hád King, Lords and Cómmons,  
    They hád the Fourth Estáte.

Their Kíngs derived their tíles  
    Fróm a great wolf above,  
Greáter than Buddh or Bráhma,  
    Than Ódin, Thor or Jove.

They hád their courts of jústice,  
    And of injustice toó,  
And préyed upon each óther  
    As mén at present dó.

They hád their trade and cómmerce,  
    Exchánges and townhálls,  
And flírted with fair wólfin's  
    At óperas and bálls.

They hád their soldiers, sailors,  
    And greát ships of the line,  
Their Cóngreve rockets, cánnon,  
    And Mínie rifles fine:

And júst as unconcernedly  
    Would cút each other's throáts  
As if they Mussulmén were  
    Or Christians in red coáts.

“And whát did those wolves fight for?  
    If we may be so bóld” —  
If you hád not interrúpted,  
    It had beén already tóld.

Sometímes they fought for hónor,  
    Sometímes they fought for spite,  
And sómetímes — would you think it? —  
    For a bit of lamb they 'd fight.

But whát they oftenest fought for,  
    All chrónicles decláre,  
Was whether red or yellow  
    Wás the great Wólfwolf's hair.

Sometímes the Reddites cónquered,  
    Sometímes the Yellowites —  
Ah, many and many a bráve wolf  
    Fell in those bloody fights!

“Hów was the question séttled?  
    It 's thát we 'd like to knów;  
They 'd surely time to séttle it,  
    It háppen'd so long ago.”

Whenéver the Reddites conquered,  
    Wolfwólf, as it is said,  
Grew réd, all of a súdden,  
    And still continued red

Until such time as victory  
For the Yéllowites decláred,  
And thén as 'twere by miracle  
Wolfwólf grew yellowhaired.

"How wás the question settled?  
We wónt bear this suspense;  
It 's not to be belieéved but  
At lást they learned some sense."

At lást to armistices  
And prótocols they cáme,  
And dréw up a convénion  
And úndersigned the sáme,

To thé effect that thénceforth  
Wolfwólf from tail to head  
On óne side should be yéllow  
And ón the other réd.

"We 're really quite delighted  
There 's an énd to the dispute;  
There 's sómething very húman  
In that ferocious brute."

Unlúckily howéver  
Not óne word had been said  
Which side should be the yéllow  
Or which should be the red;

So ón the morning áfter  
The peáce was ratified  
They fóught another báttle  
The néw point to decide;

Neither would take the léft side,  
And bóth would have the right,  
And só they slew each óther  
From mórning until night.

“But whát was Wólfwolf dóing  
While théy were fighting so?  
We ’re cúrious upon thát point;  
Do téll us if you know.”

Wolfwólf — you need not dóubt it —  
Had quíte enough to do,  
Striving to please both párties  
And always changing hue.

“But whát did it all cóme to,  
For súde it had some énd?  
Which of them got the right side?  
Do téll us that, good friend.”

As thús both parties brávely  
Contéded for the right,  
And sléw each other nóbly  
In fáir and open fight,

Anóther party, slily  
Fórmíng itself by night,  
Came dówn on the belligerants  
With óverwhelming might,

And ríght and left both Réddites  
And Yéllowites hewed down,  
Crýing: — ‘Up with the Brównites!  
Wolfwólf was ever brown.’



“And what then did Wolfwólf do?  
He couldn't, sure, forsake  
The friends that had bled for him,  
Or a new color take.”

Again I beg your pardon;  
True to his policy,  
Wolfwólf with victory sided,  
And chocolate brown was hé;

And Yéllowites and Réddites  
Were hunted up and down  
And cáptured on search warrants  
Cóuntersigned: Wólfwolf brown;

And sóme on Wheels were broken,  
And sóme burned at the stake;  
The rést flayed, hanged or shót were;  
Áll for brown Wólfwolf's sake;

And néver from that dáy forth,  
As histories declare,  
Had Wólfwolf even so múch as  
One réd or yellow hair.

“We thánk you for your stóry,  
And óne and all agree —  
If éver there was a villain,  
Wolfwólf was surely he.”

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, April 2, 1854.

## MY DREAM IN BETHEL.

LAST night, methought, I félt asleep in Bethel,  
And saw a ladder reaching to the clouds,  
And ón its rounds the poets of the world  
Toward heaven ascending, each with golden harp  
Or lyre in hand, and crown upon his head,  
And flowing raiment of pure, dazzling white;  
And on the lowest round I saw my shadow;  
And, all about, the nations of the earth  
Stóód looking on and cheering; and behold,  
As higher still and higher on the ladder  
The poets mounted with their harps and lyres,  
Mý shadow mounted nót, but stood stock still  
Upon the lówest round, till all the crowds,  
That round the ladder's foot were gathered, vanished,  
And óther crowds came with new, strange hurrahs,  
When suddenly my shadow grew gigantic  
And, spreading out a pair of húge wings, soared  
Above the ladder and all those upon it  
Ínto the clouds, which opened and I saw  
My shadow light upon the highest of two  
Bright, snowy, mountain pinnaeles that peered  
Abóve the clouds into the clear blue ether —  
Whereát with a loud cry of joy I woke.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 15, 1854.

D I A L O G U E

BETWEEN

A STETHOSCOPIST AND AN UNBORN CHILD.



# DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

A STETHOSCOPIST AND AN UNBORN CHILD.

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STETHOSCOPIST (*applying the Stethoscope*). Holla! any one there?

CHILD (*within*). Who calls?

S. A friend.

C. Let me alone; what do you want?

S. The time 's come; all 's ready.

C. What time 's come? what 's all ready?

S. Warm water, clothes, and nurse.

C. What warm water? what clothes? what nurse?

S. Warm water to wash you, clothes to dress you, nurse to suckle you.

C. Don't want any of them — wont have any of them.

S. You must have them; you can't do without them.

C. I can, and I will; let me alone.

S. I wont let you alone, you must come — you must have them.

C. I say I wont. Who are you at all? or what have you to do with me?

S. I 'm the Doctor.

C. Who 's the Doctor? what 's the Doctor for?

S. To take care of you — to do you good.

C. I don't want any care; I don't want any good. I'm well enough as I am.

S. Come; you shall and must.

C. I wont; where do you want me to go? what do you want me to do? let me alone.

S. I want you to come here — to come to me.

C. Where are you?

S. Here.

C. Where?

S. Here.

C. Where 's here?

S. Here.

C. Go away; let me alone.

S. Come, I say.

C. I wont.

S. You must.

C. You 'll do something to me if I go.

S. Never mind, but come.

C. Tell me first will anything be done to me if I go.

S. Yes, you 'll be washed.

C. What 'll I be washed for?

S. To make you clean.

C. I 'm clean enough — let me alone. If I go, is that all will be done to me?

S. No; after you 're washed you 'll be dressed — the clothes will be put on you.

C. What for?

S. To keep the cold from you.

C. Then it 's cold where you are?

S. Yes.

C. I wont go.

S. You must.

C. I wont go where it 's cold.

S. You wont feel the cold once the clothes are on you.

C. Well, is that all? will it do when I've got the clothes on me?

S. No, you must get suck.

C. What 's suck for?

S. To keep you from growing sick, and dying.

C. What 's growing sick, and dying?

S. You can't understand that yet.

C. Well then, when I'm washed and get on the clothes, and take the suck, is that all?

S. No; that 's only the beginning; after that you must get medicine.

C. What 's that?

S. Something to keep you from growing sick, and dying.

C. Then it 's the same as suck?

S. Not quite, but for the same purpose.

C. I wont go. It 's a bad place you 're in.

S. Good or bad, you must come.

C. Well, is there any thing else after the medicine, or is it the last?

S. Then the clothes are to be taken off you, and you are to be washed again.

C. And that 's all?

S. No; then the clothes will be put on you again, and you 'll get suck again, and then —

C. I tell you I wont go at all; let me alone; I wont talk to you any more.

S. Make haste.

*No answer.*

S. Make haste, I say.

*No answer.*

S. Holla! holla!

C. Let me alone; go out of that.

S. Are you coming?

C. No; would you have me go to where it 's cold, and where I must be washed twice, and put on clothes twice, and take suck twice, and medicine twice?



S. Like it or not it 's all one — come you must.

C. Well if you promise me that I 'll have to do all you say only twice —

S. I 'll make no promises — I 'd be sorry to deceive you.

C. Must I do it all more than twice?

S. Yes; very often — over and over again.

C. How often?

S. I don't know; very, very often. You 'll be always doing some one or other of these things, or having some one or other of these things done to you, or if not exactly one of these things, something pretty much the same.

C. How often in all do you think?

S. I really can't say how often; almost always until you die.

C. Die! I thought you said doing these things would keep me from dying.

S. Yes, for a little while, but not always.

C. How long?

S. I really can't say. You will die immediately if you don't do them; and not quite so soon if you do.

C. Then if I go, I think I wont do them at all. Better die a little sooner and save all the trouble.

S. You would not say that, if you knew what a terrible thing death is.

C. Go away; it 's very bad of you to want me to go to a place where there must be always something doing to me to keep me from dying, and where nothing will keep me long from it. I wonder you would ask me to go to such a place at all.

S. Staying where you are wont save you; you 'll die equally whether you stay there or come here.

C. Then I 'll stay here, where there 's nothing to be done to me, rather than go to you where there 's so much to be done to me to so little purpose.

S. But it makes a great difference whether you die where you are or here.

C. Why, what difference does it make? Didn't you say it was a terrible thing to die where you are? what worse can it be to die here?

S. A great deal worse — no comparison worse.

C. How 's that? I don't understand that; it 's dying in both cases; where you are, after much trouble and doing all manner of things to keep yourself from dying, and here, after no trouble at all.

S. Poor innocent child, how little you know about it! I pity you.

C. Do you know I think I 'd begin to like you if you wouldn't frighten me so. I 'd never have known any thing about dying if you hadn't told me — but what 's the difference between dying here and where you are? it 's dying, after all.

S. The difference is this: if you die where you are, you 'll remain dead for ever; if you die here, you 'll be made alive again, and never die any more.

C. Then my mind 's made up to staying and dying here. Alive, and dead, and then alive again, seems to me a very clumsy round-about way; once dead, I think one may as well remain dead, and no more about it; especially if the life one is to have after being made alive again, is anything like the life you say you have where you are.

S. I shudder when I hear you talk so. It is an awful thing to die and remain dead for ever.

C. As to the dying, you have it equally whether you remain dead or are made alive again; and as to the remaining dead, who knows but if I were made alive again I would come in for as bad a life as you say you have where you are.

S. It would be either a great deal better or a great deal worse than this; certainly not the same — not like this at all.

C. Would it be like what I have here?

S. No, not at all — quite different.

C. Then how do I know that I would like it?

S. If you happened upon the one that is worse than this, you certainly would not like it, for it is made on purpose that you should not; but if you happened upon the other, it is equally certain that you would like it, for it is made on purpose that you should.

C. And which would I be most likely to happen on?

S. Why, to tell you the truth, you would be beyond all comparison most likely to happen on the one you wouldn't like.

C. What are the odds?

S. I don't know precisely; some say a thousand to one, some say a hundred thousand to one, some a million to one.

C. I believe you take me for a fool.

S. Why?

C. To suppose I would think for a minute of running such a chance. But stay — would I be let come back again if I didn't like that second life?

S. No; never.

C. And, I must always stay in it no matter how much I disliked it?

S. Yes; for ever and ever and ever without end.

C. And do you really think me such a fool? No; if I must die I 'll stay and die here, where I am sure of not being made alive again. I 'll run none of your chances.

S. By doing so you lose all chance; not only the chance of the bad life, but the chance of the good one also.

C. How do I know I would like the good life, as you call it, even if I was so lucky as to get it? maybe I mightn't think it good at all; and even if I should find it as good as you say, I wouldn't like to go and live where you are, in order to get it; it is a shocking idea to me, to go where I must be always washing, and putting on and off clothes, and taking suck and medicine, and then, after all, dying, and being made alive again with nine hundred and ninety nine chances in a thousand that I would get a life made purposely to be disagreeable to

me and in which I must stay and live for ever, and only one chance in a thousand of my getting a life intended to be agreeable to me, and if I should be so fortunate as to hit upon that thousandth or hundred thousandth or millionth chance, finding after all that it was the very kind of life that above all others I hated.

S. I say again you don't know what an awful thing it is to remain dead for ever.

C. How do you know better than I? Were you ever dead for ever?

S. No; certainly not.

C. Then how do you know it 's such a terrible thing?

S. Why really I don't know from experience, but I guess it is so.

C. Then it 's nothing but a guess you 're making all this work about. Can you tell me what being dead for ever and never made alive again is like?

S. No, I cannot.

C. And yet it 's so awful? It 's being made alive again should be awful to you, and not being let remain dead.

S. Why?

C. Because the second life must be at least something like the first else it wouldn't be life at all, and the first according to your own account of it is awful enough.

S. I have just thought of something that being dead for ever is like.

C. Well, let 's hear.

S. Why, I should think it 's very like the state we were in during the past Ever.

C. What state 's that?

S. The state of not being at all — the state of nothing, or nothingness.

C. Well, at all events there 's nothing bad in nothing — neither good nor bad; it 's sheer nothing, and therefore neither bad nor awful.

S. I see there 's no use in arguing with you.

C. Not a bit, unless you argue better than you have done yet. Every word you have said has only made me more determined to stay where I am.

S. I wanted to persuade you to agree to what you couldn't help — to do willingly what you must do whether you will or no.

C. You have just produced the opposite effect.

S. Well, I must say I rejoice that it does not depend on your will; that you will be forced to your good.

C. It 's a sad condition to be forced to do what you think good, and I think bad. Would you like to be forced to do what I think good, and you think bad?

S. No matter whether I would like it or not, it 's the very condition in which you are.

C. Alas! Alas! what a sad condition! well at all events I 'll stay here till I 'm forced.

S. If you only knew what a fine thing is to happen to you on the road, you 'd be in a hurry to come at once — you 'd think you never could be here soon enough.

C. Hah! hah! hah!

S. What makes you laugh?

C. I 'm laughing at yourself. When you find you can't frighten me into what you want, you think you 'll try what coaxing and cajoling will do. Go on; what fine thing 's to happen me?

S. On the way between where you are and where I am, you 're to get a soul.

C. A soul! what 's that?

S. I can't describe it to you better then by saying it 's a soul, a spirit.

C. At least you can tell me what it 's like.

S. No, I can't.

C. Did you ever see one?

S. No, I never did.

C. Did you ever feel one?



- S. No, never.
- C. Ever taste, or smell, or hear one?
- S. No.
- C. Have you one yourself?
- S. Yes.
- C. Have you it long?
- S. Yes; as long as I can remember.
- C. Then surely you must have either seen or felt or tasted or smelled or heard it before this.
- S. No.
- C. Then how do you know you have it?
- No answer.*
- C. What use is it to you?
- No answer.*
- C. Where did you get it?
- S. On the way between where you are and where I am.
- C. Then you were once here?
- S. Not exactly there, but in a precisely similar place.
- C. And were forced out of it as I am to be forced out of this?
- S. Yes.
- C. And got the soul on the way?
- S. Yes.
- C. Whereabouts on the way did you get it?
- S. I don't know.
- C. Was it near here or near there?
- S. I don't know.
- C. Was it waiting for you, or was it coming to meet you?
- S. I don't know.
- C. Where was it before you got it?
- S. I don't know.
- C. What did you do with it when you got it?
- S. Nothing.
- C. But you 're quite sure you got it?
- S. Yes, perfectly sure.

C. And have it still?

S. Yes.

C. Where?

S. I don't know.

C. Was there warm water and clothes and suck and medicine waiting for you too?

S. Yes.

C. Maybe the soul was in some of them.

S. No; I got it first.

C. Between the place you were forced out of, and the first washing?

S. Yes.

C. Was it far between?

S. No, quite close.

C. That was lucky; you hadn't to go far looking about for it.

S. No; I hadn't to look for it; I didn't know any thing about it at all.

C. Then nobody had told you about it, as you have told me?

S. No; I was forced out at once without any notice.

C. My obligation to you 's the greater.

S. I beg you 'll not mention it.

C. It 's well you got it at all, as you weren't expecting it, didn't know anything about it, and couldn't either have seen or felt it, if you had; I suppose it knew about you.

S. I think it must, else how so exactly hit the nick of time?

C. Wouldn't it have done equally well a little later — suppose after your first being washed and dressed and getting suck and medicine?

S. No; not by any means as well.

C. Why?

S. I might have died in the interval, and then what would have become of me?

C. You needn't ask me; it 's I should ask you; tell me what would have become of you in that case.

S. I should have remained dead for ever.



C. Now I begin to understand you; it 's by means of this soul you get the second life. Am I right?

S. Perfectly; the soul is immortal, never dies.

C. Then the soul has only one life; what never dies can't have two lives, unless it has them both together.

S. Certainly.

C. But you die, don't you?

S. Yes, to be sure.

C. And are made alive again?

S. Yes.

C. Then while you 're dead what becomes of the soul that never dies?

S. I never thought of that.

C. Well, no matter about that; I suppose it will be taken care of, as it was before you got it.

S. I have no doubt of it.

C. It will be kept for you and you 'll get it again when you 're made alive the second time, just as you got it when you were made alive the first time?

S. I suppose so; there can indeed be no doubt of it.

C. Then after all it 's not by means of the soul you get the second life, any more than it 's by means of the soul you get the first life; on the contrary you get the soul after you have already got the second life, just as you get the soul after you have already got the first life. If I 'm not right I hope you 'll correct me.

S. You must be right, for it 's certain I die, and it 's equally certain the soul never dies.

C. Then the way is really this: First you 're made alive, as I am now, without any soul; then you go from where I am to where you are, and on the way you get the soul; then you die, and, as the soul never dies, it leaves you and you are without a soul again; then you are made alive again, and then finally you get the soul again.

S. Just so; I think that is a very clear account of the matter.

C. You 're made alive first each time, and get the soul after; and the first time you get the soul it doesn't hinder you from dying, but the second time it does.

S. Yes.

C. It 's a pity it hasn't the virtue the first time you get it.

S. Aye, that it is! then we 'd have no dying at all; that indeed would be the fine thing!

C. I don't mean that it would be better there should be no dying — unless indeed one would be allowed to stay always where I am at present — but as you tell me that can't be, and that I must go to where you are whether I like it or not, then I think it 's better there should be dying, provided only that dying was final and would put an end to your trouble; but as you inform me again that it 's not final and will not put an end to your trouble, but rather be the beginning of it, and that after being dead for a while, you are to be made alive again, and live on for ever, just as if you had never been dead, then I think it better to have no dying, at all, for what is it but mere lost trouble — sheer bad management — bother for nothing? — Stay, what 's that pulling me? Is that the soul? am I getting the soul now?

S. As there 's no use in talking to you —

C. Oh! oh! oh! don't pull me so hard.

S. Come along — this way — come along —

C. Oh! oh! oh!

S. Come along, I say — come along, my little philosopher — come along —

TROMPETER - SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, February 4, 1854.



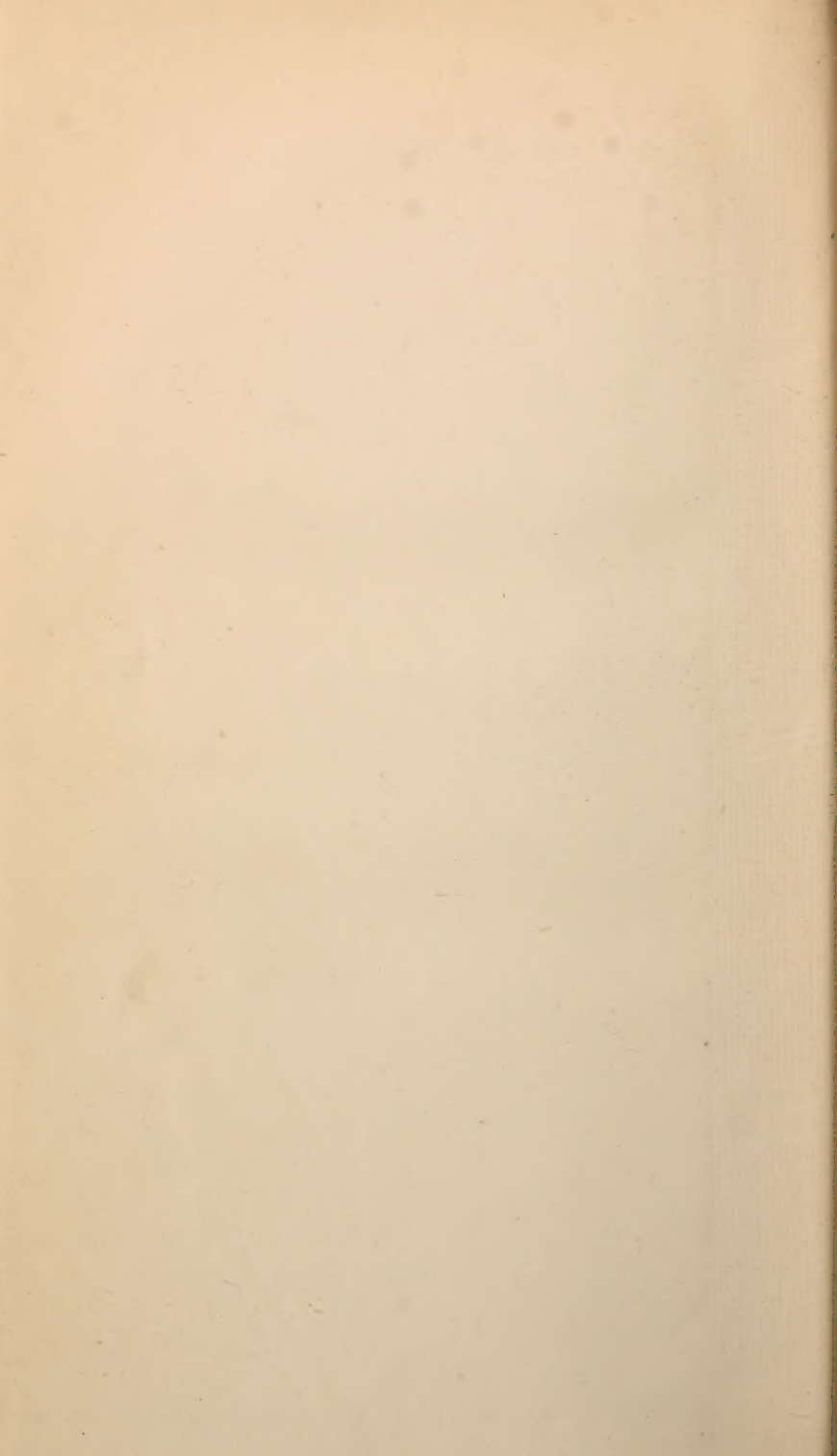














UTL AT DOWNSVIEW



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